Outdoor America

NOVEMBER, 1926

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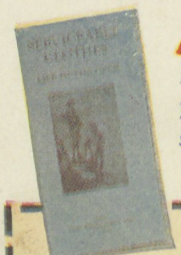

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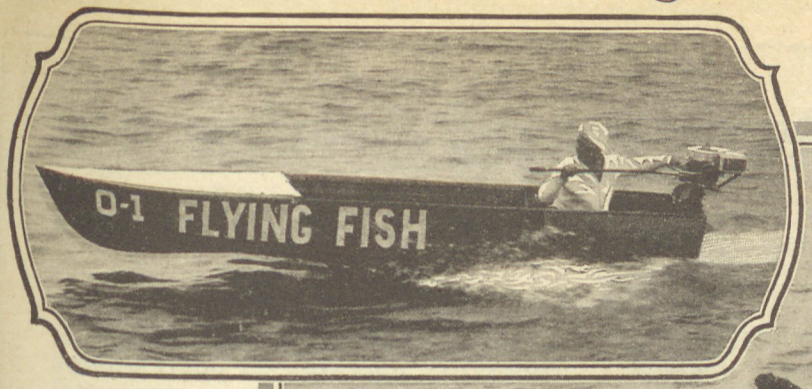
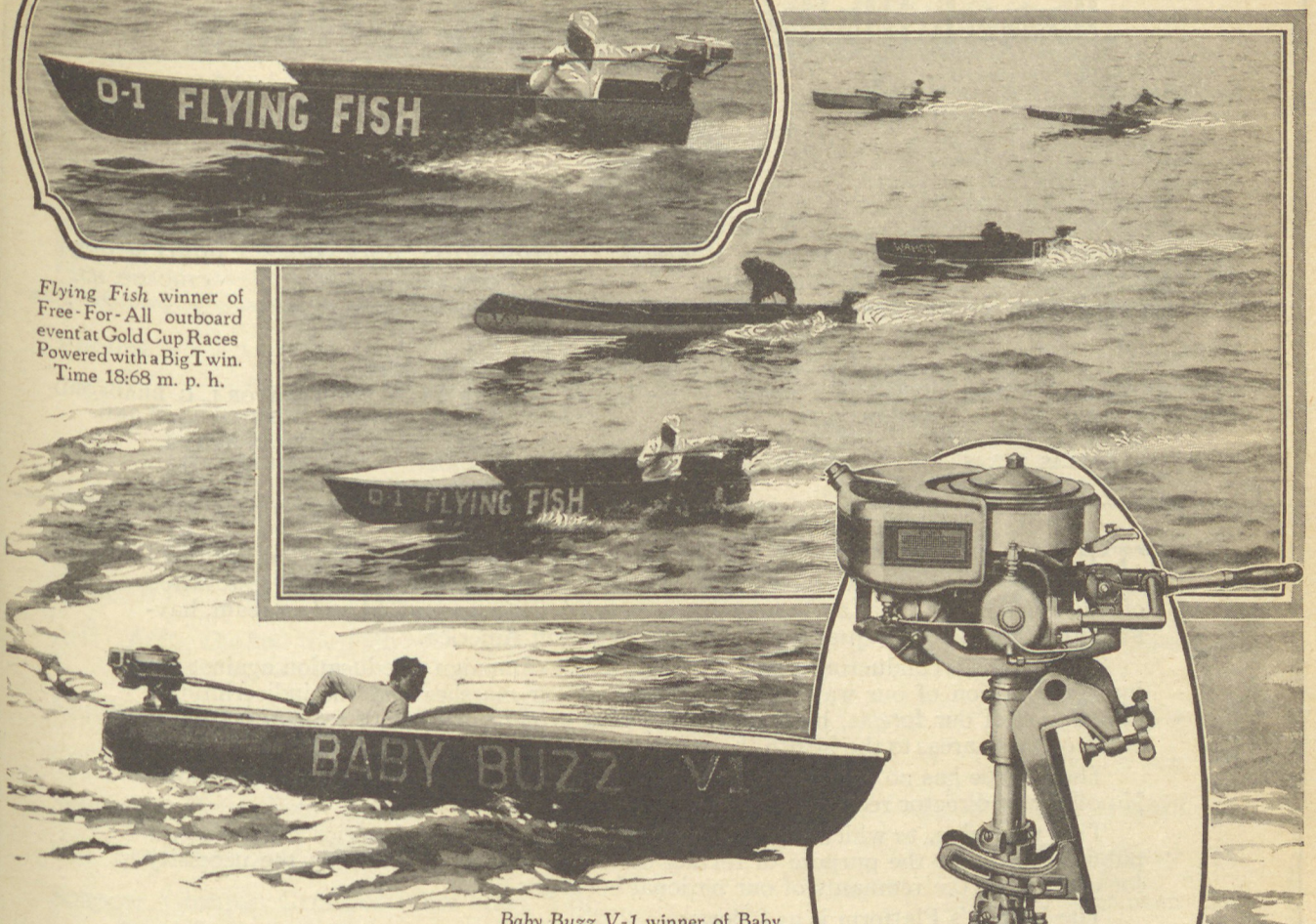
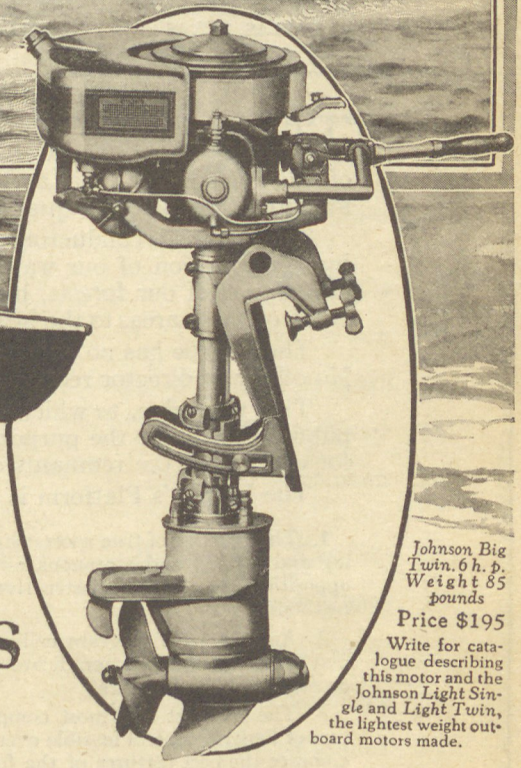


Start of 3 mile Free-For-All for outboards, at Manhasset Bay, August 22, 1926. *Flying Fish*, winner in foreground.

Flying Fish winner of Free-For-All outboard event at Gold Cup Races Powered with a Big Twin. Time 18:68 m. p. h.



Baby Buzz V-1 winner of Baby Buzz class at Gold Cup Races. Also winner of 75 mile Outboard Marathon held August 15th.



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THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a national organization of sportsmen and sportswomen actively interested in the preservation and restoration of America's recreational areas and the perpetuation of sports afield and astream, having more than 2,000 chapter units throughout North America.

The League is conducting a practical, aggressive campaign of education against the further pollution of our waters, the drainage of our marshes and the indiscriminate destruction of our forests, by arousing the present generation to a realization of the value of these areas to the health, happiness and character of future generations.

The League has no commercial interests, political alliances or religious affiliations. No officer or director receives a salary.

This magazine, to which the leading writers and artists of America contribute, is published only for the purpose of further disseminating information on the necessity for conserving the remnants of our national heritage.

The League's Platform is as follows:

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.

2. An aggressive program calling for National and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.

3. The broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over our forests, to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions.

4. Constructive opposition to artificial drainage which will be injurious to any natural resources, and the restoration of desecrated areas.

5. That adequate public shooting and fishing grounds and game refuges be established by the State and National Governments.

6. Sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for the increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

7. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes excepting for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.

10. The establishment of biological experiment stations to train scientific workers so that all game and fish propagation and distribution may be safeguarded by expert supervision and counsel.

11. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.

12. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.

13. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.

14. That outdoor recreation as a major part of the life, education and spiritual development of the American youth be nurtured.

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Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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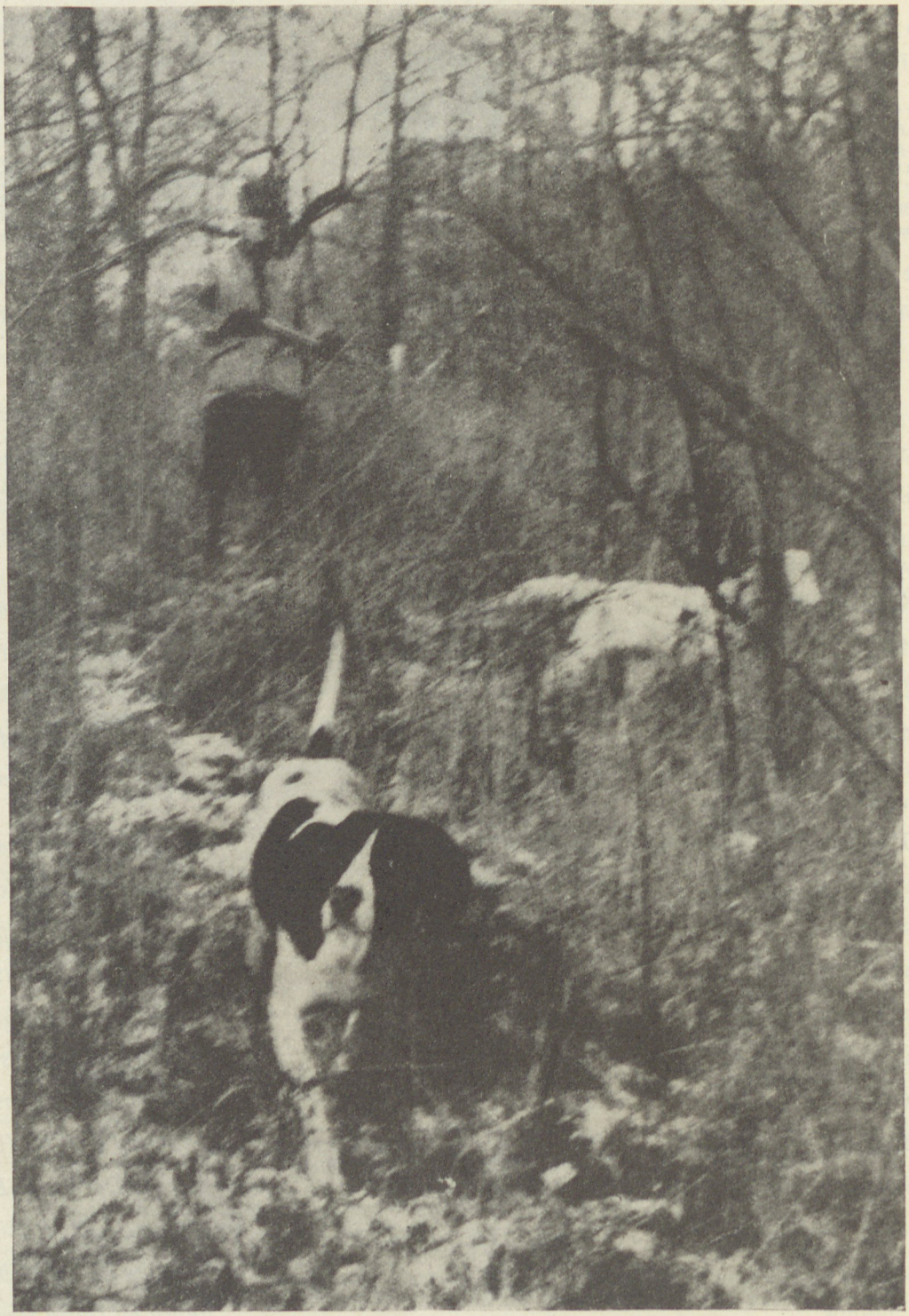


Staff Photograph

Steady, Boy!

Vol. 5 No. 4

November Outdoor America 1926

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

National Pollution War Opens

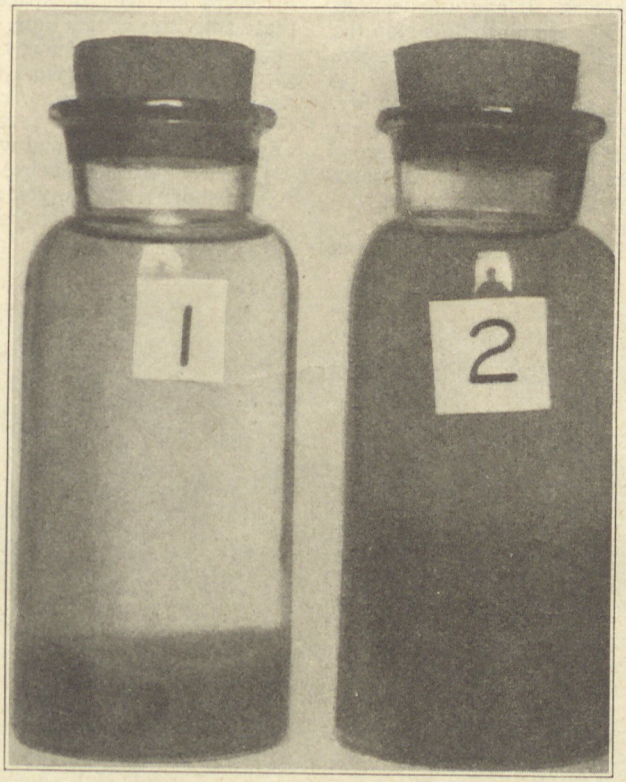
League starts opening offensive with survey of inland waters. Your chapter vital factor in gigantic task

By CHARLES W. FOLDS

National President, Izaak Walton League of America

REALIZING that the eradication of pollution from our lakes and streams is the most important phase of national conservation, officers of the Izaak Walton League have been active since last April planning the practical ground work for a national survey of water conditions.

Pollution is a highly technical subject and hard to combat without adequate technical knowledge of its causes and results. To state that a body of water is polluted means nothing and will not assist in eliminating this condition unless backed by a thorough technical knowledge of the manner in which the stream or lake is polluted and of the steps necessary to correct the resultant harm. National League officials have felt that before definite action is taken to correct existing pollution conditions nationally we must know definitely that these conditions exist.



Do your share—take a sample of the water and have it analyzed.

We are now establishing a special bureau at national headquarters for the purpose of gathering this data. The method to be employed will be in the form of a questionnaire to be mailed to officers of every chapter in the League and this questionnaire will ask questions designed to gather exact data on the water in the chapter's immediate vicinity. It will be the duty of chapter officers to visit the bodies of waters adjacent to their communities, take samples of this water and have these samples analyzed by a competent chemist to determine to what extent the water has been polluted and to also determine the type and cause of this pollution.

Local officers will be asked to make an exact report of the methods by which the stream or lake is now being defiled, whether by municipal sewage or industrial wastes. They will be asked to give their views of these conditions and also their ideas as to the best method for correcting them.

When the questionnaire has been completely filled out with all available data it will be mailed to the Pollution Bureau at national headquarters and a special report will be compiled for each state division. This information will then be mailed to the officers of the state division to get their opinions of the best state measure of procedure.

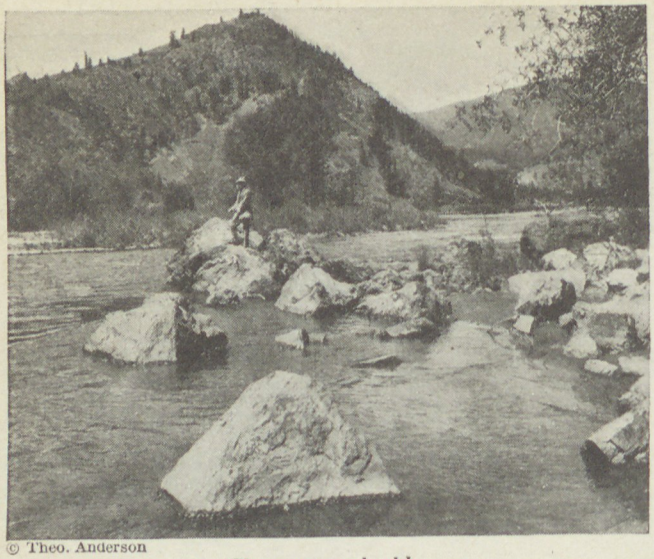
An eminent authority on this subject will guide this national investigation and assure us of an authoritative report of the data secured. He will make a personal study of each report made and give advice, based on long experience, to you and your chapter, thus correlating the work of the League.

That grand old man, Dr. James Alexander Henshall, has said, "The most important problem the Izaak Walton League will have to solve is pollution."

Most of us assume that clean water throughout the United States is rapidly disappearing, and we are right in this assumption, yet is it impossible to proceed intelligently before a legislative body with assumed information—we must have facts and the only way we can get these facts is by going to our chapters.

Here again, as in all conservation activities, the success of this plan depends entirely upon the interest that you, as an individual, are willing to take in it and the amount of work you personally are willing to do. It is not a large nor a hard task individually. Your Chapter must be responsible for gathering all data required by the survey committee, including the industries that may contribute to the pollution of your streams and all other causes. Then it will be necessary to know to what extent your streams are polluted. All that your chapter is asked to do is to take a bottle down to the river or lake and fill it with water. Take this bottle to a chemist in your own community and have him analyze it. Then include his analysis in the answers to the questionnaire.

The problem of pollution is long past the question of fishing or more fish. It has become a question of public health and whether we are to allow further corruption of



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Clean water—health.

our lakes and streams to continue as a detriment to our well-being. I do not mean that better fishing cannot be restored after pollution has been stopped. It can, unquestionably, in a big majority of cases. But we must first stop the pollution and this must be stopped at the earliest possible moment.

The first duty of your chapter is to your own community. This is obviously not selfishness but the result of a great natural law of self-protection. It is certainly not generous for an industry or a town to dump its sewage in a stream and force the town or factory below them on the same waters to filter the water before using.

When you became a member of your Chapter you did not simply become a subscriber to a magazine! You solemnly took upon yourself an obligation to better conditions and it is only by the closest of team work that this can be accomplished.

When we decided to ask the 2,700 chapters of your League to make a complete survey of the inland waters of our country, we knew it was a great task, but we also know what our chapters have done in the past and what they will accomplish in the future. Therefore, we have taken this step.

I have just returned from the East where I attended state conventions in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania and Utica, New York, and there, as in every place else I have visited, the sportsmen are alive to the question of pollution.

The Pennsylvania Division introduced a bill through its legislative committee as drawn, to present to the legislature. This bill has teeth in it and provides legal means to stop pollution in a very thorough way.

At Utica, New York, the State Division was formed with great enthusiasm and among the first resolutions passed there were three regarding the purity of their waters.

I recently attended the third annual meeting of the Lake Michigan Sanitation Congress at Racine, Wisconsin. This body represents the cities on Lake Michigan and the delegates are the engineers and health authorities from some nineteen cities in this district.

I could go on indefinitely telling of the splendid enthusiasm that prevails wherever I have had the good fortune to go. I could go into detail on the activities of our various state divisions but lack of space prevents a detailed account of these activities at this time.

Summed up, this survey of our inland waters is a great piece of constructive work that depends entirely upon you as an individual Waltonian. The League in this instance has the greatest opportunity ever presented to an organization of any kind to prove its real worth.

Questionnaires are being prepared and they will be mailed to you shortly. Let's, you and me, take off our coats and go to it. I am counting on you personally!

LET'S GO!

Scenes like this will disappear if you do your part.

Arf! Arf!—Barked the Fish

When Mr. Schmedtgen, the famous artist, returned from a recent tour of Europe, he described an interesting species—the barking fish. We asked him to put it on paper. This is it.

By WILLIAM SCHMEDTGEN

Sketch by the Author

Here we have the author gazing pensively at a canal in Venice.

DOUBTLESS you can recall having heard about the tree climbing fish said to inhabit countries south of the equator. My experience with that particular species is indeed limited but during a recent tour of Europe I ran across something which I believe is of interest to devotees of angling; I refer to the Barking Fish of Chantilly.

Don't smile—this is a fact. The fish bark and wag their tails with all the pleasing friendliness of your dog. They will not trail rabbits or retrieve ducks but they will bark and wag their tails.

En route to Paris we met a Mr. and Mrs. McBurney of Atlanta, Georgia. Mr. McBurney and myself, being interested in angling, were soon deep in a discussion of the comparative merits of American and European fishing, and each of us recalled "happy" incidents where the largest fish in this or any other world escaped—just at the crucial moment.

Try as I would I couldn't land a larger conversational fish than Mr. McBurney. His landings were as large and his tackle as light, if not lighter, than mine.

After describing a bass that must have been the direct result of a cross between a black fish and a whale, Mr. McBurney leaned back in the seat and sighed.

"Say," he began. "You're going to Paris, are you not?"

"Yes," I agreed. "We are going to Paris."

"Well," says he, "there is something near there that will warm the cockles of your heart—"

"Yes, yes!" we broke in hurriedly. "Cogn—"

"No, no," he exclaimed, "fish."

"Fish!"

"Yes, fish!" says he. "Fish that bark!"

I smiled appreciatively, not knowing just whether he would shoot if I laughed.

"Yes, oh yes," says I, soothingly, "barking fish—dog fish of the Airedale type."

"No, no," said Mr. McBurney. "This is no joke—these fish really bark. Saw 'em myself. Well, here's where I get off. Don't forget to go to Chantilly and see those fish."

Arriving at Paris I happened to think of that yarn and asked every English-speaking person I met about this phenomenal fish pond. No one seemed to know about it until one day we ran across a waiter who hailed from Chantilly.

He suggested a trip to the pond.

Taking a good supply of francs and some bread we started for Chantilly.

A cab driver knew the spot. Would he take us there? Oh, yes—he would be very glad to, providing incidentally that we came across. We did and boarded the cab.

After a long drive through a beautiful forest we found a small stream crossed by an old stone bridge.

And sure enough—they barked!

Here was the magic spot. I held my breath.

Getting out of the cab we put our heads over the edge of the bridge and, sure enough, there were more fish than I had ever seen in my life.

I tossed them some crumbled bread and the greatest commotion I have ever witnessed started. The fish leaped over one another to get at the food, emitting a grunting sound that might be mistaken for the bark of a small dog.

The poor fish—they did bark.

What kind were they?

Oh yes, they were German carp.

Mudpuddles and Such

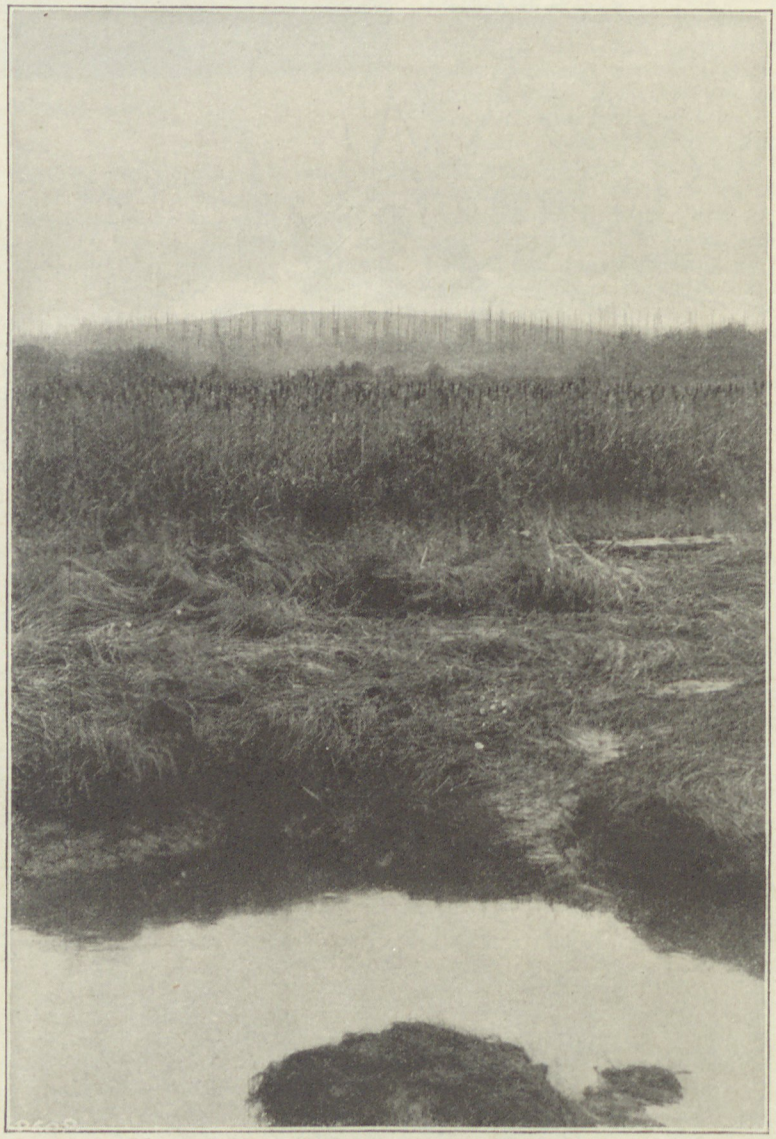
In this his fourth article of a series on "The Friendly Wastes—and some others" Comancho brings out some unusual comparisons that you'll enjoy

By EL COMANCHO

PROBABLY every man, woman and child has seen more or less "mudpuddles" that run all the way from a muddy rut in the road, or path, to a stagnant overflow pond, covered with green scum, and haunted by a swarm of busy dragon flies, all killing as many mosquitoes, per hour, as their capacity admits.

As far as I know, nobody cares for, or is fond of, any of these spots; they are just "waste" places, half the time littered with all the dumpings of the neighborhood, and at no period of their existence considered as attractive in any way, or listed as an asset to any neighborhood.

Even small boys pass them up, and when a small boy's curiosity won't take him up to his eyes into anything unknown, you can safely bet that a grown-up won't be able to find much of interest in it! That is, the ordinary, every day grown-up, who is the back-bone of society and listed as a citizen in good standing.



A seashore mudpuddle where the teal pitch down.

Yet there are a few of us, who go snooping about in out-of-the-way corners of the out-of-doors, to whom even "mudpuddles and such" may prove to be a source of information, and worth giving some thought to.

I remember that the first time I ever saw a "mudpuppy," that little orange-colored salamander that every boy finds, sooner or later, was when I was passing a little stagnant mud hole and glimpsed him climbing, slowly and awkwardly, over a stick that crossed his line of travel.

I thought he was a little alligator—because I'd never heard of salamanders—so I gathered him up in the tin can and took him to school, where the teacher not only looked the little beastie up, but told us quite a lot of things about 'gators, lizards, salamanders, newts, spotted effs and gila monsters, to say nothing of iguanas, sandswifts, crocodiles and other things, that led me into long hours of digging into "natchel hist'ry books," until I really learned a lot about a tribe of creatures, most of them totally unknown before. I claim that mudhole was not a "waste" place at all!

It was the same way with a stray crawfish, climbing up the muddy margin of another mudhole. That creature sent me to the books again, until I learned what men had written about fresh, and salt water crawfish, shrimps, lobsters, crabs, fiddler crabs, hermit crabs, spider crabs and crabs, crabs, crabs!

Perhaps you think it ended there, but not so, for I found that shrimps, for instance, were a kind of salt water insect, almost the same as our land grasshoppers!

This led me into the insect books and I dug for hours, to find out about the unknow world, peopled by these tribes, of which, up to that time, I knew nothing! I've never gotten through yet with that same digging after knowledge, for only today I stopped long enough to make a drawing, in natural colors, of a big brown and white beetle, as big as the end of my thumb, that I never saw or heard of before! I think I've found a *new* one and I won't rest till I *know!*

The same thing happened when I learned about the hermit crab, living in an abandoned sea-shell; I wanted to know more about it and that idea took me into books telling all about things that wear shells and live in the water! Later on it took me to the sea to study, first-hand.

When a mudpuddle by the roadside can start a line of stuff like that I can't, somehow, believe that it is a "waste" place any more than I can believe that a sandbar, washed up by a freshet, is "waste."

It's the *point of view*, I guess. If you *see* things as you go along you will find *something* interesting everywhere you turn, and "wastes" will sometimes turn into goldmines of information at least, and oftentimes they will start a line of study which runs into remote avenues before it is finished.

Many a trail-of-knowledge I've picked up in a swamp and later followed to where it brought me in contact with an amazing lot of things, in the way of botany, natural history of animals, birds, fishes, and even into geology!

One of the most fragrant wild flowers in all America is an inhabitant of shallow, marsh-surrounded waters and many times I have found them, in a little mudpuddle of a place, blooming bravely and perfuming the stagnant air above a mosquito nursery. This flower is the common white water lily, or "pond lily," familiar to most of outdoor folks, over two-thirds of the United States and far north into Canada.

In company, sometimes, with spatterdocks, it covers acres of good bass water and its leaves give shade and refuge to millions of frogs—(and this spotted gentry sell for a king's ransom when they get into New York restaurants!).

In company with the water lilies, and, sometimes, alongside of a spatterdock bed, but, more frequently, along the muddy lake margin, or in the shallow "mudpuddle" pond, one finds the arrow-leaved lily, its tall, multiple-flowered stalk blooming white against the lush green of the surrounding sedges, rushes and cattails, and carrying on its mission in life, which is to make a multitude of small, fleshy, bulbous tuberous roots.

These are the famous "wap-a-toes," known to all duck hunters as one of the favorite foods for more than one kind of ducks!

The spatterdock seed is a duck food, eagerly sought by many diving ducks, among them the canvasback, bluebills and others.

The Indians of the Klamath Lake region of Oregon, before white men came, used to gather the spatterdock seed pods, in the fall, by the canoe load to get the seeds which they did by rotting the pods and washing the seeds out.

These were then slightly roasted, hulled, and winnoed, to get the seed-meats, which were cooked into a rough bread-like cake, called "lolonish," that was a staple article of diet with the Klamath and other tribes—and it came from muddy margins of the lakes where, in the shallow water, acres of spatterdocks found just the "mudpuddle" surroundings they demand to grow at their best.

Right alongside of it, in the same muddy surroundings, the bullrush grows—a "mudpuddle" plant if ever there was one—and it furnishes house-building material, and food both, for countless muskrats—the same little water-dwelling rodent that now goes to make those "Hudson seal" fur coats, that nick papa's bank roll anywhere from two-fifty to five hundred dollars deep!

And don't forget, that if you are ever dumped out of your canoe, on some far northern trip, and lose your whole outfit, down to your hands, that it is a matter of record that lost men have lived for six weeks on nothing but the same white lower end of this same bullrush, which the muskrats eat wherever they find it, and they find it growing most anywhere, in any mudpuddle, or muddy lake margin.

Again, remember that the finest wild watercress always grows where a spring water stream runs through "mudpuddle" soil.

Look along the lake margin, along the soft muck bottom lands, near lakes and streams, and presently you'll find it, growing and flourishing like a green bay tree, in some "mudpuddle" spot where spring water comes burbling down to find a resting place!

Everybody in northern Minnesota, and the surrounding country, knows what wild rice is, and how it grows in shallow, "mudpuddle" soil, in lake edges, or any place that is more like a "mudpuddle" for soil than anything else—and who will dispute that it is a most delicious and delectable food, of long standing and proved worth? Tame rice also is a mudpuddle plant.

For a "mudpuddle" product all of these things do themselves credit, it strikes me, and I can't figure out how any "mudpuddle," or muddy lake margin, that will grow any one of them, can be considered as a "waste place!"

Speaking of edible products—have you ever eaten crawfish?

(Continued on page 51)

A Louisiana mudpuddle beautified by water hyacinth.

Calling *the* Wild Turkey

Turkey hunting is a form of sport that requires a maximum of patience and skill

By TOM TURPIN

IT was a perfect day for hunting wild turkeys. There was not a breath of wind to interfere with the hunters' "calling," and we were in the woods before the turkeys had left their roosts. This is an important feature in hunting turkeys. Better be one hour too soon than five minutes late.

We had no dog to find the birds, but had to depend entirely on our skill in calling them. Our first effort to locate our game at this early hour required a knowledge of the right call to suit this occasion, a call which few hunters know anything about, and which very few can make. This call I shall refer to as the tree call. It is made by the turkey when in a tree, particularly early in the morning, and the sound is different from any other that it makes. This call is a yelp, and is rarely made more than two or three times in succession. It is of a coarse note and muffled, somewhat like the ordinary yelp would be if the turkey were in a barrel. It is also different from other yelps in that there is a much longer time between these yelps, "keow"—"keow"—"keow." I gave one or two soft clucks as soon as I reached a certain likely part of the woods, but received no answer; I walked about two hundred yards and gave the tree yelp. Immediately three turkeys started yelping. When I had done my clucking I had been standing almost under the tree where one of them was perching and had passed within shooting distance of this bird. But as it was nearly dark on the ground it did not see me.

© George H. High

Mr. Gobbler struts his stuff.

In referring to this tree yelp I am trying to make clear the fact that turkeys will answer it when they will give no attention to the ordinary yelp that is made when the birds are on the ground. The young hunter can do nothing better than learn this particular call, for it will help him locate many droves and single turkeys, when without it he would pass by with no idea that a turkey was within hearing distance.

It was an easy matter for me to sit down beside a large tree and call one of these turkeys to me. I had made but a few yelps before one flew over my head, lighting on the ground within easy range.

I know of but one kind of caller that will make this tree yelp. This caller may be made of three joints of cane, or two joints of cane with wingbone of a turkey hen; or better, of one piece of cocobolo wood and a bone mouthpiece. This one turkey was enough for one hunt, as they are too scarce to load down with them as we could thirty years ago.

Later on in the season, about the last of November, I was a little late in getting to my hunting grounds and the turkeys had left their roosts. I was fortunate enough soon to discover a single turkey running through the bushes about two hundred yards away. I knew it had seen me and that it would not come to my calling, so I fired my gun as soon as I could get it to my shoulder. The noise of the gun did the work, but instead of seeing my single bird take the air, I saw a dozen or more leave the ground and alight in several trees scattered over an area of several hundred yards. I started on a run for these trees, and as I expected, the turkeys sat still until I was in easy range, but I was

shaking so, because of short breath, that I missed my first shot. I made a second run and got under my turkey but missed again. Now the young hunter will do well to learn this lesson; never try to slip up on a turkey under such circumstances unless you have a rifle that will pick them off at one hundred and fifty yards or more. They won't sit in the trees long enough for you to get within shotgun range, but if you are a good runner, and will go at full speed immediately after you have scattered them, you will have no trouble in running up close enough to get a shot. Be sure to go at a lively clip, and do not mind making all the noise you can.

This drove of turkeys scattered well, and one was so unfortunate as to light in a tree within rifle range of my hunting companion, Dr. W. E. Lundy. At the report of my friend's rifle the turkey tumbled from his high limb and in a few minutes I saw him hanging from the shoulder of Dr. Lundy, who is an old timer and did not need any one to tell him I had scattered the drove and that the thing for him to do was to join me in an effort to call some of them back to us.

The first and most important thing for us to do at this particular time was to find the exact place where the drove had scattered. No part of turkey hunting is more important than this. A turkey will come back to the place where he left the drove and stay there and call until he gets with one or more of the flock. If the hunter is two or three hundred yards from this place the turkey will come to his calling if he happens not to be very far off, or if the hunter is between him and the assembly spot, but the bird won't stay there long. He will call a few times and go on to the place where instinct tells him he should go, expecting any other turkey calling to him to do the same thing.

Our next important thing to do was to select a place of concealment. This place must not be very close to a thicket nor should it be in switch cane or in dense undergrowth. It must be in some open spot where the hunter can see every turkey that comes within range from any direction. He can make no greater blunder than to choose some place so thickly covered with undergrowth as to conceal the turkey after he has called him within range.

"Never sit down with your back to a tree," says the wise man, unless you are walking along and can't do better on short notice. The expert can sit down in front of a large tree, and by keeping his knees drawn up so as to have them come between his face and the turkey, kill his bird nearly every time, provided the bird is calling and ready to come. However, if he has to wait several hours before his game begins to call he will get so cold, or his muscles will become so stiff that the game is not worth the discomfort. Take a whole lot of time after the drove has been scattered, and make yourself a blind in which you can move about and not be seen.

It did not take us very long to repair some blinds that had been used by hunters the previous season. Before going to our calling places, however, we decided we should stay with our game all day, as we knew they had been well scattered and some of them would be sure to come to our calling. So far as successful calling of turkeys enters into the sport, no lesson is more important than the one having to do with staying on your job. If two turkeys fly in opposite directions they will come back to the place where they separated unless it is very late in the afternoon. If at any other time of the day stay with them, and you will be sure to get one or the other to come to your calling. If they are very wild they may not call, but may sneak up to your blind instead, and if you are not well concealed they will see you and slip away without your knowing they have been within a mile of you. What applies to two turkeys will apply to more. Be sure to watch the different directions turkeys fly when a drove is scattered, and stay with them if it takes all the day. However, if they fly off in a general direction, spreading out somewhat like a fan, say alighting on the ground two hundred yards between extreme end birds, do not waste any time in trying to call them; your only hope is to get them up again.

In our case we knew our game had been scattered in every direction, so we agreed to stay with them all day. This was somewhat trying on us as the day was so cold that we had to leave our blinds several times and slip into a near-by cane thicket where we made a small fire to thaw out our fingers and feet. I thought we were about to find this drove an exception to our iron bound rule; however, as the hours dragged slowly by and not a single bird had called, I concluded I might do well to try some other places near by. I sneaked out of my blind, and hunted for nearly an hour, moving very slowly and doing my best calling. I never so much as heard a chirp

A nice bag—taken near Memphis, Tenn.

from a turkey, but I did hear Dr. Lundy shoot and on going back to him I found him smiling with turkey number two. His bird had given a few calls to his pleading notes; and, after it had once started to come it was an easy matter to bring him up within shotgun range. In this case Dr. Lundy did the wise thing. He stayed on his job, and I left mine. He bagged his game and I got nothing for all my pains. His two turkeys were enough for one day's hunt so he left me for the goose bar, and I took my place in his blind, which appeared to be better located than mine.

I was sure I should hear one of those turkeys calling sometime during the afternoon, and at one P. M. a young gobbler gave a yelp or two. This was the first sound from a turkey I had heard after waiting and calling for six long hours. This gobbler was a shy one. So much shooting had made him very wary. But there are few young gobblers that can resist the kee, kee, kee whine when it is made just right, and this fellow did not prove an exception to the rule. He came fairly well, but was some time on the way. I could see his black breast and long neck as he advanced very slowly, looking at every object with his keen eye. If I had not been so well concealed that I could call him without being seen, it is likely he would have become suspicious and I should have run a great risk of losing him, but I whined very softly until he was in easy range.

Now if I had been in front of a tree, and in sight of this turkey I could not have called him, for the slightest motion would have put him on the go, and had I suddenly stopped calling when he was so very close to me, he would have got wise, and when a young gobbler gets the least bit suspicious he is gone for that day. He has no curiosity. A hen has a lot of it, and will hang around and finally come after she has had a scare provided the calling is just right. I stayed in that same blind two hours longer, and got another answer to my calling at three P. M. This turkey was a wild one. It came within one hundred yards of me and called for some time, but then it did just what I have had many of them do after this late hour in the afternoon. It went to roost, satisfied with being as near as it cared to be when going to roost.

How about this one?

When turkeys are very wild they may make no effort to get together in the late afternoon. They all rarely try to roost in the same tree. Instead, if they can get close enough to hear one another calling, they will take to the timber in the afternoon and get together the next morning. Instinct tells the turkey his chance of danger is much less in the timber than it is on the ground, and they will always take advantage of this, especially if they have been hunted very much. For this reason the hunter should never disturb a drove of turkeys after they have gone to roost. He should mark the spot so that he can go to the exact trees before daylight the next morning and scatter them just before it is time for them to fly to the ground. In this way, when they fly to the ground or into other trees, he can make for them and keep them flying until they have been well scattered. Then it is an easy trick to call some of them within range.

On the other hand, if the drove is scattered in the evening they will be over their scare by the next morning. The mother hen will make a cluck or two and fly off to some distant glade, the young ones will see her as she flies away, and every one will make for a new assembly place, and not come back to where they scattered the evening before. Many are the times I have scattered a drove of turkeys in the evening after they had gone to roost, and many times have I been at the exact spot before daylight the following morning, and have waited there several hours and not to see a single bird. I have sometimes killed a few turkeys after scattering them the evening before, but it is a great blunder to disturb them if there is any chance of getting back the next morning to break them up as they come from the trees.

Nothing adds so much to the success of turkey hunting as knowing the turkey language and being able to make all the different calls that are needed at different seasons of the year. For hunting in the fall and early winter no call will compare with the fine whining kee, kee, kee run of the young turkey. This is the lost call, or distress note, and is effective in calling up a drove as well as single birds. When young gobblers leave the hens in late November, and roam about single or in flocks of two or more, they will come to this call, and there is no better sport than bagging these young gobblers by calling them up at the season named.

The right kind of gobbler yelp and whine is also effective in the late winter months, and the hunter who knows how to make these calls will get his game when the fellow that has to roam over all the country, depending on seeing and scattering a drove, will get nothing.

To know all the different calls in hunting in fall and winter months so as to be able to duplicate any call a young turkey may make, is the best thing the young hunter can do. Nothing is so successful in the matter of calling turkeys as giving back to the young turkey the exact call it is making. This means that the hunter's call indicates a turkey of the same age, and of the same flock. I know of no caller that will make all these calls so well as the cocobolo wood and bone mouthpiece combination caller I use. I have also found that a box caller with lid, somewhat like the "Gibson" caller, is very effective when used on young gobblers in fall and winter season, but I do not find it of much use in hunting old gobblers during the mating season. I have made some of these callers that simulate the gobble of the young gobbler well enough to get him within range when yelping and clucking fail. There is no little study and skill required in making a box caller that will imitate the turkey gobble. The size must be right in every way, and the right kind of wood must be used. I have found holly well suited for the box, and ebony for the lid. A box that will make a good gobble is something the turkey hunter should never let get away from him. They are very scarce.

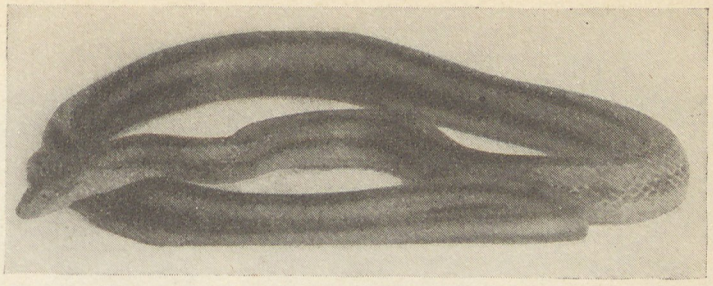
Late in last season Dr. Lundy and I were after a flock of gobblers that were about as wild as turkeys ever get to be. He had flushed the drove early in the morning, but they flew a long way and were not well scattered. Some of them must have alighted in trees and were later on scattered by other hunters. I went to his horn blowing soon after he had scattered the flock; but left him to call from a blind while I made a circle in hope of running some of them up. I have had success in flushing single birds after they have squatted in fallen tree tops and dense undergrowth, when they are so wild they will do little or no calling but depend on their eyes and not their ears to get together.

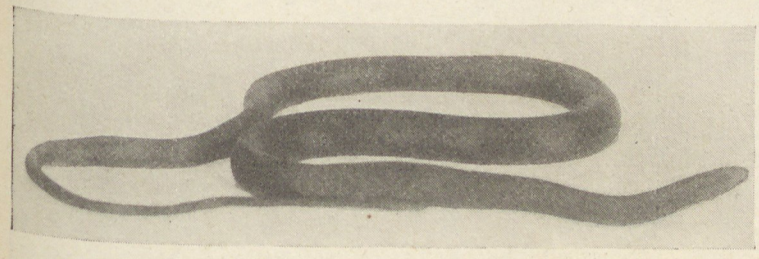
I had beaten many a tree top and patches of low bushes, consuming a great part of the morning in this way, when I saw a small patch of dense vines that appeared to me to be an ideal place for a turkey to hide in. I had hardly got to the edge of these vines when a turkey came out with the roar of a quail. I missed the first shot, but managed to get in the last well enough to break a wing and place my game where a little chasing and another shot brought it to bag.

The weather was very cold that day, so I decided to make a fire and wait for my hunting partner to blow his horn or come to my shooting.

While sitting by my fire I decided I should do some yelping. To my great surprise I started two young gobblers at a lively rate. These fellows had been separated for some time, and were eager *(Continued on page 40)*

Snakes for House Pets





The author of this article makes playmates of 'em

By H. ELLISON MITCHELL

I *HAVE* hunted snakes, captured them, petted them and studied them day after day, week after week for a long time. I do not as yet know half of the peculiar traits of the snakes. I could not now recite to you the Latin names of many snakes outside the United States; but I do know that a snake is not repulsive!

I have in my possession many snakes. Snakes that are real pals to me, snakes that I would not part with. Why? Because through experience I have found out (and I am a dealer and collector of wild animals and reptiles), that snakes are cleaner, more graceful, more beautiful in color, design and characteristics, and more sensible than any wild animal I have ever had—even including the raccoon and the panther.

It is strange to me when snakes are clean, their scales and plates so polished and glossy, their colors so beautiful, their movements so graceful and alert, that people, even though they are unexperienced, can ever think of saying that they are slimy and loathsome. People do not know why it is. Ask a man why he hates snakes and you get nothing but a vague reply. Tell a man that snakes should not be killed, that they are beneficial to the progress of mankind, that they rid the farmer's fields of destroying rodents (rats, mice, gophers, etc.), and will he believe you and try to follow your advice, killing only those that are known to be dangerous to man? No! Nine times out of ten you will get nothing but a sarcastic reply.

Those unfamiliar with snakes will say that a snake is a snake and should therefore be killed on sight. The other man will tell you that he does not care what you say or think he will continue to kill every snake that he ever sees.

It is hard to make a man think, when generations and generations have forbidden him to do so.

There are a few that will believe. Once in a great while you can convince a man that snakes are beneficial on a large scale and he will try to follow your advice. When you meet such a man, the snake lover's heart leaps a little, he smiles in a strange happiness in the knowledge that there are others at least who think the same as he does. There are others who can understand what he knows, what experience alone could have taught him.

It would be foolish for me to try and denounce those who hate and despise snakes. They do not know. It is inherited to always hate these reptiles, and they have never paused long enough in the presence of a live snake to learn otherwise. Should they be blamed? No. But they should be blamed for being sarcastic when someone who does know is trying his best to enlighten them into the truth.

Think it over yourself. Do you wonder that I am disgusted at this slaughter of harmless snakes when I know it to be entirely without reason? Do you blame me when I know by experience that snakes benefit the farmer and will go with incredible speed at the approach of man?

There are four poisonous snakes in the United States: the Rattlesnakes, the Cotton-Mouth or Moccasin, the Copperhead and the Coral Snake. The rest are harmless. Not many people are bitten through sheer viciousness of the snake compared with the number whose wounds are caused by careless handling of captured specimens, or by tormenting the captive. Even a Rattler, or the deadly Moccasin, will never strike unless in defense of its life.

In this section of the country the most common is the famous Black Snake. It should never be killed for its favorite food is field mice and gophers, and a few of these snakes, if allowed to live when seen about the farmer's lots, will soon rid these fields of those rodents. As soon as this is done the snakes will disappear, seeking new hunting grounds.

The Black Snake sometimes attains a length of seven feet, but this is rare. The common length is from four and one-half to five and one-half feet. They belong to the family of noted racers of which the Coachwhip and Blue Racer also belong. The Black Snake generally lives in a den burrowed in the earth usually on the east slope of a hill or wooded mountain. He does not live alone, save in the spring at mating time, but lives in these dens with from six to twelve of his own kind. Sometimes the Flat-Headed Adder (a very harmless snake contrary to popular opinion) is found in the same den, but only occasionally.

The entrance to these dens is a small round hole an inch in diameter and is usually surrounded with grass so that the hole is practically unnoticeable.

I discovered accidentally a den last summer while hunting on a mountain side near Suffield, Connecticut. I rounded a small bush, and came face to face with a large Black Snake coiled sunning himself on the grass. As I knelt down beside him, very slowly so as not to frighten him, to grasp him by the back of the neck, I noticed that his tail hung down a small round hole in the ground. I understood immediately. He measured a trifle under six feet but he was powerfully built. I picked him up, struggling and thrashing in my grasp, and returned hastily to camp.

After placing him in a cage I took my shovel and went back up on that mountain.

I dug straight down for about three feet before the tunnel branched off into a large corridor terminating into a very large room, running parallel *(Continued on page 50)*

© Staff Photograph

Get 'em *Before* They Wheel!

The Gentle Art of snipe shooting is worth a careful study

By OZARK RIPLEY

ALL seasons have a formidable manner of attacking us, and luring us into the open, particularly when our enthusiasm for different sports is brought into pulsing being by either the exact kind of weather for our sport, or the sight of the game which we love to hunt. Experience is the thing that counts, though keeping perpetually out in the open among the wild creatures is the very thing that creates knowledge about them and versatility in deriving sport from their pursuit.

I remember well how my father used to tell me that solving things yourself added a lot to your hunting and angling efficiency. Before he completed two hundred lines of a modern sport writer's article or story, he could tell you the real thing from the imitation. He classed their value by what they had experienced. You could not fool him, and he differentiated between those who went into the problems of hunting each time themselves and developed skill, and the sport writers who put themselves in the hands of guides and reported what they did. Whether they were duck, quail, snipe, goose, chicken, grouse or big game hunters, he insisted every line disclosed their class.

A few days ago, I was in the neighborhood of Lake St. Peters, Quebec, when September weather showed a touch of winter coldness. It had rained and continued raining just as I recalled a place resembling it years ago. I stepped into a tussock of long marsh grass with soggy earth beneath, and all at once the old familiar strident Scaip! Scaip! Scaip! as a flushing jacksnipe broke on the dank surroundings and then I observed one after another of these fast fliers apparently ooze out of the boggy under footing and start flying in their peculiar zigzag way. I thought of the pleasures to be derived from following these valiant little game birds, and then suddenly about the grand man who had first taught me alone to master the sport of shooting them, my father.

It is queer how memory revives incidents and surrounds them with the glorious halo of the past; but at the very first sight of a jack, memory caused me to laugh at my own shooting shortcomings, and recall what my father told me once when I confessed that these long billed gentlemen puzzled me far more than I had ever expected. On that memorable day, I was missing with amazing regularity. I had missed consistently before, but it was not so noticeable because previously I had never been at a single time in possession of so many shells to waste. The supply, however, ultimately ran out and I admitted that I had only accomplished more misses than ever.

My father made no comment until I told him I thought I could go over and hire an old native hunter of snipe shooting renown, and have him take me along and show me how to master the art. Then I closed my declaration by saying perhaps I would not waste so much of his hard earned money in shells as so far my reward in snipe had been insignificant.

"Don't worry," my father came right back at me; "I'm not complaining. I am the one that buys shells and you will never learn much, depending on the other fellow; you are going to learn yourself, however much the cost. Years ago we walked six miles before sun-up to get in an old leaky boat and build our own blinds to shoot ducks. We walked many miles to shoot jacks. We did not have guides or pushers, or have modern blinds, but we learned the real art of hunting and that is something they don't do now. Go

"There's a new case of number 8s at the house.

ahead and use them up, but do it alone. Learn it all by yourself though you slam into vacant atmosphere ever so frequently."

He paid for the shells and was willing to pay for more, if I only tried to learn of my own accord instead of acting as an imitation.

Since those days, I have shot jacksnipe from the north country to their best grounds in Louisiana and Alabama. What I learned was that the jacksnipe is one of the finest of all game birds, and no one who hunts them ever can call them a sinecure, and every day he is in the marshes where they are in fair numbers he can call his sport a sport fit for a king, and every day he indulges a banner one. And one thing especially has been recorded within my powers of observation—that the harder these great birds are pursued in proportion the difficulty to him then increases.

There are sometimes warm days happening along their flight route when the long billed gentlemen are apparently sluggish. They permit close approach and sometimes do not attain the speed of which they are capable, then again on cold blustering days they will not suffer a hunter closer than twenty-five or thirty yards, and they get away zig-zagging with the speed of the fastest aeroplanes. When you make a fair kill under such conditions consider yourself a good snipe hunter.

When you run a pretty good straight stretch of kills when they are going fast, watch out for the single wily bird which looks easy. Once I imagined I had absorbed everything I ought to know about snipe shooting and never thereafter would I need worry about hitting them. The origin of it was that I hunted one day on a big open marsh and ran my record of straight kills up to thirty-six. The birds had been wild all day, and exceptionally fast fliers. I am sure I was not only lucky, but believed I had mastered all the intricacies of snipe shooting. Then I flushed a close lazy bird and missed. Then several more of them, and continued at this gait and I did not stop missing until I began to study conditions and realized that I had keyed myself to a pitch for the fast fliers and was failing to hold properly on the slow fliers which looked so ridiculously easy.

While every country presents something different in jacksnipe shooting, I think that in most instances a lightweight shotgun is preferable to a heavy one. You know, like in most every other kind of field shooting, during a long day's tramp every extra ounce feels like so many more pounds. As for gauges, solve that yourself. Personal preferences count a great deal. Twenties and sixteens are now for various good reasons exceedingly popular, and many will have nothing else than a twelve, simply because experience has taught them that they can kill snipe with it.

As for borings of guns, I find a great number who have different notions on the subject, and most of them are due to the peculiarities of the shooting country. Where you shoot in tall grass, reeds and flags or fringing bush there is good cause for your boring right barrel true cylinder and the left either improved cylinder or modified choke. The left barrel bored so gives you a fair chance at the long distance birds.

When the country changes mostly to fairly or continuously open shooting, birds are a bit wilder, and you will find good snipe hunters equipped with double guns bored right open and left full choked. This gives the needed pattern for the usually wild birds you run across where cover is exceedingly sparse, such as meadows, cornfields and like places which harbor jacks.

Light loads are always favored by jacksnipe hunters, and No. 8 shot is universally used except occasionally when they stay in covert as they do in the south, where sometimes No. 9 or No. 10 is shot by some hunters, a pellet or two will stop the hardest flying jack.

They used to tell me that the only proper way to hunt jacksnipe was with the wind at your back. The birds invariably got up against wind and therefore presented an easy side shot. This used to look mighty nice to me, verbally! But it did not always work out according to rule. Many times I discovered that the birds paid no attention to the wind and they got up into flight any darned way they felt like it, against wind, with wind, angling, but always perpetuating a style of puzzling flight, corkscrewlike twists, impossible angles, queer gyrations, all the time hitting it away at the fastest conceivable speed.

But with all game men who will try hard eventually will master the art of snipe shooting under all conditions. There are no special secrets, only simple things to observe and remember. A jacksnipe gets off fast with a lot of puzzling twists, but he begins to straighten out when he reaches

(Continued on page 42)

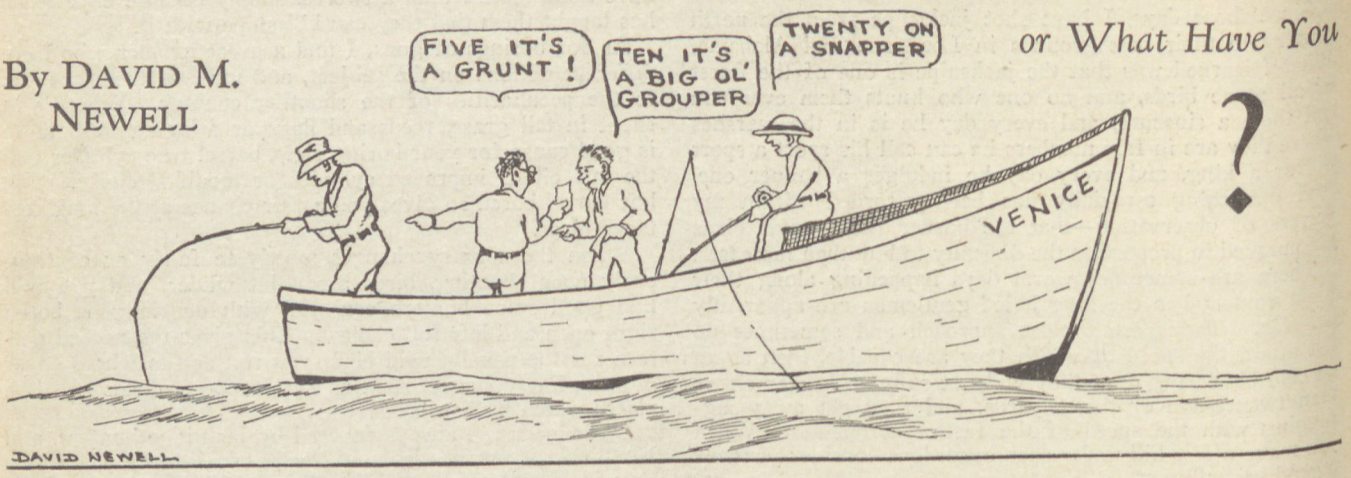
Staff Photograph

"Fisherman's luck" is also found in snipe hunting.

Snapper, Grouper, Grunt

or What Have You

By DAVID M. NEWELL



NEXT to betting on the outcome of a heavyweight wrestling match, one of the surest ways that I know of to lose money is to throw a baited hook into the Gulf of Mexico and then bet on what will grab it! Cut mullet is a popular article in Gulf waters, and anything from a fifteen-foot shark or a five hundred-pound jewfish to a ten-ounce whaddayacallit may decide that your cut mullet is intended especially for him, and jump a-straddle of it with all four fins. There is in particular a little fish known as a "Key West Grunt" that seems to feel that anything lying around loose on the bottom is his meat. My very good friend Allison insists that the proper name for this fish is "Cuban Groan." Perhaps he is right. At any rate Cuban groan is shorter than Key West grunt. And after all there isn't a great deal of difference between a grunt and a groan, nor between Key West and Cuba, for that matter.

At Venice a Cuban groan is quite a delicacy, but out in the old Gulf, where a man is after big grouper and snapper, and is thinking in terms of singing reels and not of singing frying pans, this little fish is "just another groan." On the other hand, when a man comes into Casey's Pass, after a day's fishing, with four or five hundred pounds of fish, it isn't so bad to be able to dispose of a few hundred pounds to the fish house. So, although every grunt's a groan when we're fishing, every groan's a grunt (of acceptance) at the fish house.

I tried to pull him off the bottom.

The other morning four of us climbed into a little motor boat and chugged out into the brilliant blue waters of the Gulf, perhaps ten miles out from Venice Beach. We then drifted around, taking soundings now and then, until we had located a rock bar. Locating a rock bar seems to be all that is necessary to good fishing down in this neck of the woods. No sooner had we let down some cut mullet than we were all in action—and we each caught a different fish, I mean, of course, a different kind of fish! The title of this yarn tells the story. One snapper, one grouper, one grunt, and one "what have you?" And I do not know yet what it was I had! However, I am inclined to believe that it was a sub-species of one of the several varieties of Brazilian snorts!

For the next three hours we caught fish so fast that we lost all count. Most of them were grouper, red grouper, black grouper, and grouper-colored, as Stephen Leacock would say. They ran from twenty pounds down to two or three pounds, and without one exception, they all showed a marked desire to remain on the bottom of the Gulf in preference to coming aboard our vessel. This was also true of the snapper. It seems to me that we caught every sort of a snapper known, and one or two unknown! Red snapper, rainbow snapper, mangrove snapper! Our guide told us of a time when he had caught two young whipper-snappers after an awful battle, only to have them get away when he was attempting to land them!

After I had filled my end of the boat with fish, I began to be ashamed of myself, and so rigged up my light tackle. This consisted of a regulation fresh water bass outfit. Then the fun started. The end of my rod snapped over and rapped me on the knuckles, as a big grouper started south. When one thumb began to smoke, I'd change off and try the other. There is only a certain amount of skin on the human thumb, and there is a limit to what this skin will stand in the way of friction. I lost two lines, and landed about fifteen fish before running out of thumb-skin. Then I poured myself a big drink of ice water, lit a smoke, and watched the other boys.

Now there were in our party two gentlemen from Massachusetts. One has lived in Florida for five years. The other is fresh from California. When I say these two chaps are brothers, it can at once be seen that the setting was perfect. When a Floridian and a Californian get together, it's always foul

weather. Fur will fly! And if the two happen to be brothers, the air will be so full of fur that it becomes difficult to breathe! Now it happens that these two brothers are troubled with occasional headaches. Whether this is due to heated argument, the fact that they are from an intellectual state, or to eye-strain from beholding the respective beauties of Florida and California, I do not know. At any rate, they both have occasional headaches—which is what I am trying to make clear. And it seems that they have found an antidote in a soda fountain drink called a bromo-seltzer. For this reason they have been nick-named "the Bromo Brothers"—Big Bromo, and Little Bromo. At first glance it might seem that such a family history as I have just laid bare has no place in a fishing story, but at second glance it becomes evident that I had to do it. For, you see, I could not run the risk of libeling these two gentlemen by using their real names, and did I not designate them in some manner, endless complications might arise. Think of what might have happened if some newspaper had come out with such headlines as "Floridian lands huge Cuban Groan!" or "Californian Whips Snapper!" Then if Big Bromo (The Native Son) had landed the Cuban groan, or Little Bromo (The Cracker) had whipped the snapper, whereas the said papers had made statements to the contrary, vice versa, and notwithstanding, there might have been murder in the Bromo family!

So now we are all set to let Big Bromo do his derndest and get the credit for it! However, this isn't so much in his favor, for he starts off by breaking a perfectly good rod on a big shark.

"What's the matter?" jeers Little Bromo, "do you want me to go in and get you a pine sapling?"

"Aw shut up!" says Big Bromo, "I've got a rod I've had twelve years—this was just an accident. I've had that other rod *twelve* years, an' never *cracked* it, an' I've caught whales an' sea lions an'—"

"Yeah?" answers Little Bromo. "If you've had a rod twelve years it's because you put it away somewhere and couldn't find it. I'll bet you never even had the blasted rod togeth— Wow! I've got hold of Granpagrouper!" And Little Bromo starts to sweat.

So it goes. Allison catches five grunts in four minutes and Big Bromo lands another fish that nobody ever heard of. We go in at last with five hundred and eighty pounds of assorted fishes, and a collective appetite that keeps four darky waiters busy at the hotel. One of the big cruisers has come in from a trip to the far grouper banks—about thirty miles out—and the occupants scoff at our little twenty-pounders.

Gaffed.

"Why," says one, "I got hold of a grouper that was so big that when he tried to go into the rocks on the bottom he heaved up an island!"

"And we ran aground on a school of red fish coming in!" says another.

"And I caught a jack that was so big that when he jumped our boat fell into the hole he made in the water!" says another.

I wanted to call these fellows a bunch of pure bred liars, but what can a man do or say when he has a mouthful of sea trout that demands immediate chewing and swallowing? And even at that I wasn't so sure that they hadn't done and seen all that they claimed. For Venice waters are full of fish, and when a chap finds himself in such a spot, his enthusiasm knows no bounds! I have seen Casey's Pass so full of robalo that they were *almost* crowding each other out on the bank! Why, I myself caught a—aw, shucks, meet me down here some time and I'll *show* you.

I let the reel smoke up both thumbs; hot fishin'!

League Prevents Road Construction in Superior National Forest

Lead by officials of the Minnesota Division of Waltonians stops the construction of unnecessary roads through wilderness

By DEANE S. RUNDLETT

Vice President, Minnesota Division

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT did a great thing for posterity when he set apart over 800,000 acres of Government land in northern Minnesota some fifteen years ago and called it the "Superior National Forest." It is a country not fit for agriculture, a part of the Laurentian highlands, a district of innumerable lakes and growing forests. It is of special interest to everyone in the Mississippi Valley and is becoming year by year, more and more, the mecca of the canoeist, the fisherman and the camper. There is not another district like it in the United States. It stands by itself as the most wonderful canoe country which we have. Anything which seriously affects its integrity is of interest, not only to all the members of the Izaak Walton League, but to millions in the Mississippi Valley and elsewhere who have no other similar place to go to.

© Kenneth M. Wright

Scenes like this will be safe now.

The Superior National Forest has long been the special care of the Izaak Walton League of America. Some three years ago the road builders made an assault in that direction, but it was repelled. This year a very much worse plan was proposed by the Supervisor of the Forest and endorsed by the District Forestry Officer. This included the division of the entire Forest about half and half between what was to be designated an "automobile" road district and a "wilderness" district; proposed the building of a county road twelve miles westward from Gunflint Lake to Sea Gull Lake and on the west from Ely, an additional seven miles eastward, toward Fernberg Lookout. These were merely steps in the direction of completing the Ely-Gunflint road, which would make a race track all the way around the eastern end of the Forest and open up to commercial exploitation Sea Gull Lake, Big Saganaga Lake and many other lakes now in the wilderness of the canoe country. It would also have established a policy favorable to permitting the general automobile public to come in through almost sixty per cent of the entire Forest area.

The League was on the ground, and through the President of the Minnesota Division, took charge of the opposition to this scheme and plan; and in June obtained a suspension of the order for the segregation and road building aforesaid from the Secretary of Agriculture and obtained time within which to make a showing in opposition to the plan.

Co-operation was then sought from a number of civic bodies in the State of Minnesota and elsewhere and unanimously obtained, so that along with the protest of the Izaak Walton League, numerous other protests were forwarded to Washington. This resulted first in a hearing before Colonel William B. Greeley, United States Forester, on September 2nd in St. Paul, wherein representatives of the Counties on the one side, and the opposition on the other, presented their views to the Forester.

On the 21st of September, the Secretary of Agriculture, Honorable William M. Jardine, made a decision in the case, generally to the following effect:

First: Reversing the recommendation of the District Officers as to Federal aid for the twelve-mile road from Gunflint Lake west to Sea Gull Lake. The effect of this is to save Sea Gull and Big Saganaga and all the upper waters of the Knife chain of lakes on the border from commercial exploitation, which was not only threatened, but prepared. It also prevents the use of that twelve-mile link as a part of the proposed Ely-Gunflint through road and makes the building of that road a matter for the very distant future at least, thus saving the whole north boundary of the Forest from exploitation for many years to come.

Second: Turned down the recommendation that fifty per cent or more of the Forest be denominated an automobile area and substituted therefor a permanent ruling that no

roads of any kind shall be built into the Forest, except such as are necessary for the fire fighting operations of the Forest management itself. This does away for good with the proposal to have stub county roads, not under the control of the Forestry Bureau, built into the Forest from all directions, as was proposed.

Third: The seven-mile road from east of Ely to Fernberg Lookout was ordered built as a forest highway, for the use of the Forestry Department, on the ground that it was an absolute necessity for the Department in the fighting of fire.

The general policy announced by the Department is very satisfactory to the League and to those who have otherwise opposed the plans above referred to. If no roads are ever to be built into or adjacent to the Forest, except those that are absolutely necessary for the fighting of fire and for the use of the Forestry Department alone, then is the Superior National Forest safe for all time to come.

Furthermore, the proper authorities in Washington have been induced to enlarge the outlines of the Forest and to add within its boundaries about 350,000 additional acres, partly Government, but mostly private lands, thus straightening the boundaries and consolidating some of the different parts of the Forest in accordance with the wish of those who have objected to the road scheme and who have at heart the future fate of this great body of wilderness.

So it stands that there are about 840,000 acres of Government land permanently in the Forest and about 800,000 acres of private lands within the Forest, which the Government is proceeding to purchase or otherwise obtain. The McNary Woodruff Bill is before Congress now for action at the short session this winter and if passed, will furnish ample funds with which to proceed to the purchase of these acres within a very short time.

So those who love the wilderness and appreciate the necessity of preserving the integrity of the Superior National Forest should be rejoiced to know that it is being amply protected, that it has been enlarged and that provision is on the way to make it a solid Government Reserve, which shall be preserved as a wilderness for the canoeist, the fisherman and the camper for all time to come.

If it had not been for the watchfulness of the League officials and the filing of their protest and the attaining of the suspension of the original order, they would have started to build those roads on July 2nd last, a great portion of the Forest would have been set aside for automobile roads and the ruin of the Superior National Forest would have been accomplished.

Year by year much greater use (*Continued on page 72*)

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When the blue haze starts to rise over the Cascades.

Man-Eating Crocodiles of Borneo

How the Natives Catch 'em

By W. BLANCHARD MOORE

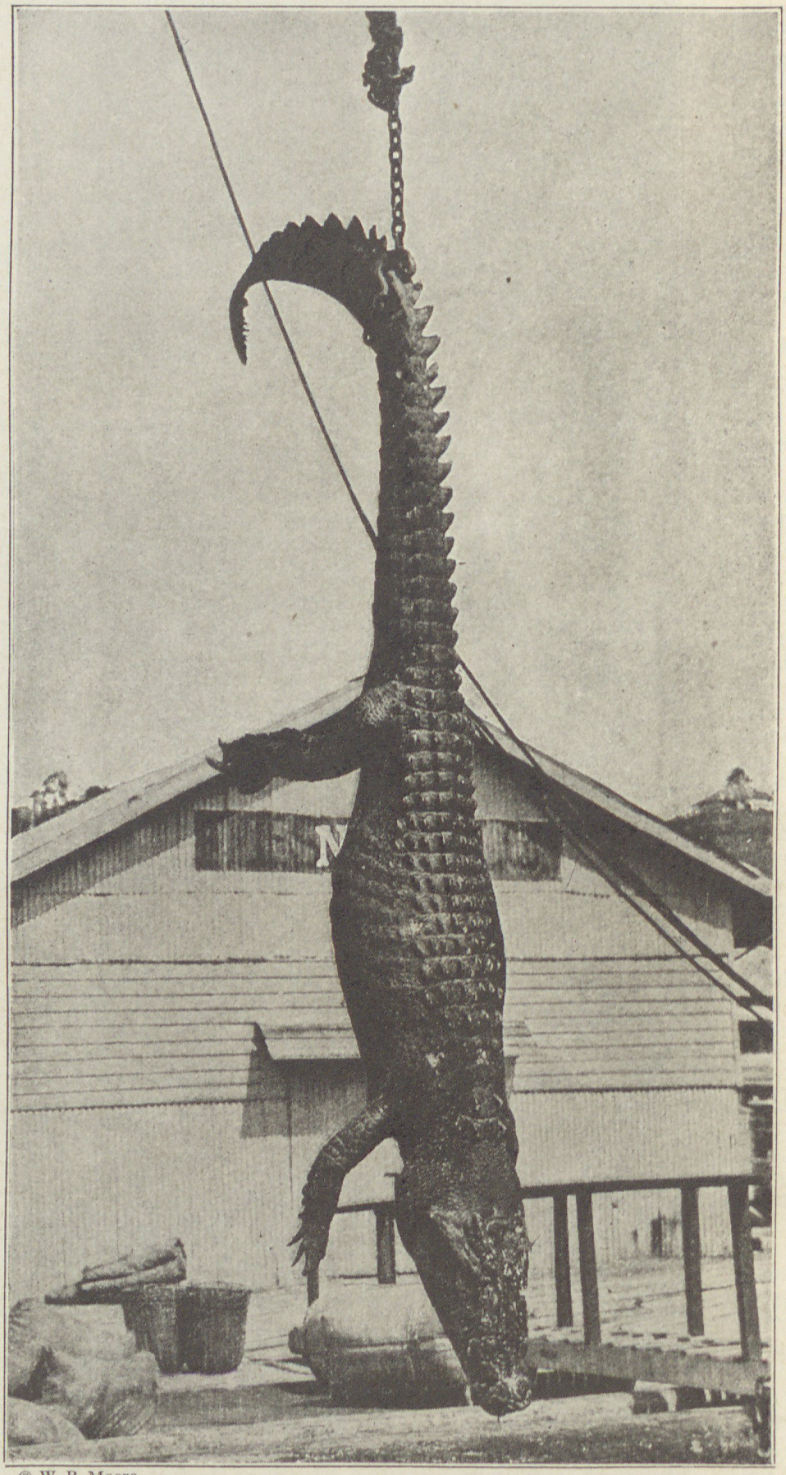
BORNEO has the reputation of being the "Land of the Crocodiles." A land where the crocodile is the largest and most ferocious of his kind. They inhabit the rivers and mangrove swamps near the ocean, where the mangrove forests are so dense it is almost impossible to penetrate them. They furnish a secure habitation for the crocodile where he is monarch of all he surveys, and no animal dares dispute his authority. In the Nile and Ganges I have seen crocodiles 10 feet long and was told 15 feet was very large. In Borneo, however, 15 feet is ordinary, 25 feet large, and they have been caught 33 feet long.

In the interior of Borneo one Saturday about noon after a hot tramp, we arrived at a small village on the bank of a river where "crocs" are numerous and where we were to remain over Sunday. I thought a bath would be refreshing, and asked if I could not take a plunge in the river. To carry our camping outfit, my cameras, etc., I had three coolies, a guide, and an interpreter. Two of my coolies, guide, interpreter and three natives from the village searched the immediate locality to see if a crocodile was hiding in some shady place. No crocodile was in sight, but as a precaution, the natives armed with long spears stood guard while I took a bath.

A spear thrust into a crocodile's eye will arrest his progress, and, for the time being, he loses all interest in his prey. Since a crocodile will sometimes pursue his prey a short distance on the shore, I was advised to keep near the edge of the water and if they shouted, to run some distance up the bank. They have better use of their limbs on land than the alligator or any other similar animal. In walking, the tail does not drag, but the entire body is raised from the ground.

After my bath, I lay down to rest and to take a siesta, but was soon awakened by hurrying footsteps and loud shouting. My interpreter came rushing into my tent to inform me some crocodile hunters had captured a man-eating "croc." I followed him to the bank of the river nearby, where a number of perspiring men were tugging at a long piece of rattan, at the other end of which was a huge crocodile, fighting and resisting every inch of the way and lashing the water to a foam with his monstrous tail.

The natives finally succeeded in landing the fellow—a fine old buck nearly twenty-four feet long. Now came the most dangerous part—that of making the monster fast. Occasionally he would thrust himself forward towards his captors, as best his short legs would permit him to do, his great four-foot jaws, with three rows of magnificent ivory teeth, open at nearly right angles, snapping together like a great bear trap, while his monstrous tail would swing from side to side with a force that meant death to any human being it struck.



© W. B. Moore

A man-eating crocodile 23 ft. 10 inches long captured in the primitive way by natives.

After several failures one of the natives succeeded in throwing a slip noose over the monster's jaws and closed them, never to be opened again—then the tail was lassoed and tied to a tree—his front legs lashed over his back and his hind legs secured in the same way.

In the meantime the natives were continually talking to the crocodile in a soft, pleading tone of voice, complimenting and flattering him—telling him what a fine fellow he is—that he has come to pay them a nice long visit—they are his friends—they will give him all the nice things he likes to eat—how pleased they are to see him and that they will give him the time of his life. In the latter statement they tell the truth and the old "croc" seems to think he is getting the time of his life right then and the last one, too.

Soon, however, as they have him securely tied and rendered harmless, they dance around him, spit on him, yell at him, call him an idiot and a fool for being so stupid. In the meantime they amuse themselves by beating a tattoo on his back with clubs, while singing a death song. To emphasize their farewell, they knock out a few of his teeth and then kill the wretched brute by driving their spears into his brain through the eyes.

When the natives feel it is safe to do so, they remove the ropes with which he was bound and cut open his stomach to examine the contents. If a "man-eater," and a recent meal was a human being, partly digested bones will be found and more or less of the brass ornaments worn by the unfortunate individual.

A crocodile apparently dead may be, as the natives say, "only asleep," and when a knife is stuck in his stomach he wakes up and is liable to take revenge on those about him. Like a snake, the tail is apparently the last part to die. The natives believe the spirit lives in the head, but leaves its earthly home by the rear exit, taking flight from the tip of the tail—therefore the tail is the last part to die.

Life in Borneo is cheap and brass ornaments dear. If a native wearing many brass ornaments is missing it is customary to solicit the services of a professional crocodile catcher to search for the missing articles in the stomach of a saurian and frequently it is necessary to catch a number before the missing articles are found.

The natives have no rifles with which to shoot crocodiles, but catch them with a kind of fishing tackle. This primitive device consists of a piece of hard wood about 12 in. long and 1 in. in diameter, sharp at both ends—a leader 10 or 12 ft. long made from stringy fiber from the bark of the baru tree and a piece of rattan 40 or 50 ft. long and strong as a large rope.

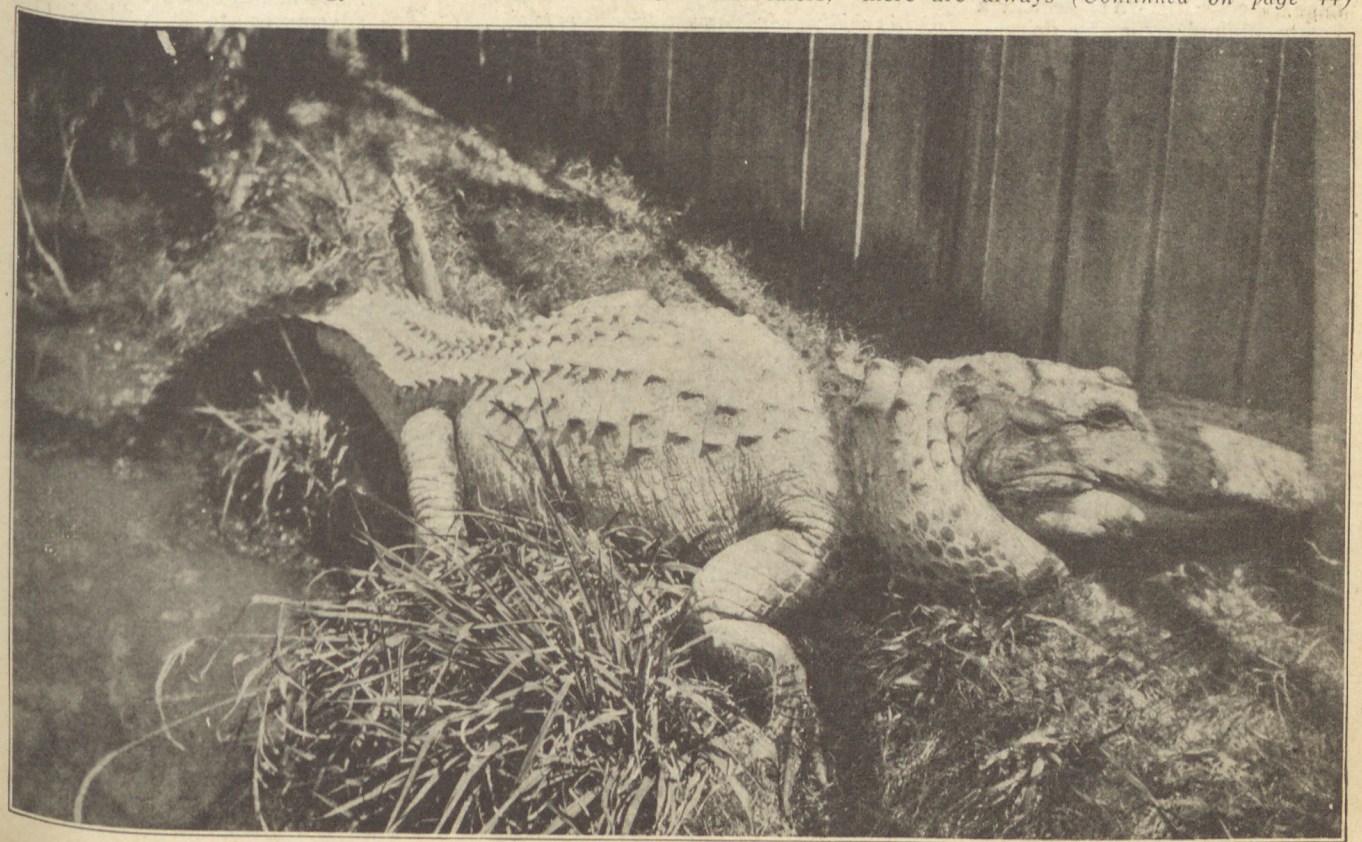
One end of the stringy fiber leader is securely attached to the stick and the other end of the leader to the rattan. With a thread-like string, one end of the stick is tied to the leader so the stick is in a straight line with the leader. The bait is then firmly attached to the stick and suspended from the branch of a tree overhanging the river. The crocodile prefers meat that is decaying and the older it is the better it pleases his palate. One of my coolies (Chinese) explaining this, said: "He crocodile, he likee meat much ripe, big stinkee." A bait of this description is selected and suspended one or two feet above the water.

The loose end of the rattan is then buried in the ground and everything is ready for the reception of Mr. Croc. The delightful aroma from the bait wafted by tropical zephyrs up and down the river attracts his royal highness to the place where he swallows "bait, hook, and all." A pull on the rattan sufficient to pull the buried end out of the ground is sufficient to break the thread with which the stick is tied to the stringy bark leader, and the pointed stick still held in the middle by the leader assumes a right angle position to the line. The sharp end of the stick imbedded in the flesh of the stomach cannot be withdrawn.

The crocodile is located by the floating piece of rattan beneath which, no doubt, he feels suspicious that something is wrong. As the natives pulled the struggling wretch from the water and his powerful jaws with their sharp teeth would snap together, I feared the leader would be severed in two. The loose, tough, stringy fiber of the leader, like a thing of life, every time the jaws closed would slip between the sharp pointed teeth.

Another equally popular method for hunting the crocodile is to lash a live monkey to a long strong hook attached to a short chain. A strong vine or rattan serves as a rope, one end of which is attached to the chain and the other end to a kerosene barrel. The monkey is tied to a mangrove snag and his chattering during the night attracts the crocodile, which sweeps him off with his tail and swallows him. The following morning the crocodile is easily located by the floating barrel.

They haunt the places where the natives go bathing or to get water. They lie concealed below the water and at the opportune time make a silent and swift dart for their prey. Although many natives are annually carried off by these "man-eaters," there are always *(Continued on page 44)*

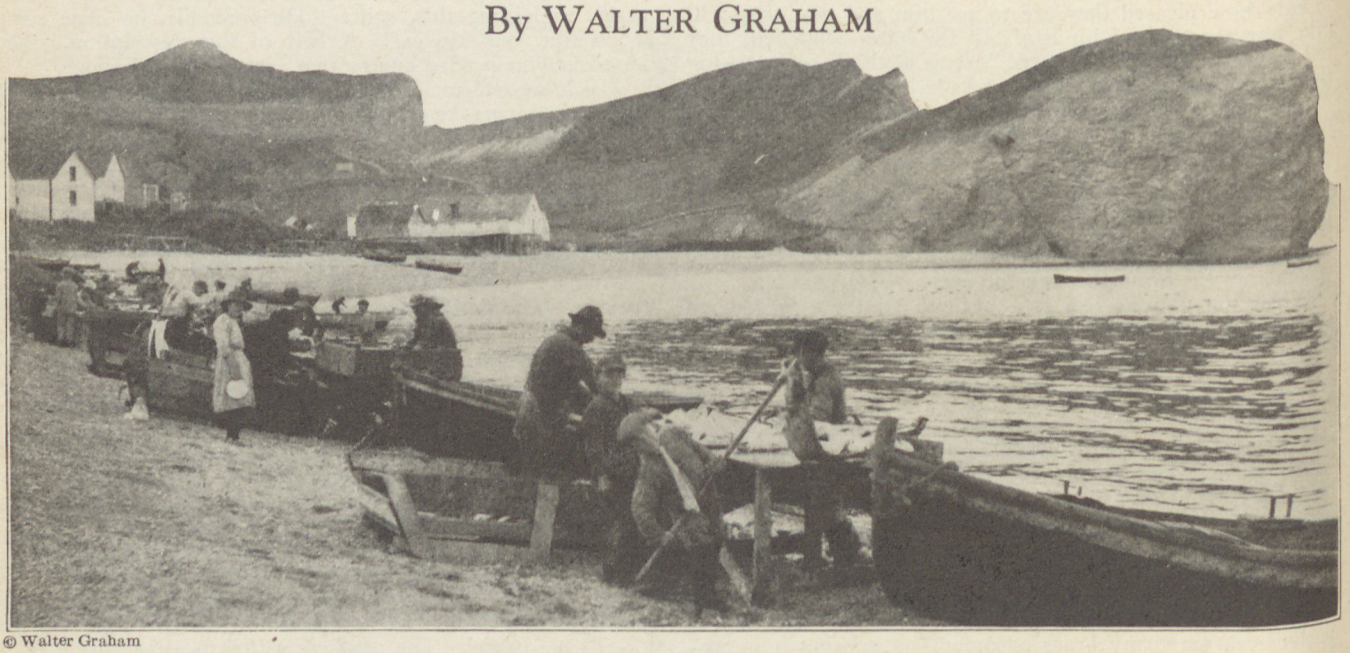


The American variety of 'gator.

The Gaspé Road

The tale of a quaint land

By WALTER GRAHAM



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SOME day the motorist will discover Gaspé. Ten years hence, perhaps, the great American tourist will find auto camps, modern gas stations, hot dog stands, barbecues, and "Rooms for Tourists" signs along the Gaspé road. But for some time to come, it will remain a bumpy, though otherwise delectable, thread of highway along hundreds of miles of breezy coast—encircling the peninsula between the Gulf of St. Lawrence on the north and the Baie de Chaleur on the south.

Only six hundred miles north of New York City and three hundred northeast of Quebec, this finger of land pointing toward Newfoundland is relatively unknown today. Yet tradition hallows it with the magic names of Champlain, Sir William Phipps, General Wolfe, the conqueror of Quebec, Nicholas Denys, Sir David Kirke, and other heroes of history, not forgetting Jacques Cartier, the redoubtable French explorer, who found unnamed Indians already curing codfish on the Gaspé shores when, in 1534, he landed here to claim the western hemisphere in the name of the King of France.

The inquisitive American, as he and his ancient but trusty Ford leave New Brunswick and the Matapedia valley behind, is thrilled by a rude wooden sign tacked on a fir tree—"To the Gaspé Coast." Behind is a world of care and trouble; ahead, the simple life of centuries past, set in a landscape of flashing sea and sombre forest-clad mountains. Soft-spoken French folk, Capuchin friars in brown habits and sandals, the occasional farm house with its chapeau roof, blue-paned windows, open-air bake-oven, and wayside shrine, bullocks bridled and harnessed to two-wheeled carts, and fishermen spreading their codfish in the sun, just as they have done it for three centuries—all this, a four or five days' tour (at the most, even for tin Lizzie) from Manhattan.

The road to Gaspé is no boulevard. It worms along the shores of Ristigouche Bay, through Escuminac and Cascapedia, St. Simeon, Bonaventure, and Pasèbiac—names that are music to the adventurer—to St. Godfroi, Gascons, Port Daniel, St. Adelaide, Little Pabos, Anse à Beaufils, Percé, Barachois, and L'Anse à Brillant, to bring the battered car, not without many stone bruises and loosened nuts, at last to Gaspé village.

The adventurer, meanwhile, has stopped many times *en route*, for the Gaspé road has led him through enchanting scenes. He has chattered in French (or in some approximation of it) with Micmac Indian children on the shores of the Ristigouche. He has camped in the well kept fields of Scotch farmers, who offered him their best room, and were obviously happy to have someone to talk to for an evening. On a rainy night he has enjoyed the snug comfort of a tiny French hotel, and slept under the merciless stares of those horrible enlargements of family photographs which French-Canadians so dearly love. At Pasèbiac and at Barachois he has followed the fishermen about their endless task of caring for the tons of codfish which their trawls bring in daily, or sat with them on the wooden benches before their village homes, discussing the news of the world as recorded in "Le Soleil," their day's-old newspaper from Quebec. He has investigated their fishing craft, their nets, and most of all their drying frames, called "flakes," for the split codfish, and the huge piles of fish "airing" in the sun.

Finally, at Percé, under the shadow of Pic de L'Aurore, or Rosy Peak, as the English-speaking Gaspesians call it, he has discovered the supreme spectacle of the Gaspé coast.

Wild Geese

The splendid winter sun dies in the west;
Behind his fortress, cloud-built as of old,
Long swords of light strike on earth's quiv'ring breast,
And splash the turbid streams with pools of gold.
Dried grasses rustle by the waters near,
As chilling winds around them seem to sigh,
When lo, before the dying halberdier,
The heralds of the victor, Winter, fly.

Like arrows black their gleaming bodies dart,
Straight onward from the land of moss and pine,
To where eternal summer has its heart,
In land of grain and fruit and trailing vine.
And watching them on glorious freedom bent,
I fain would leave my cares and gladly run,
Beyond the winter of my discontent
Free as the birds fly, southward with the sun.

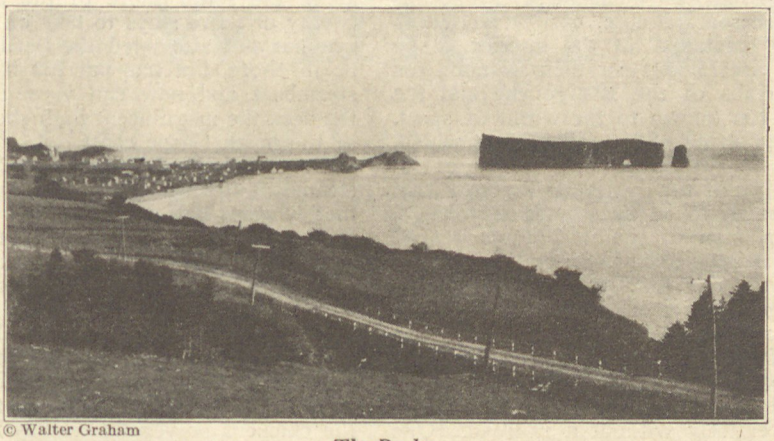
—*Anna Flournoy Bassett.*

It is L'Ile Percé, or Pierced Rock, which rises nearly three hundred feet out of the water, at the point where the Percé Mountains taper to form the lesser eminence and promontory of Mont Joli. The head of the great rock, which is fully three hundred feet thick and a third of a mile long, is constantly shrouded in a white mist of sea birds—gannets, cormorants, and herring gulls—for it is one of the most famous bird rocks on the Atlantic coast. The now inaccessible summit of the rock is their castle and refuge.

The rock gets its name from the large opening through its water-worn side. Someone has compared it to a great war-ship pierced by a torpedo. Records of Percé covering several centuries reveal that the rock was once pierced by three holes, later, two. Time and tide have done their work, and only one now remains to justify the ancient name.

Pierced Rock is a thing of beauty. Seen from the red sandstone heights of Pic de L'Aurore or the long slope of Grande Coupe, its weathered sides flash the colors of the spectrum in the bright sunlight. Moreover, it is of surpassing interest to geologists, as is the whole region hereabout. At low tide, the rock can be approached upon a bridge of white sand. But its sides may not be scaled, and the chattering, screaming birds rear their young in a secure eirie, safe from molestation.

Though L'Ile Percé may show the curious American the finest scenery on the coast, Gaspé Bay centers the romance. Though a prosperous little village, with two small hotels, now offers comfort to the pilgrim, craft of other days still throng the long bay—here a brig, there a barkentine or even an old "square rigger," almost unbelievable except in the "movies." The northern shore of the harbor extends seaward for fifteen miles, to terminate in a long splinter of cliff, at some points nearly seven hundred feet high. Early French explorers, perhaps Champlain, called this cliff the Forillon, the Jesuit "Relations" termed it simply the Cape, but the English now refer to its point as "Shiphead." For centuries this storm-beaten bulwark has protected the snug harbor of Gaspé Basin, and watched the coming and going of men-of-war and peace. On a spot near by, Cartier, in 1534, raised his cross with the significant inscription, "Vive le Roi de France." In 1627 Sir David Kirke and de Roquemont met here in naval combat, and the destruction of the latter's fleet forced Champlain, in 1629, to surrender Quebec. In 1711, Admiral Walker spent several days in Gaspé Basin, and again, in 1758, General Wolfe, later conqueror of Quebec, was sent to reduce the French settlements in Gaspé. The site of Wolfe's house is still pointed out on Peninsula Point. Finally, in 1760, Captain Byron pursued a number of French ships into the Basin and partially destroyed them.



© Walter Graham

The Rocks.

These names and dates no more than suggest the chronicle of Gaspé's past, but they are enough. The inquisitive and sentimental American soberly gazes on this theater of three centuries of civilized habitation, and feels strongly that it should be named the Land of Little Change. Beside the Gaspé road the French-Canadian wife still bakes her enormous loaves. Her oven is of stone or brick, for the most part, with a roof of boards to protect the oven top. The loaves are removed from the oven with a wooden shovel. Streams like the Grande Pabos and Cascapedia are not bridged—a ferry is the cheaper, if somewhat primitive, substitute. The priest still dominates the life of each tiny

© Walter Graham

Curing Codfish at Percé.

parish, as the parish church dominates and overshadows the other buildings of the town. In many places the small fishermen may be seen, curing their fish by laying them on the shingle beach, split open to dry in the sun, or by arranging them on a screen of fir boughs, after the manner of the Basque fishermen of the seventeenth century. Nations rise and fall, centuries pass, but Gaspé changes little.

The Gaspé Road follows the shore line of the peninsula, as has been said. The interior of this land of forests and mountains is without roads, and unpopulated save for lumbermen and hunters in season. Moose, caribou and deer are the most important "habitants" of the interior. The rivers draining this land are famous for their salmon; for generations the fishing clubs of the Ristigouche and the Cascapedia rivers have been known to the world of sport.

Gaspé sleeps in the little string of bead-like towns which, like a necklace, encircle it. It sleeps and dreams of its past, and awaits the coming of the inevitable highway that will lead the modern nomad to its spruce-scented shores. Meanwhile, a large proportion of the inhabitants depend on cod fishing for their living—cod fishing and lumbering. They ship their barrels of cod to South America or to Italy, content with the meagre return, thinking themselves fortunate in their simple life and habits. An automobile still stirs the curiosity of the "habitants." Two men asked the Adventurer, in the year of Our Lord 1925, what kind of car he was driving. They didn't know a Ford by sight!

The Peninsula is not entirely without a railroad. One train a day reaches Gaspé village from Metapedia, over a sinuous and heavily-graded single track. The two hundred miles or more is negotiated within a day's time, if one is fortunate. But the railroad track, like the Gaspé road, is of minor importance to the Gaspesians, as an avenue of commerce. For centuries they have used the sea, always at their doors, and they still find it the most convenient and generally satisfactory highway. Therefore the railroad has languished. The roads have not been developed in many parishes beyond the rocky, eternally rutted stage. Even if one parish improves its roads for the sake of its visitors, another occupied only by fishermen and "habitant" farmers is contented with a muddy, bumpy path through a pasture swamp. In Gaspé one never needs to be told when the wheels of his car pass from one parish to another. It is only too evident.

The great event in the life of the villagers during the summer months is the weekly call of the Newfoundland-Quebec steamboat, which is less concerned with passengers than with the hundreds of barrels of codfish which it takes aboard. From Gaspé village back to Quebec City is a voyage of some 360 miles. The boat makes this distance in three days and two nights, coasting in a leisurely way along the south shore of the St. Lawrence, and making twenty or more stops to take on codfish. The wise American has not attempted the perilous Gaspé road along the north shore, but has put his battered Ford on board the steamboat and now can view from the vantage point of the deck the magnificent high shores and remoter mountains of the north Gaspé coast.

At Gaspé Harbour and at Ste. Anne des Monts the steamboat ties up to a wharf, but at most other villages it merely stops half a mile or less from shore and waits for the huge put-put whaleboats of the habitants, which swarm out to it burdened with the inevitable barrels of cod. Every stop is an event, and the boats come laden with more than codfish. Brightly beribboned girls, small boys, and laughing fisher-wives, all gay with holiday spirit, clamber aboard the steamer, chat with their friends on board (the officers and crew are all French-Canadians) and—in the case of the wives—drive bargains with the steward and purser for the chickens or vegetables they have brought. Needless to say, each stop consumes an hour or two.

Thus from the deck of the steamer the traveler inspects the pleasant summer life of Anse-au-Vallon, Grande Vallée, Grande Anse, Mont Louis, Rivière-à-Marte, Cap Chat, Capuchins, and Ste. Felicité, trying not to think of the long winter which must deaden the life of the gay fisher folk, and likewise postponing as long as possible consideration of the land of cement highways, high-powered cars, and hot dog stands, toward which each turn of the screw is bringing him. Back on the Gaspé road the simple, kindly "habitant" is curing his fish or gathering his small hay crop—making the most of his short summer. The strong sunlight is filled with white flashes *(Continued on page 45)*

© Walter Graham

"Ship's Head" village, Gaspé.

Grub and the Winter Picnic

Some useful cooking hints that may help out on that picnic during the coming winter

By CHRISTINE FREDERICKS

YES, winter picnics!

Is it a new idea to you? Look about you, and you will find there are many people who enjoy a winter picnic as well as a spring or summer outing. The reason is that in the dead of winter one longs for freedom from indoors and steam radiators. Each year finds a larger number of more robust winter enthusiasts who like the winter wind and the snow. No doubt the many stories of the north woods have also bred interest in winter outings. Furthermore, the closed and heated car has made family winter picnicking possible.

© Denver Tourist Bureau

That after-dinner peace.

So we come plumb up against the unique problem of how to feed winter picnickers. *Alas,* the cold salads of the summer picnic! We face a different situation altogether; we must provide more calories, more heat-making body fuel.

After some experiences at winter picnicking, I learned several valuable things, and I will try to pass them on. Don't be afraid of winter outings; your men folks will be enthusiastic, of course; but if you hate to leave your warm house and doubt your ability to cook acceptably in winter outdoors, you will be agreeably surprised.

The first piece of wisdom is, choose very deliberately and carefully your picnicking place. In summer time you hunt a breezy spot; in winter time you reverse the plan, and seek a sheltered spot in the woods. That does away with the cutting wind. It is surprising how gentle winter is if you catch him in a sheltered spot. A man who has traveled much in Siberia tipped me off to this point; he said he has camped most comfortably in very low temperatures simply by using special care in finding the right spot. Put a hill or rock ledge or snow bank between you and the north or west wind. Go into the woods at least a quarter of a mile, not on the edge of it. Then plan your fire so that the warmth of it will not be blown away. I have found an open front or Adirondack type of shelter tent warm as toast. But that's for a longer stay. A very short motor trip, with one meal out in the open, doesn't call for this, except in very cold weather.

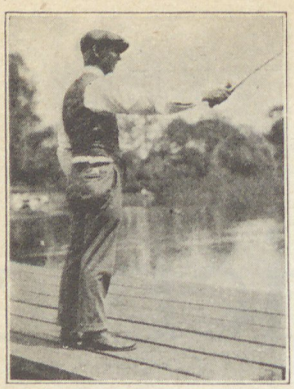
So much for location. Build a good fire at once on reaching your picnic spot (but of course in a cleared space, safe against forest fires). The first job is to get warmed up and relax. Then for the eats!

Now for the second piece of wisdom: don't imagine that because it's winter time that you should feed your folks nothing but steak, or beans or something heavy. As a matter of fact we exercise less in winter than in summer, and you want heat-making foods rather than proteins or excessive nutriment. And you want "roughage." For a quick and easy example, corned beef and cabbage; grilled frankfurters and spinach, broiled steak and boiled onions. And of course camp-fire baked potatoes (watch to prevent too much charring). Tell your campers to eat them *skins and all,* with butter, salt and paprika. Try, also, using a "spit"—a long stiff piece of iron wire or rod; place on it alternately a piece of meat two inches square, an onion or green pepper and bacon, until you have almost a foot of it. Turn this spit over the red hot coals of your fire—(not over the flames). If you can get some oysters, try putting them on the "spit" alternately with bacon.

Peel some good fresh frankfurters, slice them in halves, the long way. Put them in a wire grill with handle and broil them over the same hot coals. Serve with sauerkraut or cabbage, with mustard, horseradish, catsup or chili sauce. See what your men folk will say!

The baked bean is, of course, not to be despised—far from it! But do vary the dish from the ordinary. Serve them a little "hotter" than ordinary by dumping into the dish and mixing a heated can of chili con carne. Or prepare a hot sauce of your own with chili sauce, onions, and spices.

Spaghetti with ham is a fine outdoor winter picnic dish. Slice the ham thin (¼ inch), and grill it—then it's *"the ham what am."* Spaghetti with game meat is a splendid dish, mixed into a sauce which you can have practically ready-made by mixing prepared tomato and mock turtle soups in equal proportions. This sauce even without the game is wonderful—lifts the *(Continued on page 52)*



The Author, winner All-around Bait and Fly Casting championship, Illinois State Tournament, 1926.

Southern Bass

Some very interesting dope for the sportsman who plans a trip into the Southland this winter

By WALTER WILLMAN

Mrs. Willman, Ladies' National Accuracy Casting champion.

WHENEVER anyone speaks about fishing for large mouth bass in Southern waters, and Florida bass in particular, the question is generally asked, "Do the bass in Florida fight as well and hard as the Northern bass, and are they not sluggish and give up quick and do they not come in like a log?"

I have taken both the large and small mouth bass in Western, Central and Northern waters, and will say that bass taken in the South will give just the same fight as the Northern bass, providing, of course, they are taken in the same kind of waters. I have taken bass that weigh around four pounds in the North, and if taken in hot weather from shallow mossy waters, then these bass will come in without the least show of fight or life, just the same as the Southern bass do under similar conditions. Bass in the South taken from cool, running streams or cool, deep lakes, will give one just as many jumps and as thrilling a fight as any Northern bass, unless it is the small mouth bass, and I will concede the small mouth bass is the gamest, and the one that will give you a real fight any time, for the simple reason that he is always taken from cold water or fast running streams, and is rarely found in shallow, warm water.

A great many of the bass lakes in the South are shallow and full of moss. When bass are taken in these waters they show no scrap and come in without an effort. But then there are many lakes that are fed by springs that are cool, also swift running rivers, and if you have the good luck to hang onto a bass about five or six pounds in these waters you will find that you have the same kind of a scrap on your hands you would get from his Northern cousin, and perchance you do get hooked up with a granddaddy of the bunch that tips the scales anywhere from fifteen to twenty pounds, then you will know that you have hold of something that is not dead or sluggish, and if taken in open water will take real tackle and skill to land him. An authentic record of one of these large bass is twenty pounds two ounces, taken near San Antonio, Florida, in December, 1925.

When fishing in different parts of the South there is hardly a day that one does not hear rumors of a large bass weighing up to thirty pounds caught last week by some fisherman in the lake across the way, but these rumors are so numerous and unfounded that one soon takes them with a grain of salt. The average bass that weighs seven or eight pounds, when caught, will, by the end of the week, or by the time it has been talked about several times, get to weigh ten to fifteen pounds and even larger. I know from experience that bass I have taken, before being weighed, I would bet weighed nine or ten pounds, but when placed on the scale run nearer seven or eight pounds. One of the best alibis when a fish is weighed is to claim that it would have been a pound or even more when taken from the water, but I find that they do not shrink anything like this amount, and vary only a few ounces in the larger bass. And, unless they are allowed to get dried out, the weight is very little less than when taken from the water.

I have found in the South that the best fighters and the liveliest bass are the ones that weigh about three pounds, and when taken from cool waters have been known to clear the water several times and to break water six or seven times if taken on light tackle, and this brings in the question of light tackle versus heavy tackle for bass.

The average bass fisherman that I have met on lakes in the South, and the North also uses no less than an eighteen-pound test line, and even up to twenty-four. A line of this size is used in taking bass that will average four or five pounds, when a line testing eighteen pounds is the official tarpon line for taking tarpon weighing over one hundred pounds, and I see no reason for one to use heavy line like this on bass. It is almost impossible to cast a heavy line and no pleasure to handle when a line that tests eight or ten pounds will handle any of the bass that one would get, and if the rod is flexible and the right length, say five to six feet, preferably five and one-half feet, then you can get a real thrill and great sport from bass caught with such an outfit. Casting is also done with very little effort with such an outfit, one is not tired out after a day's fishing, and then, too, you can make so many more casts,

Sea bass landed at Port Arthur, Texas, by J. W. Tryon and party.

and, I am sure, get a great deal more fish because you can be so much more accurate, and accuracy is what it takes to get the bass.

One of the heavy tackle native fishermen called in a sporting goods store for some silk line to go bass fishing, and when shown line that tested up to eighteen pounds, said, "Heavy line is what I need, for the bass out our way break lines testing thirty pounds and over, and I want heavy line to hold them." When asked if he used a rod and reel he replied, "Yes, sir, but that don't help any, they break the line just the same." Asked if he did not use rod and reel to play the fish out, he replied, "No, sir, I want to throw them out on the bank or in the boat and let them play by themselves."

Good equipment consists of a light bamboo rod weighing about five ounces and five and one-half feet in length; silk line that tests no heavier than twelve pounds on a good No. 3 reel. I use a free-spool reel for fishing, but so few fishermen have success with the free-spool and I believe there are about ten geared reels in use to one free-spool. It must be that fishermen don't like to use the free-spool reels on account of the chances they take of getting loose line. If given slack line for just one second your fish will get off, and for this reason I think that the free-spool reels are looked upon with displeasure. Although they cast so much easier they have their drawbacks, but taken all in all I prefer them to geared reels.

The weight of the rod must balance with the weight of the lure that you are going to use, and not the size of the fish you expect and do catch, as any weight rod will handle any size fish, and no matter how big he is he can't hurt the rod if you know how to handle it, but the casting of too heavy a lure is what plays havoc with rods. If you will use a rod not too light for the lure that you use, then there is no reason to set the rod and get it all out of shape.

If one uses the heavy wooden minnows or casts a large frog, then you sure need a short, heavy rod. A light, whippy rod five and a half or six feet would last only a short time with these weights, but if you fish with a lure that weighs no more than five-eighths ounce, a rod of this weight and flexibility will bring in more fish in an easier manner, and I am sure you will have more pleasure and thrills than with a heavy outfit.

Regarding lures on baits for Southern and Northern bass, column after column could be written on this one subject and the question would still be unanswered.

A great many more bass can be taken in a day's fishing if you have the proper "fish knowledge," and don't waste your time fishing where they are not, but to quickly pass up this water and keep traveling until you get to the better waters and then have the guide slow the boat to a very slow speed. When he thinks he is going as slow as he can, then insist he reduce his speed one-half, then you are going the proper speed to get in the best casting. If one will keep low and not stand up in the boat and make short casts, just long enough to get out of the range and vision of the bass, he can cover so much more water. The common fault of most fishermen is over-fishing the water; that is, casting too far, as this spoils all the water between the cast and where the lure strikes. By making shorter casts it is evident that one can make so many more, and most strikes occur the first four or five feet of the cast. As you have put your lure where the bass ought to be, he will strike at it immediately if your cast has been accurately placed.

A lure that lands on the water without a great big splash and gets into action as soon as it hits the water is the one that will take the most bass. Many a time I have had a lure taken the instant it hit the water, showing that the fish saw this in the air and met it. I suppose many of you have had the thrilling experience of making a cast and having your lure get caught over the limb of a willow or weed, where it dangled in the air several inches over the water and had a big, gamey bass jump out of the water and strike in mid-air. I took an eight-pound bass in this manner in the backwaters of the Hillsboro River, six miles out of Tampa, Florida. My pork strip was seven or eight inches out of the water over a twig, and I was trying to get it loosened when this big fellow jumped out of the water and took the pork strip and got hooked. In falling back into the water he broke the twig and I landed the largest bass taken on this particular trip.

Lately I have made it a rule not to fish strange waters until I talked it over with a native or guide, as they can give one some good advice that it will pay to stick to regarding that particular water. One incident that caused me to make up my mind to ask questions was a fishing expedition that I took on a lake just south of Lake City, Florida. It was getting late and about time to make camp for the evening when I noticed a beautiful lake to the left, and as it looked like a fine bass lake, with windfalls and lily pads all along the shore and beautiful blue, dark holes between

We drove the boat right into the best spots.

the pads and the bank, we decided to make camp, especially after we noticed a fine, high camping grounds and a farm house near by where we could get a boat. After making camp we fished hard all evening without a strike or a rise. Early the next morning we tried the other side of the lake but did not get a strike. Upon returning to the dock we saw a native and asked him about the fishing in this lake and he laughed and informed us that a couple of years back the bottom of the lake dropped out and it went dry over night. Upon making further inquiry we convinced ourselves that the bottom of this lake did drop into a subterranean passage and all the water flowed out. In time the hole filled up and perhaps in a few years there will be bass in this lake for good fishing, but at the present time we are convinced there are none there.

When this water left this lake it must have some outlet some place in the form of a large flowing spring, and as numerous rivers are started in this state by a large flowing spring, and chains of lakes have for their headwaters a large spring, it stands to reason that this water must come from some underground river and that it must come from surface waters further up the country, and an interesting question arises: "Do fish come through these underground rivers out into the springs?" The following incident will go to prove that they do.

Lake Apoka, in the central part of Florida, which is a lake about twelve miles wide by fourteen long, has at its headwaters a large spring which feeds this lake. At the spring the waters are blue-black and fish from or near this spring are, as a rule, coal black, also rangy, skinny bass and look half starved and are scarred and gashed. My belief is that these bass have come through an underground river for miles before coming out at this spring. The people living on this lake who fish these waters will often remark, "That fish must have come out of the hospital; don't fish up near the spring as the fish go there when sick." They seem to think that when a bass gets wounded and hurt he goes to this part of the lake to recuperate, but my contention is that they come through the spring. When taken near this spring they have no fight, although the water is clear and cold, and the scars and wounds indicate they have been traveling aimlessly in the dark. I have talked to different fishermen regarding the condition of bass found at these large springs and find this same condition exists in all places. It is still an unanswered question, "How far do these bass come through these underground rivers?"

The first time I fished Lake Apoka was the winter of 1918. Here was a lake practically round, without any islands. Standing at the wharf I was impressed by the view across this large, beautiful, clear lake, twelve miles to the other side; the banks fringed with lily pads. The larger ones that protrude out of the water are called elephant ears. These pads extend out into the water a couple of hundred yards, and in behind these pads were large open pools of dark blue water and floating tussocks. One would immediately make up his mind this was the place to fish and would proceed to get busy with the pork strip. After a day of hard and careful fishing without results, I learned, upon returning to the wharf, that all the fishermen went to the middle of the lake, as that is where the bass were found. That evening I learned that the lake was shallow, only ten to twelve feet deep, and full of weed beds, and here the bass live, as the alligators long ago decided exclusive rights to the shallow edges of the lake and drove the bass out of the edges into the weed beds in the middle of the lake. If one goes to this lake and fishes the pads and passes up the middle, then he sure passes up some good fishing.

After I learned to fish this lake I put the outboard motor on the boat and started out across the lake looking for birds feeding on shad. As soon as I sighted the gulls working I would know there were bass near by and would run around to the windward of them, cut out the engine and drift towards the birds, then when I made a cast I was sure of a bass. It was nothing unusual to catch the limit without moving from a spot like this.

I have found a great helper for using my outboard motor. It is a simple contraption made of a heavy rubber band. This is tied to the handle of the engine so the rubber band or spring has a tendency to pull the handle to the right. Then run a heavy cord from the handle of the engine around a pulley on the left side of the boat and make a loop or stirrup for your foot. By inserting the left foot in this loop the engine is easily guided by merely moving the foot forward or backwards, and the rubber band takes up the slack leaving both hands free. In this manner one can move along at trolling speed with both hands free, casting all the time and the foot unconsciously takes care of the engine.

Ten-foot sturgeon caught at King Hill, Idaho, in the Snake River, by Glenn E. Mills.

The bass run large in this lake and several were taken on this trip that weighed over twelve pounds; the largest being fifteen. The wife landed one near the north side of the lake that was an even ten pounds. This she took on a nine-pound test line and single pork strip lure. Fishing is a pleasure on this lake and conditions, as a rule, are great for fishing. There is only one drawback or grief, and that is when you run into a dead calm, then one simply has to quit fishing and come in, as gnats by the million rise out of the water—at least I know of no other place they could come from—and you cannot stand them as they get into your eyes, nose and mouth, but let a little breeze come up and they are gone only to come back the second there is a calm.

If one has an opportunity to take a fishing trip in the fast running Withlachooche River and will put in any place above the dam and make a float with the current, which will take him along four or five miles an hour, he will have the best fishing to be found in the state of Florida, as large fighting bass are found in this river and it is not unusual to get a sixteen-pounder. The river is full of snags, logs and weed patches, the current is swift, all of which go to make real sport and increase your respect for the Southern black bass, and when the question is asked you after one of these trips, "Do the bass in Florida fight as well and hard as the Northern bass and are they not sluggish and give up quickly, and do they not come in like a log?" then you will have to admit they are real fighters and not like some of the natives I know who are troubled with the hook worm.

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Looting the Yellowstone

This editorial, written by Harold T. Pulsifer, Editor of The Outlook, will appear in his publication October 20

IDAHO is trying to loot Yellowstone National Park. That does not mean that all the people of Idaho want to loot it. There are many Idahoans who are vigorously opposed to the attempt of special interests to despoil National property. Among them is former Senator Dubois, who did more than any other man to make Idaho a State. Among them, too, is H. F. Samuels, Progressive candidate for Senator. There are Idahoans who are still sensitive to their State's good name.

But, in spite of these, the political power of Idaho is behind special interests in their plot to take what does not belong to them.

The political power of Idaho is bringing pressure upon Congress to give to these special interests eight thousand acres of Park land for a storage reservoir.

Senator Gooding of Idaho and Representative Addison Smith are making political capital out of the cupidity of some of their constituents. In their campaign for re-election these members of Congress, trustees of the public domain, have pointed to treasure belonging to the American people and have asked Idahoans to support them in their attempt to get it.

They may be elected. But they will not get the treasure. Not if the people of the Nation learn what is going on. And when they learn they will speak so that Congress will hear.

The people of the Nation should rouse themselves and say to Idaho, "Hands off!"

Idaho has enjoyed unusual favors from Uncle Sam. She has received more money from the Government for irrigation purposes than any other State in the Union. The money she has received amounts to about $46 per capita, which is more than the per capita money circulation of the United States. Some of this money has been repaid; but a debit balance against Idaho still stands to the amount of more than twenty million dollars.

And yet Idaho is scheming for more benefits for herself at the expense of the other States.

Idaho complains that her farmers near the southwest corner of the Park (which, by the way, is mostly in Wyoming) lack water for their sugar-beet crops in dry seasons. When a State complains that her people are broke and appeals for help, we have a right to look into the way her people spend their money. How, for instance, do they spend their money for automobiles? The "World Almanac" says that—

Tennessee has only one for every 11 4/10 persons.
Kentucky has only one for every 10½ persons.
Virginia has only one for every 8½ persons.
New York has only one for every 7 3/10 persons.
Pennsylvania has only one for every 7 1/10 persons.
While Idaho has an automobile for every 6 2/10 persons.

That does not make Idaho look impoverished.

Idaho's wealth per capita is more than 16½ per cent greater than the per capita wealth of the United States. That of the United States is about $3,047, while that of Idaho is $3,553.

That does not make Idaho look impoverished.

And yet Idaho wants to take land that belongs to the American people, land set aside in perpetuity for their use and benefit, and put it to making more money for the people of two of her counties.

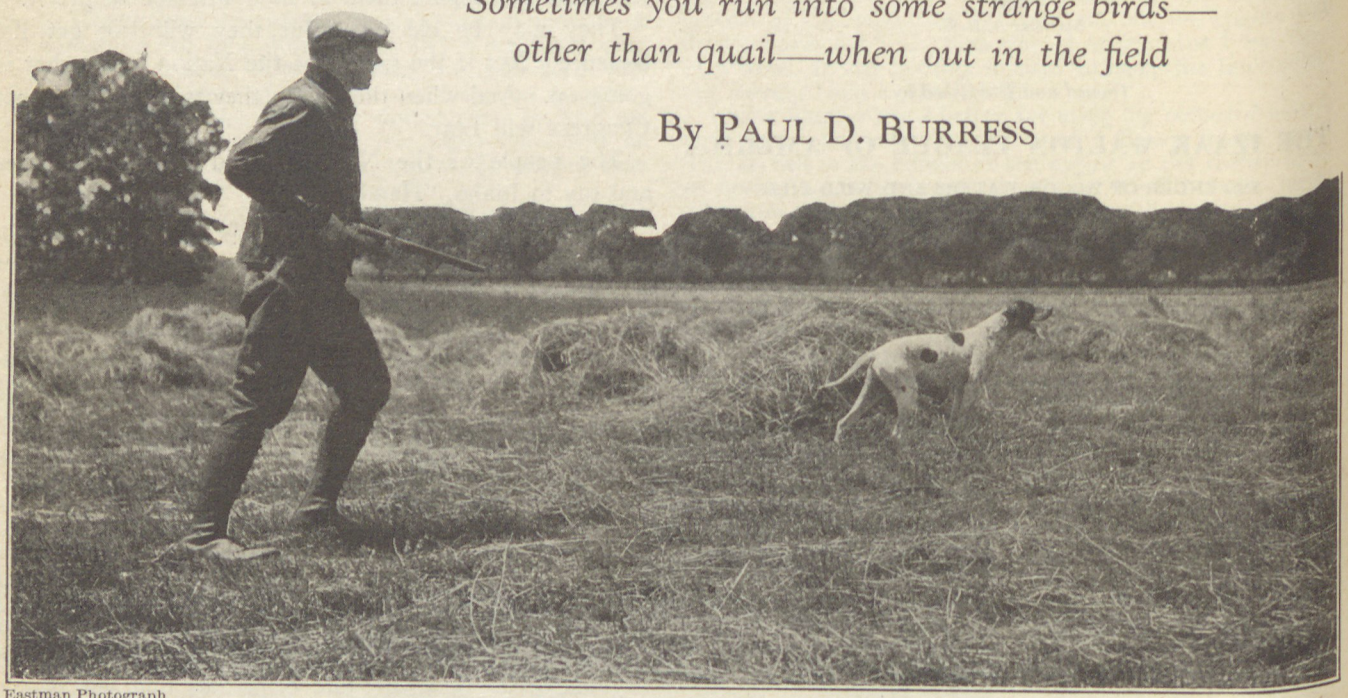
Idaho thinks she can make a million dollars a year out of twelve square miles of a National Park. She wants to destroy the scenic beauty of the Bechler meadows, destroy the feeding-ground of elk and moose, destroy one of the finest approaches to the Park's scenery, destroy the setting which nature has made for mountain and cascade, because she thinks she can get more money out of Uncle Sam than she could get by building dams outside of the Park limits.

Before ever Idaho was a State this land was reserved for the people of the Nation. No State has a right to it. No special interest has any business there. Americans, keep the looters out.

Quail Quality

Sometimes you run into some strange birds—other than quail—when out in the field

By PAUL D. BURRESS



Eastman Photograph

IT was late October and the oncoming quail season had announced its approach with great splashes of red and gold in the maples and the hazy atmosphere brought the scent of the depredations of Jack Frost on overripe foliage.

Dr. Charles Allison sat relaxed, dissecting a maple leaf as he remarked, "Lots of quail this year and the dogs are anxious to get out." He looked up, his grizzled countenance breaking into a smile as he continued: "But I can't credit the dogs, Bob and Patsy, with all of the enthusiasm, I guess, for I have seen several big coveys along the road and I am just like a kid who anticipates Christmas."

Professionally, "Doc Charles" Allison possesses the uncommon faculties of a modern physician, coupled with the responsibility of fathering the small country village of Stoutsberg and the tillers of the sparsely settled crabgrass farms. Between his civic duties and widespread practice, he hunts the brushy sand land and fishes the Kankakee, a few miles north of town.

As I sat there with him, harboring a thought of his independence which was a little tainted with envy, I mentioned the name of our mutual friend, Tom Oswald, whose life in the city was such a contrast with the environment of Dr. Charles, where nature and man lived as intended.

"Yes, I saw Tom Oswald this morning and he said that he would not be with us to open the season as usual," remarked Dr. Charles, seeming rather perplexed. "He said that he will be too busy to go, but requested me to take one of the boys from his office with us, and that I should let him know afterwards what I thought of this fellow as a sportsman. You know that is not like Tom to pass up the first quail shooting, and such an unusual request." Dr. Charles hesitated, expecting me to offer some solution, when he continued:

"I wanted to ask Tom why he was sending this fellow down alone, when he seemed to want to dismiss the subject entirely. His name is Harold Van something and he will be down the morning of the tenth to open the season with us."

After a short discussion of the why of Oswald's request, Dr. Charles with a "We'll see" resigning remark, and sudden decision to go, arose and started for the street. "Now, remember, Art," he turned and instructed. "If I don't see you before, you be at my house the morning of the tenth."

About seven o'clock on the appointed morning I pulled up to Dr. Charles' home. After dismissing the fickle motor, I relaxed and immediately sensed the quiet peaceful atmosphere of the little village. One could understand why Dr. Charles became impatient whenever he was obliged to visit the city with its continuous noise and turmoil. I listened, and other than the announcement from the barnyard of my arrival, by Doctor's mallard duck decoys, who seemed imbued with the spirit of the season, there was not a sound.

Presently, from around the house came Patsy, that lovable Pointer, closely tagged by Bob, her two year old capable son. What a brace of dogs, I thought, stepping from the car. Patsy is one of those fine dogs, like a prominent personage, whom we often read about, but seldom have the opportunity to see in action. Beautifully marked, well mannered, and an expression that all but talked, representing a combination of the Doone Heart and Gilt Edges strains.

Going to the back door I greeted Mrs. Allison, who informed me that Doctor would soon return from a short call. "Breakfast will soon be ready," she said, while agitating the wood fire in the cook stove. "We have been expecting a Mr. Van Dusen from Chicago, but he has not arrived. I just feel a little backward about meeting him," she admitted.

Soon I heard a car pull up in the drive, and at first thought supposed it to be the Doctor, but the ducks and dogs set up such an uproar that I felt sure it was a stranger. Looking out, I saw a beautiful car and I guessed the driver to be Van Dusen.

As he stepped from his gay colored car, he tried to evade Bob, who eyed him suspiciously and insisted upon sniffing his trousers.

"Mr. Van Dusen?" I inquired genially, but was interrupted by the stranger's prompt reply.

"Yes, Van Dusen is my name. Is this Dr. Allison's home?" he arrogantly inquired. "Ye gods, of all the backwoods country I have been through, here and abroad, I think this is the worst. It should be good for game if not for anything else and—that is about all that I can say for it." With this descriptive and discrediting introduction, he slammed the door of his car and seemed reluctant to accept my proffered hand.

After this greeting I naturally became interested in his general appearance and began associating his actions with

Tom Oswald's unusual request to guide this person through a successful quail hunt. He was a tall slender man of about thirty-five years, well attired, dark complexioned with greying temples, close set eyes and a rather prominent nose. A sheik type mustache crowned his drooping mouth which bobbed a monogrammed cigarette as he spoke. I was too disappointed to take more interest and turned my attention to his luggage.

Dr. Charles soon returned from his mission of charity, and being in a hurry and much enthused over the prospects of starting the hunt, he gave Van Dusen a hurried greeting and remarked as he rushed into the house: "You people just make yourselves right comfortable and I will be with you at breakfast as soon as I take care of a patient in the office."

Our strange and now composed guest was conducting himself in a very reserved manner, trying at moments to be congenial but with apparent effort and his remarks bore the earmarks of a sensitive and envious disposition. However, with Dr. Charles the stranger had the benefit of the doubt and was made to feel welcome.

After enjoying a good breakfast, we loaded the dogs, shells, guns and lunch into the car and started for Lyle Hegg's farm. It was a glorious morning, two of us were in fine spirits and the air seemed unusually sweet and exhilarating. On every hand there was good bird cover and everything seemed to be permeated with the spirit of our mission. Our enthusiasm had reached a high pitch when we came in sight of the farm.

"Boots" Hegg, the happy robust son of our farmer host, greeted us from the barn as we drove up.

"Hello, Dr. Allison," Boots exclaimed, running towards us. "You are kinda late ain't you? Pa waited for you a while, but he has gone to town with a load of corn."

"How are you, my boy," inquiringly answered Dr. Charles, slapping Boots on the back. "Have you spotted some birds for us? We could have been here sooner, but I didn't think there was much use of getting out while the dew or frost was still on. Come here, Boots, and meet these gentlemen. They are here to show you and me how to hunt quail."

"Huh!" blurted out very frank little Boots, who had taken this last remark seriously. "I'm glad to meet ya, but do you think you can show Dr. Allison anything about shootin' birds?"

© Paul Burress

The dogs watched us divide the birds.

© Paul Burress

Patsy came from the lee side nicely backed by Bob.

This challenge caused a general laugh and after Boots' introduction he entered into the party with boyish enthusiasm. Unleashing Patsy and Bob, who were eager to get loose, Boots gave us a hand with our guns and he was soon directing us over the fields. Near the edge of a dense thicket, Dr. Charles called a halt and signaled the dogs in.

"Now, boys," Dr. Charles began, as he turned to us, "Boots has told us where he has lately seen several coveys of birds and during this fair weather we had better look for them in the open. Wouldn't waste much time in the thickets or heavy cover," he continued. "Suppose we take out across that weed and crabgrass patch and circle to the far end of that woods yonder." All agreed, he further directed us. "Mr. Van Dusen, you work to the right of me, Art, you take my left and I will try to manage the dogs from the center. We will shoot according to these positions and remember, no cross firing for it's too dangerous."

With this understanding we started. The dogs in the meantime were tugging at their leashes and when Boots let them loose, I never saw such eagerness displayed by any one or two animals. One command from Dr. Charles soon brought them under control and working steadily.

Soon after we had started and without any warning, Dr. Charles shouted, "Point." My surprise and attention were centered on the actions of Van Dusen. He was running full speed to where Patsy stood "frozen" and beautifully backed by Bob. On ahead of the dogs Van Dusen ran with his gun half way to his shoulder and then the unexpected but proper thing happened. About fifteen birds flushed and Van Dusen, in his overeagerness to monopolize the shooting, stumbled and fell headlong into an entanglement of dewberry briars. Dr. Charles dropped two birds and I was so bewildered at the action of Van Dusen that I did not attempt to shoot.

Then Boots took the stage quite properly and effectively, for, with the frankness of youth, he ran over to Van Dusen, loudly and definitely exclaiming:

"I don't know much about you, Dusen, only that you are the biggest pumpkin head I ever saw. Serves you right for missin' the shot. I don't mind you missin' the shootin', but Dr. Allison don't want nobody to spoil his dogs like that."

I felt embarrassed for Van Dusen but tried my darndest to suppress a smile. Boots, with a scowl on his face, was still circling Van Dusen like a game rooster who had put his foe into the dust.

Van Dusen, having recovered *(Continued on page 42)*

©Eastman Kodak Co.

Snap taken with portrait attachment.

Better Amateur Photography

This department has been created for the purpose of eliminating camera disappointments

Edited by GEORGE H. HIGH

of The Chicago Camera Club

The Folding Camera

Compiled by The Eastman Kodak Company's research experts

IN last month's article it was shown that first class pictures can be taken with a box camera providing sufficient light is available and the subject is not moving too rapidly. The bulkiness of a box camera is, however, a disadvantage to many sportsmen and for this reason folding cameras are more universally preferred.

The outdoor man's camera should have definite features. These are simplicity of operation, a shutter which will stop motion, and a lens which is capable of passing more light than the simple lens of the box camera. All these characteristics are available in practically every size of folding camera from the tiny one fitting a vest pocket to the larger or post card style. Excellent enlargements may be made from good negatives taken with any average folding camera.

Folding cameras are of two distinct types; those with a fixed focus and those with a variable focus with which it is necessary to vary the distance between the lens and the film for objects at different distances from the camera. For the beginner, the former type is to be recommended on the grounds of simplicity. With the focusing cameras it is possible to use the larger anastigmat lenses which pass much more light and permit one to take snapshots in dull weather which would be impossible with the fixed focus cameras.

A very convenient camera which can be made ready to operate in a moment is the type with a self-erecting front. When the front of the camera opens the lens snaps into position and is held rigidly upright by two braced side supports. These cameras are supplied both in the fixed focus and adaptable focus types. Focusing of the latter is controlled by rotation of the front part of the lens mount.

In order to take a picture with a folding camera it is necessary to perform the following operations:

1. Open camera and set finder (turn finder for horizontal pictures).
2. Set shutter speed.
3. Set diaphragm or stop.
4. Set focusing scale (unnecessary on the fixed focus camera).
5. Hold camera firm and level.
6. Center picture in finder.
7. Release shutter.
8. Wind film to next number.

1. When pulling out the lens front with the focusing type of camera care should be taken to fully extend the bellows, otherwise the camera will not be in focus at the various distance settings.

2. Shutters are of two types. With the simpler type, pressure of a lever both opens and closes the shutter. With the more expensive type the shutter is first set with one lever and released with a trigger.

The function of the shutter is to arrest motion both of the camera and of the object. Few persons can hold the camera sufficiently steady to permit of longer exposure than 1/25 second and for average work the shutter should be set at this speed. The shutter speed to use depends upon the rate of movement of the object and its distance from the camera.

By taking advantage of the angle of approach, as explained in the first article, a comparatively rapidly moving object may be photographed with a slow shutter speed. The effective motion of the object is also diminished by taking the picture at the instant when the motion is a minimum. For example, when photographing a horse jumping over a hurdle the motion is a minimum when the horse reaches the highest point of the jump.

More information can be secured by making a few trial exposures on moving objects at different distances from the camera than could be obtained from reference tables. Three shutter speeds will cover practically every case required, namely 1/25, 1/50, and 1/200 of a second. 1/25 second should be used for stationary close-ups and distant moving objects. 1/50 of a second will usually arrest the motion of persons in the process of walking at a distance of 10 to 15 feet. Sharp pictures of rap-

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A striking action snapshot.

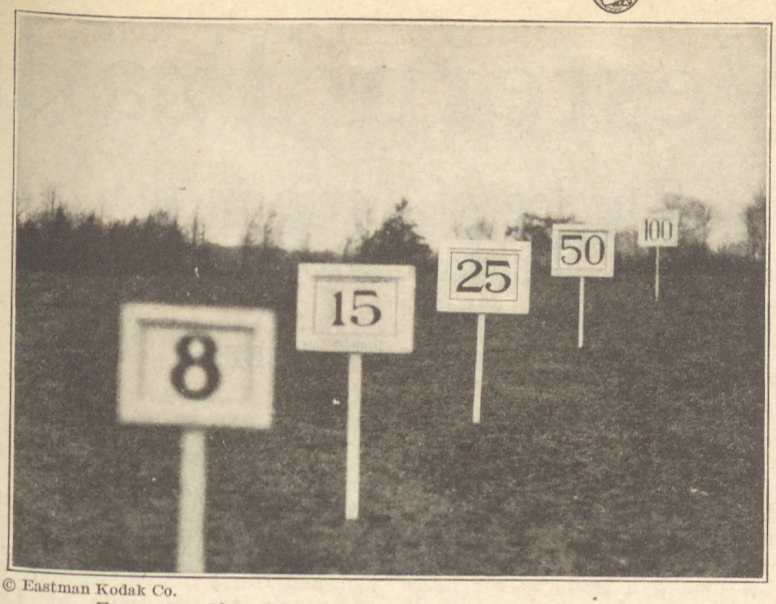

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Figure 3. Showing focusing stakes for diaphram adjustment.

idly moving objects can be obtained with the ordinary diaphragm shutter at speeds of 1/200 to 1/300 second. A typical example of a person diving, taken with a pocket camera at 1/200 second at F/4.5 could be made.

The rule to observe in setting the shutter speed is, "Use the slowest speed which is necessary to arrest motion."

3. The stop or diaphragm which acts as a curtain to cover up more or less of the lens is the least understood part of a camera. Its function is twofold:

(a) It regulates the quantity of light which reaches the film. Thus, in dull weather, when the light is weak, the diaphragm should be opened to its fullest extent, whereas, when the light is strong it should be closed down to prevent possible over-exposure of the film, although with present day film it is almost impossible to over-expose a snapshot photograph. The stops F/8 and F/11 are most generally used in snapshot work. In dull weather, of course, F/6/3 or F/4.5 may be necessary, although with these stops very critical focusing is necessary.

(b) The diaphragm also controls the depth of focus of the lens. A clear understanding of this is necessary to get the most out of your camera. Remove the back of the camera and place in the film plane a sheet of matte film base or ground glass. Drive a number of targets into the ground at varying distances from the camera as shown in Fig. 3. Open the diaphragm to the largest aperture, for example, F/4.5, and focus the target which is 25 feet away. The targets nearest and farthest from the camera are now out of focus. Now slowly close down the diaphragm and it will be seen that the targets which were out of focus become sharper and sharper as shown in Figure 4 which was made with the diaphragm set at F/16. *The ability of the lens to render near and distant objects in sharp focus is a measure of its depth of focus.* By trial it will be noticed that if the target 20 to 25 feet away from the camera is brought into focus, those in the distance will be reasonably sharp also. When focusing on a target at, say, 6 feet, the target at 10 feet will invariably be out of focus. In other words, *the nearer the object is to the camera the more critical must be the focusing.*

The hyperfocal distance or the focus setting which gives the maximum depth of focus is useful in taking street scenes and general views where detail in the extreme distance is not desirable. Views around camp, river views, hunting scenes with objects in the near foreground should be taken with this focus setting.

The rule to observe, therefore, is, "Use as small a diaphragm as possible in order to offset errors in focusing."

Some lens diaphragms are graduated according to the U. S. or universal system but the nomenclature of the diaphragms is of less importance than a knowledge of the relation between the various diaphragm settings.

The exposure or the quality of light which reaches the film is a function of the intensity of the light. This is controlled by the diaphragm opening and the time during which the light affects the film as determined by the shutter speed. The rule to observe is, "Use the slowest shutter speed possible and adjust the diaphragm according to the light."

It is not possible to specify the exact exposure to be used because this depends largely upon the light intensity. Exposure tables, though helpful, are of little value when about to take a snapshot because there is usually no opportunity afforded for reference to them. The light intensity must be judged and good judgment can be obtained only as a result of practice by making actual exposures on various types of subjects and carefully studying the results. A simple method of recording the exposure used is to write the data on the autographic film.

An exposure of 1/25 of a second at F/8 or F/11 under good lighting conditions is used more than any other for snapshot work. It is only necessary to use the smaller diaphragm openings such as F/16, F/22, etc., for very brilliant subjects such as distant views, beach scenes, snow pictures, and cloud studies. It is best to err on the side of over-exposure than under-exposure because the latitude of the film will take care of the former but not the latter.

4. The focusing trials with the sheet of ground glass or matte celluloid in the back of the camera will demonstrate the necessity of careful focusing on close-up objects when the lens diaphragm is used at the wider openings. Fixed focus cameras are usually set at or near the hyperfocal distance with the lens aperture at around F/11 so that elimination of focusing is obtained only at the sacrifice of the ability to take pictures in dull weather.

The focusing scale of the camera is so graduated that when it is set at a distance corresponding to that between the object and the camera, the image of the object will be in focus. It is necessary, therefore, either to measure the object distance or to judge this visually. This ability to judge distance is of great importance in outdoor photography in order to catch a moving

(Continued on page 49)

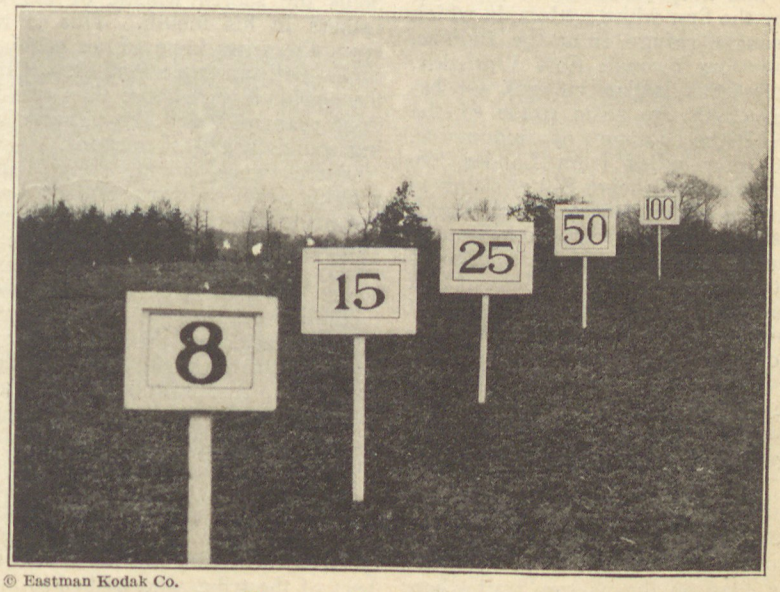

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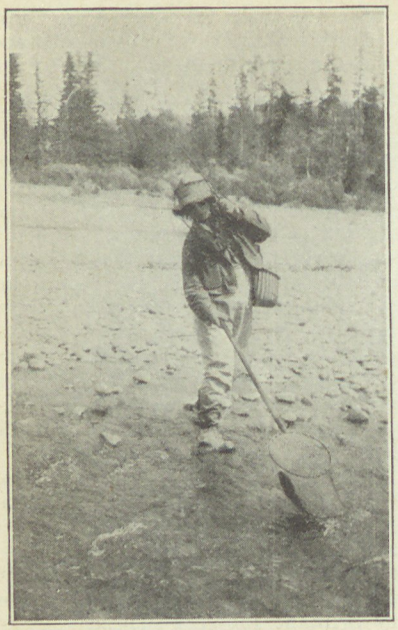
Figure 4. Proper adjustment.



Miss Peet nets one.

Western Trails

The log of a trip in the Telon Country

By DORMA V. PEET

ARRIVING at the picturesque village of Lander, with its atmosphere of the West, rich in historic interest and charm, with its dashing cowboys, trappers, fur traders, and Indians, we spent the night at the new hotel. Lander is the southern entrance to Yellowstone Park, and leads directly to the Jackson Hole Country.

Early the next morning, we started for the ranch on Brook's Lake situated up in the mountains, at an altitude of nearly ten thousand feet. Passing through the Indian Reservation, we visited an old Indian cemetery and here we saw the grave of the famous Sacajawea, the Indian Squaw, renowned in history as the "Bird Woman," who acted as guide and interpreter for the Lewis and Clark Expedition during the years of 1805-1806.

Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Richards, the first women settlers of Lander and victims of an Indian massacre in 1870, were buried here. Nearby stands an old block house, arrowproof, bulletproof, and fireproof, built in the early days by the first white settlers, in which they sought refuge from the Indians.

Continuing through Fort Washakie, and numerous Indian villages, we began to climb the steep grade of the Wind River Range of mountains. About forty miles from Lander, we saw famous Crowheart Butte, rising to an altitude of ten thousand feet, standing as a monument to the duel fought between the chiefs of the Shoshones and the Crow Indians, where Chief Washakie killed his opponent and cut out his heart, thereby settling the dispute over the possession of this territory.

We stopped for lunch at DuBois, located on the Big Wind River, and the last gateway to the Jackson Hole Country. We were thrilled going up the steep and winding trail just outside of DuBois, where a heavy rain storm overtook us. The heavy bus skidded to the edge on the narrow trail where a sheer drop of hundreds of feet confronted us. However, Lafe, our skillful driver, avoided any catastrophe.

Arriving at the ranch, we were soon settled. The next day a broncho was assigned to each of us for our entire stay. We took many wonderful trips over the mountain trails to the lakes nearby. The most beautiful spot of all was Jade Lake, nestling up in the mountains, shimmering in the sunlight, the color of Chinese Jade, and abounding in native and brook trout. Brook's Lake and Papoose were also favorite fishing haunts of our party. Often we would catch a good supply of trout, and but little time would elapse before our guide would be frying them for us on the shore of the Lake.

On our return to Lander, we had the good fortune to meet again Mr. E. J. Farlow, mayor of Lander. He is known by the Indian name of "Nishkahi," meaning "the whip." Through his efforts, we were permitted to see the annual "Sun Dance" of the Shoshone Indians, held at Fort Washakie on the Indian Reservation. This was a sacred religious rite lasting three days and three nights, in which the participants who volunteer, dance continuously during the entire period without food or water, until they are completely exhausted.

The object of the dance is to express their thanks to the Great Spirit for past benefits and symbolic of hope that he will keep them in good health and continued prosperity. Each dancer holds the sacred whistle of his forefathers in his mouth. This is made from the wing bone of an eagle, and tipped with an eagle feather. Some of these whistles are more than one hundred years old, and the peculiar wailing sounds are most uncanny.

There were about sixty dancers ranging from stalwart youths to tottering white-haired old men. We were informed that the oldest dancer was over ninety years of age and had participated in twenty-four of these ceremonies.

The squaws left the circle from time to time returning with large bundles of sagebrush, rushes and willows, as an offering to the "Sun God." Tied to the center pole of the great amphitheatre, which was surrounded by high willow branches on all sides, were eagle feathers, a buffalo head, a red bandana handkerchief and a baby's moccasin, personal belongings of some sick members of the tribe, who wished to receive the benefits of this strange ceremony; and we were told so great is their faith, that many severe cases of sickness are healed.

On our return to Lander, we wanted to fish the famous Sweetwater River, so through the kindness of A. H. Baldwin, and Harry Travis, we were taken on a trip to the south of Lander through the old deserted mining towns of Atlantic City and Miner's Delight, which were formerly busy centers of the gold mining industry.

The old saloon where the roulette and faro games once flourished and the hundreds of shacks which once housed these miners in the feverish gold rush of the sixties are now forsaken and tumbled down.

We passed on through the sagebrush, and the beautiful canyon with its high cliffs of red sandstone, to the haunts of the lonely shepherd and his flock, who is accompanied for months at a time by only his two faithful shepherd dogs, so intelligent that they will obey their master's signals, given by the wave of his hand at a distance of a quarter of a mile. We noticed here and there along the way the shepherd's strange monument of stones erected to the "God of Loneliness," silently expressing the solitude of these vast plains.

Mayor Farlow told us that in the early days of the encroachment of the

(Continued on page 50)

The Party. Fred N. Peet, National Secretary I. W. L. A., is standing at extreme right.

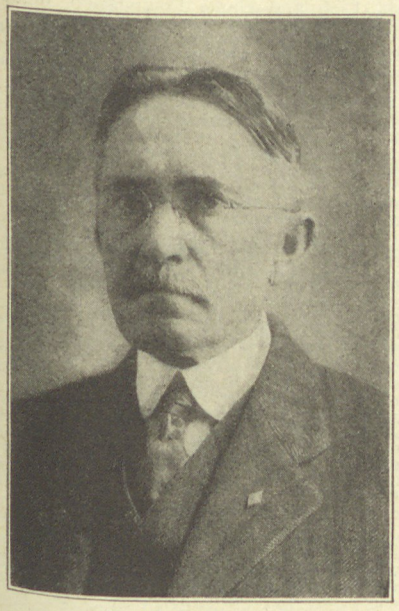
Waltonian Activities

News of Izaak Walton League Chapters

Edited by ED. H. PHILIPPI

Executive Secretary

Wyoming Convention



Dr. T. E. Winecoff
President Wyoming Division

THE second annual convention of the Wyoming Division of the I. W. L. A. met at Mammoth, in Yellowstone Park, August 24-25, with Division President M. W. Medill, of Rock Springs, in the chair, J. S. Preece ("Old Faithful") as secretary, and a good representation from most of the chapters in the state.

Outside of routine business, the principal items of interest were a strong and unanimous protest against the effort to take away ten square miles from the southwest corner of the park for purposes of irrigation in Idaho; a recommendation that a junior organization be established in every chapter in the state; a recommendation that the League hay lands in Jackson Hole be turned over to the Department of Agriculture if Congress would enact legislation that would enable the department to accept them; and a resolution that all senators and representatives in the next legislature be urged to remove all matters pertaining to the state game and fish commission the farthest possible from politics, and also to turn over to this commission all monies raised from licenses, fines and penalties, thus making possible a much more extensive propagation and a much more thorough preservation of fish and game.

The administration of Yellowstone Park is probably far better organized and prepared for the entertainment of the public than any other body in America, and the WHOLE of their time and facilities were given without stint to the entertainment of the delegates to the convention. Mr. Horace Albright, the park superintendent, and his assistants had made the most thorough preparation for every detail that could add to the pleasure of the convention, and Mr. S. T. Woodring, one of the highest park officials, gave his whole time to the entertainment of the delegates; and Gov. Ross' son, serving for the summer as a park ranger, took a very active part in the meetings.

It was of special interest to find that almost everyone connected with the park service, was a member of the League.

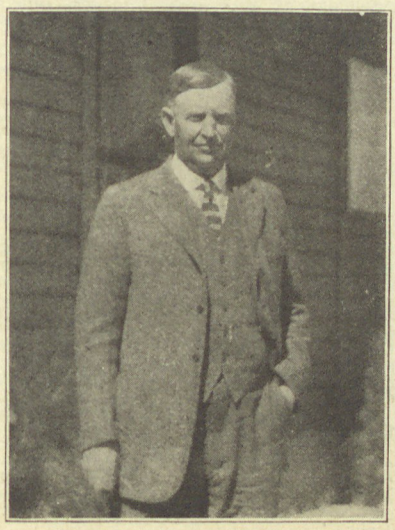
The local chapter gave the delegates a magnificent banquet at the Permanent Camp, in Mammoth, at the close of the first day's business, and the Yellowstone Camps Company supplied special music and favors for the occasion, very unique menu cards being designed and furnished by Mr. Haynes, famous over the world as the great park photographer.

After the close of the convention the delegates were driven to Roosevelt Camp for lunch, and then taken up the Lamar river, where they saw a buffalo stampede of more than six hundred buffalo—the only other time this year that this stampede had been shown having been when the Crown Prince of Sweden visited the Park.

Mr. Seth Gordon, of national headquarters, was present at the convention.

Mr. Horace Albright, Park Superintendent, and an enthusiastic Waltonian, would have been elected president for the next year, but he finding it impossible, because of his recent promotion and added duties, to serve, the Rev. Dr. Thos. E. Winecoff, of Riverton, was elected as the new president; Mr. M. J. Dankowski, of Rock Springs, as first vice-president; Mr. S. T. Woodring, of Mammoth, second vice-president; Mr. Frank G. Martin, of Riverton, as secretary, and Mr. L. E. Wright, of Dubois, treasurer.

Riverton was selected as meeting place for the next convention, but the definite date will not be set till some sixty days beforehand—it being agreed, however, that it shall be some time in August.



Frank G. Martin
Secretary Wyoming Division

L. E. Wright
Treasurer Wyoming Division

Upper Peninsula Convention

By J. A. Bottkol

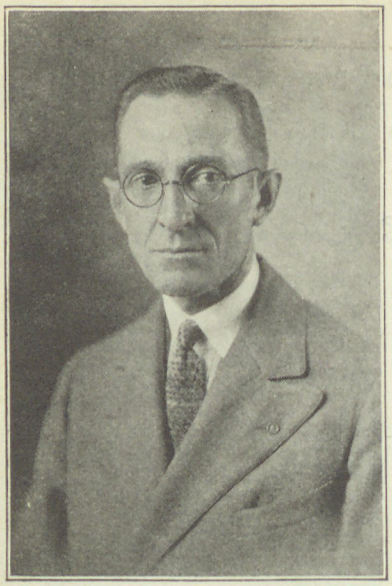
President

NOT very long ago, the Upper Peninsula of Michigan had vast forests of heavy timber. The game and fish were abundant almost beyond belief, but conditions that make for an abundance of wild life are rapidly changing and disappearing. In spite of legal restrictions placed upon the killing of game and the taking of fish to meet the changing situation, many of our important forms of wild life continue to decrease in numbers and to disappear.

Feeling that something should be done if the Upper Peninsula remnants of the peoples' out-of-doors was to be safeguarded and perpetuated, some of the thinking sportsmen sought for the best way and means to help save the wild places and wild life of the region. They saw that their surest and most potent leverage lay through Chapters of the Izaak Walton League of America.

It was for these reasons that Waltonians of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan met in a convention at Iron Mountain. The purpose being to form an "Upper Peninsula Division of the Izaak Walton League of America affiliated with the Michigan Division." The new organization to have its own governing body and a voice that would ring true to Waltonism.

About forty delegates and visitors assembled at the Milliman Hotel on Friday morning, September 10th, 1926. In addi-



J. A. Bottkol
President Peninsula Division.

tion, there were five Waltonians from the Lower Peninsula of Michigan. Among them was Henry A. Schuil, President of the Michigan Division, and W. H. Loutit, Chairman of the League State Executive Committee. After registration, the assemblage motored to the Nightingale, a popular resort on Bass Lake, for luncheon. Dr. John N. Lowe, member of the Faculty of the Northern State Normal School at Marquette and Vice-President of the Michigan Division of the League, opened the meeting, W. A. Shockley, ardent conservationist of Menominee, was elected permanent chairman. W. L. Witthuhn, President of the Iron Mountain Chapter, outlined the purposes of the convention, stressing the need of an Upper Peninsula Division to work on its own specific conservation needs, as well as the desirability of an Upper Peninsula Division because of the geographical separation of the two Peninsulas.

E. C. Voght of Escanaba stated that it was not the intention of the Upper Michigan Chapters to break away from the Waltonian organization in the Lower Peninsula nor to oppose them in any of their undertakings, but rather to become closely affiliated with them in the furthering of Upper Michigan's specific conservation needs, as well as the needs of the Lower Peninsula District.

A nominating committee was named and, after a recess, the convention reassembled. The nominating committee recommended the following officers who were elected unanimously:

President, J. A. Bottkol, Menominee; vice president, E. C. Voght, Escanaba; secretary, E. B. Wentworth, Menominee; treasurer, T. W. Shinar, Manistique; member executive committee, M. J. Fox, Iron Mountain.

The officers elected gave brief talks, pledging their allegiance and fidelity to the National Organization and the Michigan Division.

It is the intention of the officers to have each Upper Peninsula Chapter name one of its members, who will serve as a Director in the activities of the Upper Peninsula Division.

President Witthuhn, of the Iron Mountain Chapter, read a resolution to be embodied in a telegram to Charles W. Folds, National President, expressing regret that sickness in his family had prevented his attending the convention.

The foregoing concluded the business session and recess was taken until the banquet at six thirty in the evening. Over seventy members of the League attended. Judge Willis B. Perkins of Grand Rapids was chairman of the speaking program at the banquet.

Seth E. Gordon, of National Headquarters, as the first speaker, gave an exceedingly interesting outline of the work of the League throughout the country. Dr. John N. Lowe gave an address on "What Does the Upper Peninsula Need?" The writer gave an address on "The Perpetuation of Forest Life."

Henry A. Schuil, President of the Michigan Division, emphasized the value of the rearing of fish in small, artificial ponds. He said it was a phase of co-operative conservation in which every sportsman can effectively participate.

Dr. John W. Ruskin, National Lecturer for the League, entertained the general public at the Braumart Theater Saturday forenoon with a lecture and motion pictures of Eskimo and animal life in the Arctic Circle.

A barbecue lunch was served at Crystal Lake after which bait casting contests were indulged in, which concluded the convention.

Passaic, N. J.—Lovers of the great outdoors, living in Passaic and Clifton, last night, at a meeting in the office of the Gill School of Music, formed the Passaic Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America.

Temporary officers were elected as follows: Ernest H. Remig, 127 DeMott Avenue, Clifton, president; Harold W. Gras, 71 Clinton Avenue, Clifton, vice-president; Herman V. D. Terhune, 47 Van Houten Avenue, treasurer; John C. Tichenor, 77 Van Houten Avenue, secretary.

Wisconsin State Division Convention

Sherman Brown,
Milwaukee,
re-elected State President.

Enthusiasm was the keynote of the Wisconsin State Division convention held at Stevens Point, Wisconsin, September 9-10.

Sherman Brown, Milwaukee, was re-elected president of the Division for another year.

Other officers were chosen as follows:

First vice-president, O. W. Smith, Evansville.

Second vice-president, Louis Radke, Horicon.

Third vice-president, H. C. Berndt, Fond du Lac.

Secretary-Treasurer, Frank Graass, Sturgeon Bay.

Directors: Dr. Merritt Jones, Wausau; Angus McDonald, Three Lakes; Eugene Woodhouse, Lancaster.

Mayor John N. Welsby, of Stevens Point, President of the local Chapter, officially opened the convention with an address of welcome.

President Brown then gave his presidential message, pointing out the many things that have been accomplished by Wisconsin Waltonians and also showing the great possibilities for the coming year.

Secretary Jack B. McCready, of Fond du Lac, then read his report showing a splendid increase in the number of Chapters.

Dr. C. F. Schramm, of Beloit, followed Mr. McCready with an interesting address on the value of organization.

Addresses by Frank Graass, Sturgeon Bay, newly elected Secretary-Treasurer, and the Rev. G. H. Ten Broeck of Prescott, concluded the afternoon session.

The banquet room in the Hotel Whiting was filled to capacity in the evening for the convention banquet. President Brown acted in the capacity of toastmaster in the absence of Judge Henry Graass, whose official duties prevented his attendance.

The Rev. O. W. Smith, Evansville, asked the invocation.

Louis Radke, whose splendid work in connection with the proposed restoration of Horicon Marsh and other Waltonian activities, then sang a song of his own composition entitled "Save Our Out of Doors."

W. T. Cox, Superintendent of the Upper Mississippi River Fish and Game Refuge, gave some interesting information on the progress being made in acquiring this area and what the establishment of it means to the sportsmen of America.

Seth E. Gordon, National Extension Director, then told of the Pennsylvania plan of conservation activities which have such wide recognition.

Mrs. Marth Barnes, of Oshkosh, made an ardent plea for the Menominee Indian Reservation, threatened by water interests at this time.

The Weber Life-like Fly Company, through its President Oscar Weber, who was very active in making a success of the program, put one hundred watch fobs on the block to help the local chapter defray the expenses of the convention.

It was then that the Waltonians stood on their feet and yelled as Fred R. Zimmerman, Republican nominee for Governor of the state arose to make his address.

Lack of space prevents a detailed account of Mr. Zimmerman's talk, but it was a dandy. There was none of the political essence about it. "Zim," as he is affectionately known to the Waltonians, literally ripped the lid off unsound conservation policies and flat footedly advocated the removal from politics of the state game commission.

He told of the splendid possibilities in the state of Wisconsin for real conservation and pledged his active support in the Waltonian program.

Carl Rudquist, President of the Wisconsin Fish and Game Commission, made a brief address and the banquet closed.

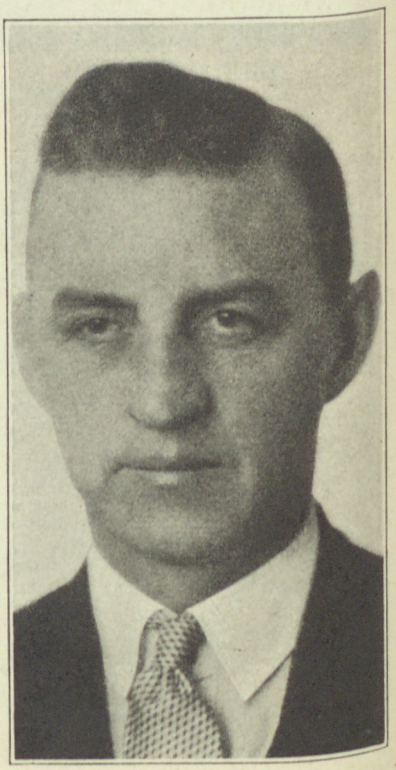
Adolph Kannaberg, of the Wisconsin Railway Commission, opened the program on the second day with an address on pollution.

Aldo Leopold, of the United States Forest Products Laboratory, opened the afternoon session with an address on reforestation and the need of practical conservation generally.

Burt Williams, publisher of the Wisconsin Land of Lakes magazine, concluded the speaker's program.

H. C. Berndt, of Fond du Lac, then read the report of the Legislative Committee.

Resolutions adopted as read by Dr. Ten Broek were: Asking for voluntary closed season on partridge this year, because of the scarcity of the birds; to assist the Chapters in the district surrounding Lake St. Croix and its tributaries to preserve the wild life of that region; that the division send a delegate to the meeting held in connection with the proposed invasion by water power interests of the Menominee Indian Reservation, to oppose such invasion; that the Division pledge its hearty support to the national officers elected at the last national convention; that the legislative committee assist in the restoration of Horicon Marsh.



Frank Graass, Sturgeon Bay,
Secretary Wisconsin Division.

Gun Club of Cicero Chapter, I. W. L. A.

Nebraska Division Convention

THE Fourth Annual Convention of the Nebraska Division, I. W. L. of A., was held at Valentine, Nebraska. September 13th and 14th, 1926, and officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

Frank J. Brady, Atkinson, Neb., President; David Hanna, Wood Lake, Neb., Honorary President; Dr. S. E. Cresap, Nebraska City, Neb., 1st Vice President; R. R. Brosius, Valentine, Neb., 2nd Vice President; G. E. Adams, Kimball, Neb., 3rd Vice President; H. H. Mauck, Nelson, Neb., 4th Vice President; Lyle Jackson, Neligh, Neb., 5th Vice President; Dr. Graham, Allen, Neb., 6th Vice President; Webb Rice, Norfolk, Neb., General Counsel; John C. Andrews, Norfolk, Neb., Secretary; C. J. Hulac, Norfolk, Neb., Treasurer.

It was regretted by the members present that National President, Charles W. Folds, was unable to be present account of illness in his family and hope was expressed for the speedy recovery of the ailing member.

The program as arranged by the Valentine Chapter was not only interesting but highly educational, starting off on the first day with a trap shooting contest, which was participated in by a large percentage of the delegates and visitors. This was followed by a bait casting contest, which was held at the State Fish Hatcheries, located about a mile from town. These contests were concluded in time to permit the visitors to partake of a buffalo barbecue; the buffalo having been secured from the National Game Preserve, located within a few miles of Valentine. The afternoon was spent in an inspection of the State Fish Hatcheries, same being the largest Pond Hatchery in the United States, under the supervision of Mr. Martin O'Brien; after which a sight-seeing tour was taken through the National Game Preserve. This was followed by the opening of the convention for business, at which time, Dr. G. E. Condra, of the University of Nebraska, and head of the National Conservation Congress, was made temporary chairman, and the writer, temporary secretary. Various committees were appointed and the meeting adjourned temporarily.

In the evening Dr. Condra entertained delegates and visitors to the number of about 500 with moving picture views of various outdoor scenes taken within the State, including pictures showing the cattle industry of the Sand Hills region, the National Forest Reserve at Halsey, Neb., fishing scenes from many of the important lakes and streams in the State, also wild bird life particularly of the water fowl from their hatching to their flight south in the Fall; also views of the large irrigation dam at Scottsbluff, Neb., together with scenes over the thousands of acres of sugar beet land in that vicinity. Dr. G. E. Condra, through his close contact with outdoor life and after the many years of experience in this connection, is thoroughly conversant with the ideals of the Izaak Walton League and the evening of entertainment which he furnished should be of untold value to the Nebraska Division.

Mr. Martin O'Brien, Superintendent of the State Fish Hatcheries, read a very interesting and valuable paper on fish culture, fish habits, etc., which at present is in the hands of the recorder, who is writing up the minutes of the meeting, and which, when it is received by the writer, will be forwarded to you for use in OUTDOOR AMERICA, as it was considered by those present of sufficient merit as to warrant publication. Mr. O'Brien has been engaged in fish culture for approximately fifty years.

In the National Game Preserve is kept a fine herd of buffalo that is being cared for by the United States Government, and it was explained by Mr. Dille, superintendent, that this herd is the last bit of wild buffalo in their native haunts that we have in the country, and a view of this herd located as they were on the hillside gave the visitor a slight impression of how this country looked when it was settled by the early pioneer many years ago.

The Convention was brought to a close on the evening of September 14th with a banquet at which Mr. Ralph Kriger of Neligh, Neb., acted as toastmaster, and at which approximately 250 delegates and visitors were seated. During the course of the evening Congressman Robert G. Simmons, who represents the Sixth District of Nebraska at Washington, delivered a splendid address showing the cooperation of the congressional members with our League.

The Convention closed after a most harmonious session, there being no differences of opinion within the organization.

I neglected to mention that we had with us during the entire convention, our State Game Warden, Mr. Frank B. O'Connell, who explained the interest being taken by his department in the enforcement of the various laws, and his particular appreciation of the assistance being rendered the State organization by members of our League.

There were present 191 registered delegates representing 47 Chapters from all parts of the state.

Assuring you of the interest and support of the Nebraska Division in furthering the cause of the Izaak Walton League of America.

Photographs of Officials of the Nebraska Division will be published in the December issue.

GRAND JUNCTION, IOWA—An agreement has been made between the management of Spring Lake and the State Fish and Game Warden, whereby the latter has consented to supervise the taking of fish at this resort, in accordance with state laws. On and after September tenth, next, fishing licenses will be required in this lake and the lake will be posted accordingly.

* * *

Wisconsin—The Wisconsin members will be interested to learn of a report from District Attorney John B. Chase of Oconto county, to the effect that the public is entitled to fish on lakes provided they can get on to the lakes without trespassing on the private lands, or provided they reach the waters by roads lawfully laid out. Owners of land surrounding Wisconsin lakes are prevented by law from closing highways leading to the lakes or from barring public fishing on waters, provided entrance is gained in the aforesaid manner. A highway may be established in Wisconsin, by twenty years use by the public, and it is reported, thereafter this highway cannot be closed by the owner of the land.

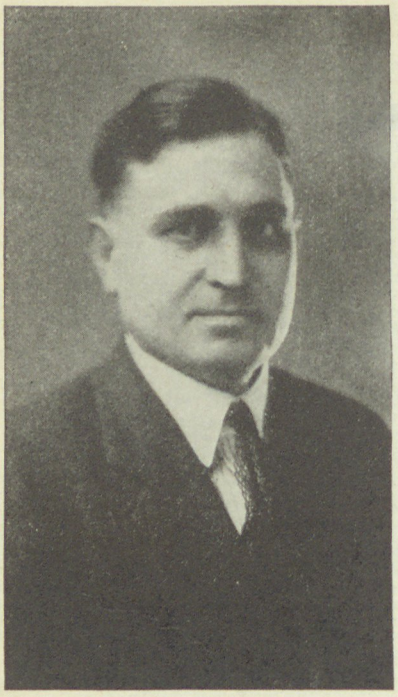
* * *

Anderson, Ind.—Representative Grover Walters recently addressed the local chapter on the growth of the League in Indiana. This chapter is very active in encouraging the construction of a local sewage disposal plant, and their plan of raising money for this purpose is to take a portion of the revenue from the city water and electric light service for the construction of the sewage disposal plant.

* * *

Crystal River, Fla.—Complaints by the sportsmen of Cyrstal River that seining was being done in alleged violation of the fish and game laws, led to the arrest of Calvin Stanley after a two days' vigilance on the part of Wardens Phillips and Langston. The local chapter employed attorneys for the prosecution of this case.

Danville Chapter's attractive booth at the Indiana and Illinois annual fair.



Senator L. G. Bradford, President of the Indiana Division.

Terre Haute, Ind.—The annual convention of the Indiana State Division I. W. L. A. will be held here October 28-29-30. Ed. H. Leever, President of Terre Haute Chapter, has announced that a program has been arranged in honor of the event. This program, in addition to the banquet and business sessions will feature a bait and fly casting contest and a trap shooting contest.

Among the prominent Waltonians scheduled to attend are National President Charles W. Folds, Executive Secretary Ed. H. Phillipi, Jack R. Cunningham, President of the Missouri Division, Ivar Hennings, South Bend, and many others.

* * *

Columbus, Ohio.—The annual convention of the Ohio State Division will be held here October 25-26. Many nationally prominent Waltonians are planning to attend and a special program of interesting contests has been arranged.

* * *

Reports of the New York and Pennsylvania State Conventions will be published in the December issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

* * *

Cass Lake, Minn.—The second annual dinner of the local chapter, was recently served to eighty members and their families. Trap shooting seemed to be the event that held the greatest interest. Prizes were offered by the local merchants and three perfect scores were made. Fred Theriault broke two strings of twenty-five straight and Oliver Gamache also registered a hundred percent on twenty-five birds. From this report, the shooters of this chapter rank with some of the best in the state. Why can't we have a little interstate competition among our chapter gun clubs?

* * *

Syracuse, N. Y.—Louis Marshall, recently launched a fight to defeat the proposition in the form of a proposal to create a storage reservoir on the Salmon River contending that such construction is the first step toward appropriation of state water power resources by private interests. Mr. Marshall who is a true sportsman and conservationist is reported to have said that the dam proposal amounts to an attempt by the interests to take from the people of the state their heritage and predicted that it would not be tolerated.

* * *

Prescott, Wis.—E. R. Miller, secretary of the local chapter, advises that several members of the local chapter are determined that game fish in Lake St. Croix will not be exterminated by ruthless "fish outlaws." Steps are being taken to stop the practice of seining game fish and selling them on the market. Rev. G. H. Broeck, who has devoted much time to pollution and game fish destruction problems, addressed the members of this chapter pointing out the great commercial asset of Lake St. Croix to Prescott.

Lexington, Ky.—A very interesting and enthusiastic organization meeting was held here and the Lexington chapter is now organized with a big membership and active officers.

* * *

Willman, Minn.—President Oscar Pearson has sent us a poster and small mailing folder containing condensed and interesting definition of the acts that a true sportsman should and should not do. This is a splendid idea and speaks convincingly of the spirit of this chapter. Other chapters considering such a form of educational material should get in touch with Mr. Pearson.

* * *

Gainesville, Fla.—Dr. Wilmon Newell, dean of the college of agriculture of the University of Florida has been elected temporary president of the new chapter organized here. C. J. Harris was elected temporary vice president and George E. Evans, temporary secretary. Chapter night will be held soon at which permanent officers will be elected and addresses will be made by A. F. Knotts, president of the Florida division. C. S. Graham, secretary and J. B. Royal, State game warden.

* * *

Harrisburg, Penna.—The state has recently proclaimed October 22nd as Arbor Day and Bird Day. The proper observance of Arbor Day will be through the activities of teachers and pupils of the Pennsylvania schools. Wherever possible, teachers will conduct trips to the out of doors so that the children early in life, will learn the full value of the protection of trees, birds and forest life.

* * *

Eldorado, Kans.—The third annual convention of the Kansas division will convene here for a two-day session at 10:30 a. m., November 15th. There will be entertainment in the form of trap shooting, fly and bait casting contests. Many prominent speakers are scheduled, among whom are Charles W. Folds, National President I. W. L. A.; Jack R. Cunningham, Kansas City, Missouri; Clifford R. Hope, former speaker of the House of Representatives; Rev. Condict; G. R. Atherton of El Dorado, Judge E. J. Sheldon of Paola, and others. Begin your plans now for attending the convention at El Dorado. There will be many important discussions of our legislative program, good sport and other interesting features.

* * *

Danville, Ill.—The local chapter took advantage of the possibilities in broadcasting the good work of our League during the Indiana and Illinois annual fair. The boys were handicapped by rain every day, but met with good response from an interested public and they distributed one thousand magazines and other propaganda, to interest the people whom they would have had difficulty in reaching otherwise. It was an excellent opportunity for an educational campaign and proved a success. A very attractive booth was the headquarters for Ikes from Michigan, Indiana, Missouri and Florida, and even California, which indicated the prominence of the League. Mr. W. T. Byland reports that their very successful work at the fair has better prepared the community for the coming of the state conventfon next February.

* * *

Cushing, Okla.—Bud Usher sent us a report of a novel real estate deal which will be of great financial assistance to the chapter as well as providing excellent opportunities for local members to enjoy a summer home overlooking Lake Cushing. The prices of the lots are low and only available to members of the League. The proceeds are to be used for the construction of a club house which is to cost about five thousand dollars, for the benefit of all members of the League. The tract of land is ideally situated close to the spill way on a high bluff overlooking the reservoir. Mr. Usher advises that they have recently planted in Lake Cushing about fifty thousand six inch black bass taken from their own hatchery. Cushing is a hundred percent pep, evidenced by such activity and they are deserving of a whole lot of credit.

* * *

McKenna, Wash.—At a very enthusiastic meeting, the Nisqually Valley chapter was recently formed here. The chapter will embrace McKenna, Roy, Yelm, Rainier and that vicinity. More than fifty persons became members and a charter meeting is expected to be held soon. Frank Pierce was elected president, R. A. Reischl, vice president, L. Radabaugh, second vice president, Prof. A. Baisinger, secretary and treasurer. P. Martin, C. Hull and Ray Cruickshank were named as executive committee. Dr. J. C. Siegle, president of the Tacoma chapter, addressed the new members explaining the organization's aims and assisted in the organization work. The enthusiasm shown at the meeting indicates that Nisqually Valley chapter will be alive and will get behind every movement to bring back game and game fish and keep our great outdoors in the splendid natural state that it now enjoys.

* * *

Waukegan, Ill.—The second meeting of this chapter was recently held and three reels of interesting fishing pictures were enjoyed after a very good dinner. The Waukegan boys have built up a nice charter membership list since the first meeting and very many more are expected before the charter list is closed.

* * *

Topeka, Kans.—The state forestry, fish and game commission has accepted a joint proposition of Labette and Neosho counties and have located a state fish hatchery near South Mound. The site was chosen by the commission after an all-day hearing, in which many delegates from various sections of the state presented their claims. It will be called "Lake McKinley." The site was first chosen by members of the local chapter as an ideal site for a lake and fish hatchery and was pronounced by members of the commission as one of the best sites in Kansas. Large credit for securing the hatchery goes to M. C. McKinley, president of the Parsons Chapter, who has given his time untiringly to the search for the site and final survey and briefing of its advantages.

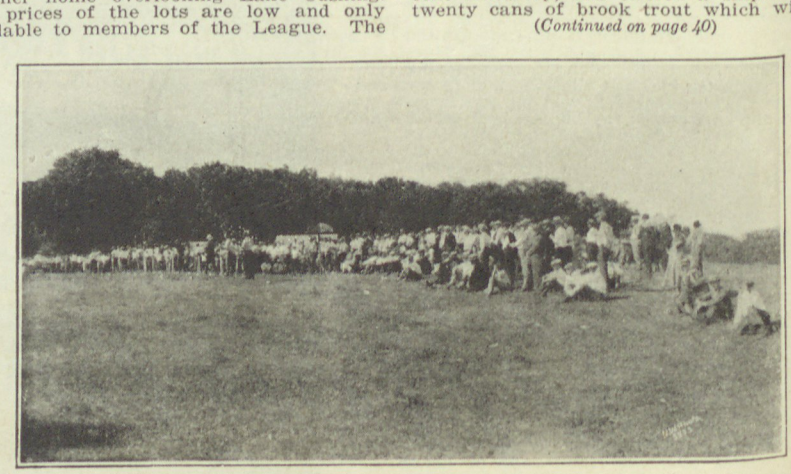
* * *

Wahpeton, Minn.—At a meeting of this chapter recently, Louis Benshoof, editor of the "Detroit Record" and a student of the habits of the fish tribe, addressed the members. Directors were elected at the business meeting which preceded the program at which Mr. Benshoof, Fred J. Ghast, State Game Warden, and Theodore Condit, of Clinton, Minnesota, spoke. The directors will meet in the near future and name permanent officers of the chapter. The Wahpeton chapter reports they have the largest charter membership roll of any chapter in the state.

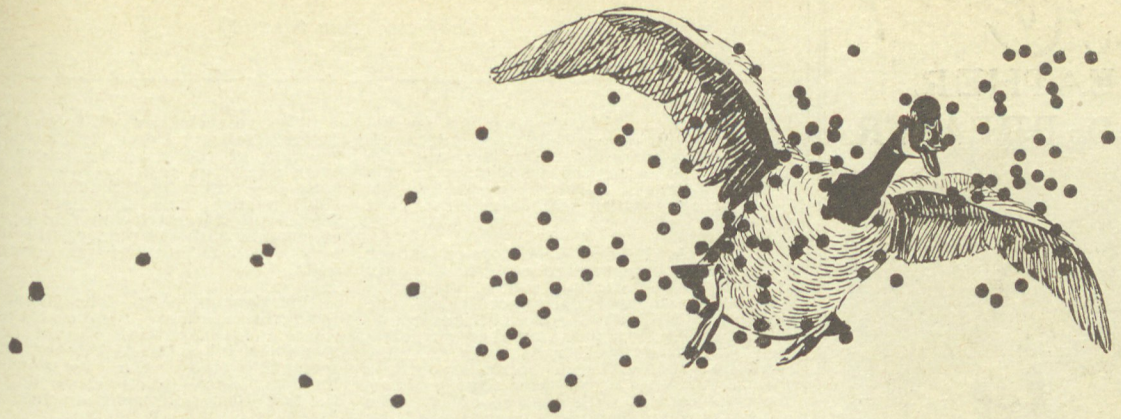
* * *

Willowville, N. Y.—We have a recent report of the interesting activity of this chapter to the effect that they have planted nineteen thousand fish in the streams running into the Sauquoit Valley. I. P. Snider, superintendent of Cape Vincent Hatchery, has offered a shipment of twenty cans of brook trout which will be

(Continued on page 40)



Trap meet of Red Wing, Minn., Chapter.



Short Shot String

The Secret of Super-X Remarkable Effectiveness at the Longer Ranges!

You know how important good patterns are in shotgun shooting—but here is an amazing, game-getting improvement in shotgun ammunition!

Do the pellets from a shotgun shell reach the bird in a compact mass—or do they *string out* along the line of flight, some *trailing* far behind?

WESTERN'S experts were determined to find out. Through the development of a remarkable machine that registers the exact position of each pellet in the air, they are now able to count the number of pellets actually *effective* during the flash of a second required for the bird in flight to pass through the path of the shot charge.

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Hundreds of tests with the patented Shot String machine, the only one of its kind, prove that the shot charge of the ordinary load *does* string out—as much as 20 feet at 40 yards! Often more!

With this established, and with the Shot String machine to check each step, WESTERN has been able to *shorten* the Shot String of the famous Super-X load, through the scientific loading of progressive burning powder.

Twice as Many *Effective* Pellets

The Super-X shot charge has *more pellets concentrated within 4 feet* (129) *than are found in the entire 20-foot string of the ordinary load* (123). Both tests were made at 127 feet.

Super-X gives you practically twice as many *effective* pellets, especially at the longer ranges. Better patterns at *all* ranges. Control of pattern and Shot String extends Super-X killing power *15 to 20 yards* beyond the effective range of ordinary loads! Super-X for long-range shooting every time!

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Xpert is another WESTERN load that gets the game. A quality, smokeless shell that sells at a popular price. Ideal for all your shooting that doesn't call for the long-range and heavy charge of Super-X. A real quail load. You'll say so, too!

Most of the important ammunition improvements in recent years have been made by WESTERN. The *Field* shell,

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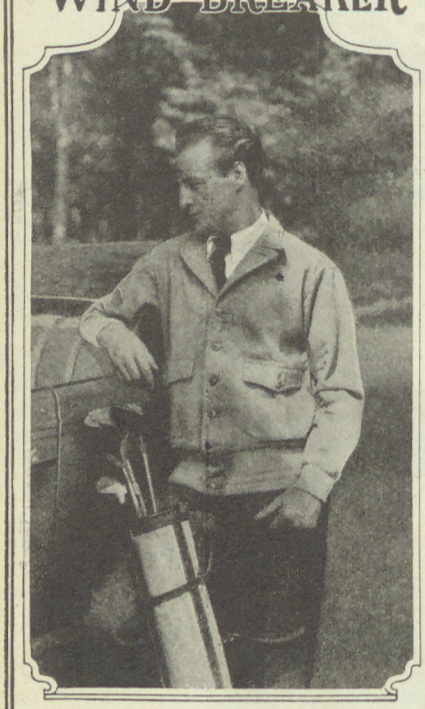

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NEW CLOVER HONEY
$1.95 per gallon in comb or extracted.
Write for complete price list.
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Waltonian Nook

(Continued from page 38)

delivered soon. This chapter had special game wardens appointed who will work with land owners, and farmers, to help preserve the game and woodlands in this locality. Orders have been placed for pheasant eggs which will be received next spring.

* * *

Pittsburgh, Penna.—The boys put over a great sporting event recently in the way of fly and bait casting events, shot gun, rifle and revolver shooting contests. The outing was held at Saunders Triangle and was attended by a great number of sportsmen who were well repaid by the fine exhibition of skill in various outdoor sports. J. W. Carson won the ⅝ ounce accuracy contest with a score of 12. The ⅝ ounce distance event was topped by William Oliver, with a distance of 143 feet while Mr. Carson ran a close second with 141 feet, and who made the longest individual cast of 158 feet. The ½ ounce accuracy event was won by R. H. Duff with a score of 22 and the same weight distance contest was again taken by Mr. Carson with a score of 141. E. F. Lowry ran second in this event with a distance of 138 feet. The longest individual cast with the ½ ounce weight was made by William Oliver with a score of 156 feet, who also won the accuracy fly casting event with a score of 17; the second place was taken by E. F. Lowry with a score of 18. In the distance fly event, E. F. Lowry, Wm. Oliver, M. C. Ely and T. G. Taylor ran 64-62-60 and 58 feet respectively. The trap shooting event was scored under the 50 feet Bird Lewis Class System. Winners of the A, B, C, D classes were L. C. Erwin, H. W. Best, E. Mallassee, and W. C. Shaffer, respectively. Paulson and MacMullen won the hundred off-hand rifle shoot and Sergt. Sidney Willas, E. C. Schneider and Paulson ran first and second in the revolver shooting, with scores of 47, 46, and 46 out of possible 50 points.

* * *

Hillsboro, Kans.—How is this for action? J. A. Cushman, secretary of the Kansas division, organized a chapter of 44 members here on August 10th. The new members reported there were some small streams drying up and thousands of fish dying in that vicinity. Getting in touch with J. B. Doze, state Game Warden for authority to seine, they started to work. On the evening of August 11th, or the day following the organizing, the members of the chapter were out saving the fish.

* * *

Iowa Falls, Iowa—This chapter has placed two big shipments of fish in their millpond this season and expect another. Furthermore, they have solved a serious problem at their local gas plant owned by the Central States Electric Company. The local manager, Mr. H. F. Kellogg, succeeded in getting an installation that separates the tar which is burned under the boilers and the waste water is then filtered before it is turned into the river.

* * *

Philadelphia, Penna.—The Philadelphia chapter is taking steps to eradicate a great menace in the form of pollution of the Schuylkill River. Grover C. Ladner, president of this chapter with Dr. William H. Moore, state president, have made an inspection of the river by motor boat and their report on the trip was made at the state convention in Philadelphia, which we shall publish later for your information. The chapter's activity in this respect is in connection with the plan of the State Sanitary Board to clean up the streams of the state.

* * *

Hot Springs, Ark.—The latest proposal from the Arkansas Fish and Game Commission is that there should be no fish whatever taken from any of the waters from this state for a two months' period in the Spring,—the purpose is to protect the fish during the spawning season.

* * *

Alpine, Tex.—What is believed to be the largest game preserve in Texas, was recently accepted by Game Commissioner T. E. Hubby when five thousand acres situated in Brewster County, Jeff Davis and Pecos counties were purchased by the State for this purpose. The large area includes choice ranch lands of the Big Bend section. The area is timbered and well watered which makes it ideal for wild game, which now roams at will in this section. Otis Scales, secretary of the local chapter, will work with the State Game Commission in its efforts to protect the game of the Big Bend district in this preserve.

* * *

Iowa—The Iowa division has put forth a new project and started operations by forming each of their principal rivers into river associations, each association will comprise the chapters bordering along such rivers for the purpose of keeping the unpolluted rivers clean and to clean up the polluted once. Executive Secretary Harry L. Erwin of the Iowa Division has made a complete survey of the Iowa streams and has districted them into eight districts and associations will be formed in each district.

* * *

Duluth, Minn.—About seventy-five sportsmen attended a meeting of the Duluth chapter recently and the subject of a later opening of the trout season was discussed for the purpose of reducing the fire hazards caused by fishermen along the North shore in St. Louis and Lake counties. The chapter went on record as favoring June 1st as the official date for the opening of the trout season in preference to July 15th, the former date.

* * *

Waterloo, Iowa—Organization of the Cedar River-Shell Rock association with a director from each chapter along the two rivers, to enforce the cleaning up of these streams, resulted from a gathering of two hundred Waltonians from twelve towns and cities. A. C. Willford was elected president and A. L. Lommel, secretary of the new association. Both are from Waterloo. The association is enjoying co-operation from several of the concerns along the river. Representatives of Big Shell companies and also Dr. Don Griswold were present. Mayor T. A. Potter, of Mason City and Mayor Glenn A. Tibbitts were also there.

Calling the Wild Turkey

(Continued from page 12)

to get together, but I happened to be in the wrong direction. They had been separated north of me, and both were trying to get me to come to them, as they were nearer the place they had left the drove than I was. After a half hour or more of calling I finally got one within two hundred yards of me. I have never heard young gobblers do so much calling and yelping in all my life—they were trying to get me to come to them, and I was trying to call them away from the place they wanted to return to. I tried every yelp and whine I had ever heard. One bird was off about three hundred yards southwest, and the other about one hundred and fifty yards northwest. They were making the woods ring with as loud calling as one ever hears, along with some good young turkey gobbling. I had all the turkey music I could take in, but I finally saw I could do little more than to keep them where they were. Finally the nearer one came within one hundred yards of me, and

there he walked up and down a spot that just suited him, and he would not come any nearer. The other one was yelping and gobbling like an alarm clock in his same old place, and would not come to me nor would he go to the real turkey. I had about given up hope of getting my game, when I happened to think of my gobbling box.

I was somewhat afraid of trying it on the nearer turkey, but my first gobble set him crazy. After that I had no trouble in keeping him gobbling every few seconds. In fact, he hardly let up on some kind of fuss or another for half an hour. Every minute I expected to see him close to the end of my gun barrel, but he would not come. The other turkey continued to gobble and I was surprised that it did not come to the real turkey, nor have I ever been able to understand why it wanted to go in a different direction.

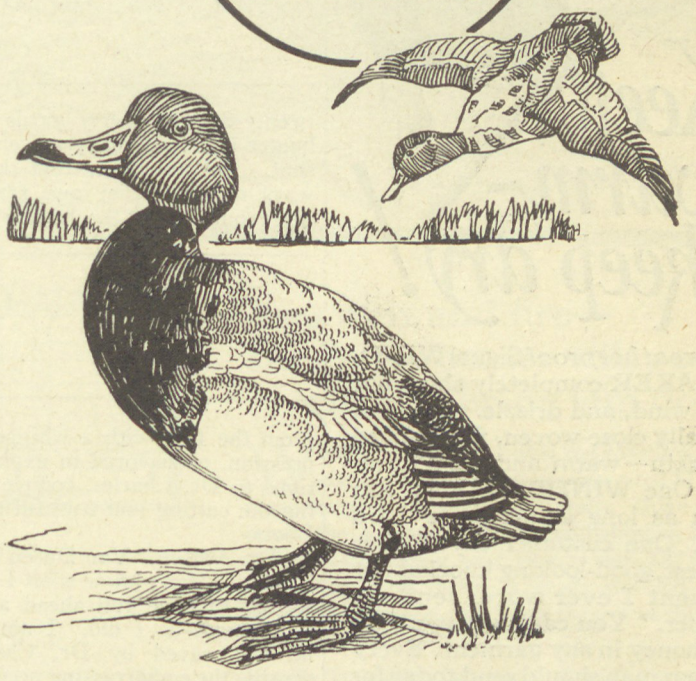
Of course the turkey hunter will readily know that I was having a good time whether the turkeys came or not; but to have to stay in one spot at this season of the year and do an hour's gobbling and yelping is unusual.

Now, of course, the unexpected happened. A fine young gobbler ran up behind me and gobbled almost near enough for me to have killed him with a rock. He was on the go however in a second or two, and, as he passed to my left I scored bird number two. By this time Lundy had gotten nervous over my shooting, and a few toots from my horn had him with me on short notice. We repaired our fire, ate dinner, and laid our plans for the afternoon's hunt. At his suggestion I gave a loud call or two, and to my surprise, the turkey that had gobbled so much to the north of my blind had run off but a short distance, and was ready to gobble again. It was not long before he was back at his old stand in the thicket about one hundred yards away, and there he stayed and gobbled, and yelped and clucked until we both were worn out, and decided the best thing to do was to slip out to the east, make a circle and get between him and the place he had left the flock in the morning. I was standing up and ready to go, when our wise gobbler clucked within fifty yards of us. In a second's time the Doctor and I were lying behind a log; I then gave a very low cluck. The turkey came on the run; and, as he passed a tree within thirty yards of us the Doctor turned the trick with a load of number sixes, and turkey number three was added to our bag. I am giving this case to show how the hunter who can make any kind of yelp and cluck a turkey gobbler would ask for, still has a great asset if he can go one further and make a good gobble.

I can readily advise the beginner in turkey hunting to follow the methods I have tried to make plain by my own actual experiences in the different cases I have given in this article. Be on the hunting grounds before the turkeys have left the trees, learn the TREE yelp, and the cluck call, and try these every few hundred yards as you move rapidly about. If you scatter a drove

Redhead

Flight marks:—Red head with high crown; short, stubby, pale blue bill; body dark gray; speculum gray. Abundant over fresh and salt water September to April. Utters hollow, rapid croak. Decoys readily.



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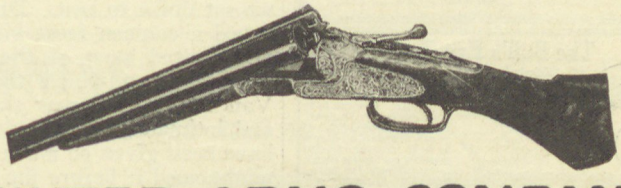

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of turkeys well, select some open glade as near to the spot where the drove separated as possible, secrete yourself in such a way as to see all around you and yet not be seen if you move. If the drove has not been well scattered do not stop to call, but run after them, and if possible get them on the wing again. Work well around all fallen tree tops, and dense places where the undergrowth is about knee high. Be ready for a wing shot at any moment. Learn to make the whining, kee, kee, kee, call, which, along with a good yelp, will be sure to bring you success. If the box that will make a good gobble can be added to your calling outfit, you will be prepared to take care of any case that may come your way so far as hunting young turkeys in the fall and early winter.

Snipe Shooting

(Continued from page 15)

twenty-five or thirty yards from the hunter and then really presents an easy shot. But remember that they are always rising farther and farther from the grounds. If the hunter invariably holds high on the birds and never jerks the trigger, in a short time he will find himself a better than ordinary jack-snipe shot wherever the game resorts.

Quail Quality

(Continued from page 31)

from the fall, with a whipped dog expression, endeavored to explain his actions to Dr. Charles, completely ignoring the cutting and truthful remarks of Boots.

"Dr. Allison," Van Dusen began penitently, "I don't know what I was thinking of to have run ahead and flushed those birds as I did. I am—" Here he was saved by Dr. Charles who, sensing the embarrassing predicament of Van Dusen, broke in with a better explanation that settled the discussion.

"I understand quite well," said Dr. Charles in his comforting manner. "Have had the same experience myself, Mr. Van Dusen. Don't feel bad about it, for it was probably a case of buck fever.

"All right, boys," said Dr. Charles, waving us on, "let's try to get on to the scattered birds. Van Dusen, you get the first crack at the singles because of your misfortune."

Quietly we watched Patsy and Bob locate several of the birds and after a couple of clean hits by Van Dusen, there seemed to be a relaxation of the tense situation and everyone including Boots and the dogs went on, none the worse for the experience.

The dogs were becoming tired and we sat down to rest. Dr. Charles produced a canteen from his hunting coat and poured most of the contents into his hat from which the dogs drank. Van Dusen also was showing fatigue and intimated that the dogs should not have been given so much water, for we might need it before the day was over. Dr. Charles, who loved his dogs, threw off the effect of the remark by saying, as he repocketed the canteen:

"The dogs are soft, Mr. Van Dusen, first time they have been worked this fall. We could not have much fun if it weren't for Patsy and Bob, and a drink of cool water freshens them. Can't you imagine how much you would enjoy a good drink of water if you had covered the territory these dogs have, with your nose breaking through dusty weed and briar patches?

"Come here, Patsy," Dr. Charles called as he pushed aside Bob, who was insistent upon resting his head on the doctor's lap, "I believe you have a few sand burrs. Let me look at your feet."

After the brief examination of Patsy's feet, we started again. The short rest did all of us good and the dogs, full of action, started to work as peppy as ever.

We had gone but a few hundred yards when Bob "froze" on a point and by some mysterious, instinctive means of communication between them, Patsy came around the lee side of the cover and beautifully backed Bob. The three of us were properly stationed and slowly we walked in to flush. Two birds got up and naturally took to the wind on my side. Unquestionably, according to field rules, they were Dr. Charles' and my shots. Van Dusen, who was on the extreme right, fired three times, the first charge narrowly missing Dr. Charles as he dropped to the ground for safety. Both birds fell in heavy briar cover. As usual, I delayed shooting until I could get about a thirty-yard shot. This delay permitted Van Dusen to shoot and caused another rumpus in which Boots again gave vent to his bitter feelings, much to the chagrin of Van Dusen who had repeated his previous faux pas.

Patsy had retrieved one of the fallen birds to me and Van Dusen was endeavoring to get her to release the bird, when Boots again broke in:

"Hey, Dusen, Patsy knows that bird don't belong to you, even if you did shoot it. Why did you shoot in front of Dr. Charles? You make me think of what Pa said the other day. 'The more he sees of most men the more he likes his dog.' I'm through huntin' with you."

After this fiery frankness, Boots, in disgust, retired from the center of activity to recline on a stump, all the while casting inquisitive glances at Dr. Charles from whom he expected moral support.

Dr. Charles had arisen from his quick descent from the path of Van Dusen's shot and as Boots had again spoken for him in this last experience, he turned to Van Dusen with rather a disgusted expression and said:

"Well, boys, it takes just one shell to send a fellow to another happy hunting ground and I was only a foot away from it a few minutes ago. This hunting ground suits me too well to take a chance on a repetition of another close one. For my part I think I'll call it a day. Let's start working towards home.

"Van Dusen," Dr. Charles continued, seeming to realize his narrow escape more, "on our way back, you walk in front of us and don't carry your gun over your shoulder. If you shoot my way again, I'll see that you get a receipt for it in no uncertain terms."

Van Dusen could not face the reprimand and was avoiding a reply by busying himself searching for the other lost bird. After a few minutes of silence he returned from the briar patch mumbling something about passing up the lost dead bird.

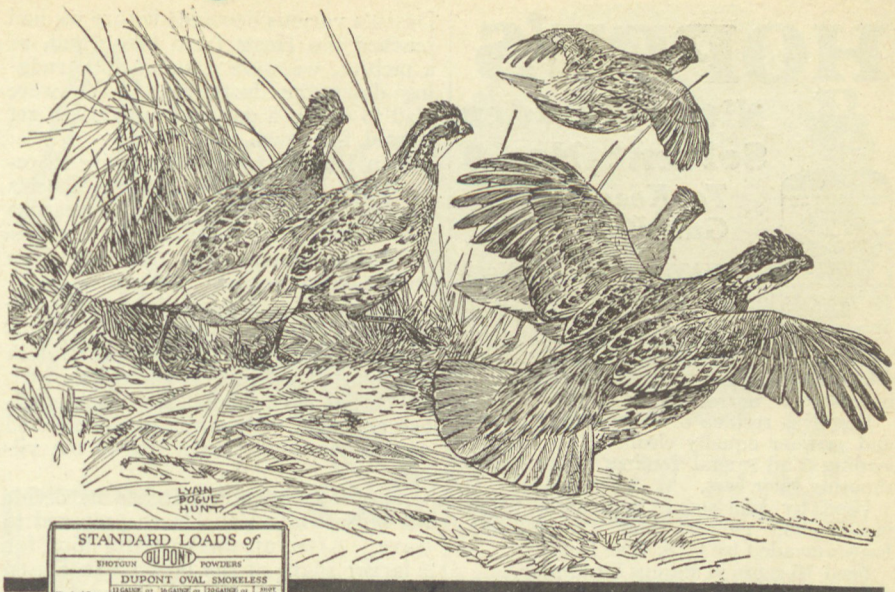
"No, we will find the bird, for we never leave a crippled or dead one if I can help it," admonished Dr. Charles, as he waved Patsy and Bob into the cover from the lee side. "That is one of the many other things you should know, Van Dusen," continued Dr. Charles, as he walked over to help the dogs.

Patsy soon found the bird and I offered it to Van Dusen, who accepted it with a short "Thanks," as he pushed it into his coat.

We had fair shooting that morning aside from a little misconduct, and after enjoying the good lunch prepared by Mrs. Allison, we followed Dr. Charles' suggestion and started working back towards the Hegg farm house. The dogs were becoming tired and lagged behind us unless urged into some likely looking cover.

While working the road ditch and hedge on our way back, Van Dusen was closely following Patsy up a weedy ditch when Patsy made a stand. He did not take the trouble to notify us when Patsy made the point. Up went Van Dusen's gun to his shoulder and it was evident that he was aiming at the ground a few feet ahead of Patsy. Dr. Charles, near by, sensed the situation and before Van Dusen shot, Dr. Charles discharged his gun into the air. Up got the covey, alarmed at the warning shot of Dr. Charles. Van Dusen, who had attempted a pot shot at the birds on the ground, fired at the fleeing birds, not realizing that Dr. Charles was aware of his intended slaughter. Van Dusen escaped another oral trouncing, for Boots did not witness the incident, he being on the opposite side of the hedge and Van Dusen did not realize that Dr. Charles had foiled his attempted pot shot.

The dogs refused to obey Van



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Kind of Game	12 GAUGE oz. DRAMS	SHOT	16-GAUGE oz. DRAMS	SHOT	20-GAUGE oz. DRAMS	SHOT	SHOT AT 40 YARDS
Turkey Geese	VELOCITY IN EXCESS OF						4 184
Brant Large Ducks	3½	1¼	2¾	1⅛	2½	1	4 to 7 Pellets

DUPONT (Bulk) SMOKELESS

Kind of Game	12 GAUGE oz. DRAMS	SHOT	16-GAUGE oz. DRAMS	SHOT	20-GAUGE oz. DRAMS	SHOT	SHOT AT 40 YARDS
Medium Ducks Prairie Chicken Pheasants	3¼	1¼	2½	1	2¼	⅞	6
Squirrels Rabbits	3	⅞	2½	1	2¼	⅞	6
Small Ducks Sagenes Doves	3¼	1⅛	2½	1	2¼	⅞	7½
Quail Snipe Woodcock Shore Birds	3	1 or 1⅛	2½	1	2¼	⅞	8
Rend-a-ball Birds	3	1	2½	1	2¼	⅞	10
Trapshooting	3	1¼	2½	1	2¼	⅞	7½

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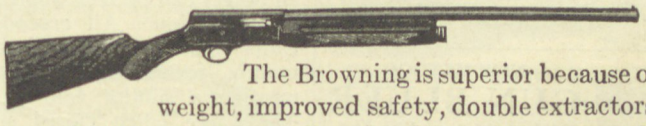

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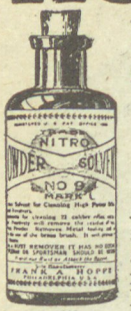

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Dusen's various demands before we had reached the Hegg farm house and, as a picture, we were a sullen lot, trudging down the dusty road. We were glad to call it a day and anxious to get started for town.

Van Dusen expressed a desire to remain for another day, but Dr. Charles excused himself for business reasons and further remarked:

"Boots, suppose you take Mr. Van Dusen out tomorrow."

"Sorry, Dr. Allison, but I've some 'portant business to tend to all day tomorrow," said Boots, surprising us with his unusual attempt at diplomacy.

We bid Boots and Lyle Hegg goodbye and in a little while had completed our rather quiet return trip to the village.

The dogs intently watched us divide the birds while Van Dusen prepared to leave. After an unsuccessful hint for a larger share of the birds, Van Dusen said:

"I want to give a dinner at the club and invite some of my brother sportsmen for a quail feed and I insist upon paying you for more birds if you can spare them."

At this request there was evidence of a suppressed emotion showing in Dr. Charles' face. Without answering he picked up a dozen birds, threw them in Van Dusen's car, saying:

"I will be glad to have you accept these with my best wishes for a speedy and permanent return to Chicago, and may you have a most enjoyable feast with your brother sportsmen. They should be proud of you." Dr. Charles continued: "If you will see Mr. Tom Oswald tomorrow, I would appreciate it very much if you will wait a few minutes until I can write a note to him for you to deliver." Dr. Charles soon returned from the house bearing a sealed note and handed it to Van Dusen.

"Thank you very much for your hospitality and the wonderful shooting, Dr. Allison. The next time you are in Chicago, look me up." After this attempt at showing his appreciation, Van Dusen departed. Skidding around the corner and speeding down the main street, leaving a dense cloud of dust and a much relieved and displeased host behind him.

I shall never forget the words of Dr. Charles as he stood watching Van Dusen's car disappear in the dust. Evidence of his wonderful character was displayed when he said:

"Men are neither so good nor so bad as we are apt to think of them, since most of us act from impulse much more than from principle. But that fellow hasn't much working principle." Dr. Charles, turning to Patsy in a joking manner, inquired: "What do you think of him, Patsy?" Patsy responded by lowering her head as if to say: "I'm glad it's over."

A few days later, Tom Oswald explained the reason for his request to have Van Dusen included in our hunting party. Tom was very apologetic, but the information gained by having Van Dusen on the quail hunt was sufficient for him to properly judge this fellow. Van Dusen had almost convinced Tom Oswald that he should be intrusted with a good position that entailed the handling of big financial deals. Tom had been misled and misinformed by Van Dusen's planted recommendations and he felt that the only sure way to determine a man's character was to take him hunting.

Van Dusen was not given the position of trust and we all felt repaid for our trouble of the opening day by having been of such service to our mutual friend, Tom Oswald, who joined us a week later in a very successful and pleasant day at Lyle Hegg's farm.

Man-Eating Crocodiles of Borneo

(Continued from page 21)

some who are careless, and when they see no crocodile in sight venture to take a swim or a bath. Along the rivers where crocodiles are numerous you will frequently see a native with a hand or foot missing, the victim of an amputation by Doctor Croc.

A favorite position for the crocodile when waiting for prey is to lie motionless near the bank, with only nose and eyes above the surface. The eyes are the summits of two elevations above the head and are so constructed that an object can be seen approaching from any direction. All crocodiles have a water-tight valve in the back of the mouth, formed by a transverse fold meeting a similar fold on the palate. The valve when closed separates the mouth from the throat, so no water can enter the windpipe.

Thus the crocodile will lie motionless and submerged for hours, appearing to be a harmless shadow or a log. However, when any living thing approaches this "harmless" looking log, as if by magic it comes to life and the unsuspecting prey, taken by surprise, is attacked with the fury of a cyclone—swift, vicious, and cruel is this "Pirate King of the Borneo rivers." Animals that come to the river to drink are frequently seized by the nose, dragged under the water and drowned. A native crocodile hunter told me he saw a rhinoceros while drinking attacked by a crocodile and seized by the nose. Although a large old buck he could not pull the rhinoceros under the water, and in trying to do so, bit off his nose. By the trail of blood the native followed the rhinoceros for half an hour. As the unfortunate fellow grew weaker from loss of blood, he staggered for some time and finally fell where he soon expired.

Although the crocodile is one of the most loathsome, most hated creatures

on earth, still he has one faithful friend, a little bird, resembling the plover. Imagination could scarcely picture affinity between two animals whose appearance, nature and lives are so vastly different. This little friend is the "Crocodile Bird," sometimes called the "Leech Bird." The crocodile has the habit of taking his siesta on the shore in the sun with his mouth wide open, during which the natives say the bird enters the open jaws and devours the leeches attached to the tongue and lining of the mouth.

This may be true, but in my opinion it is imaginary or at least greatly exaggerated. The crocodile does lie on the shore, apparently asleep, with his mouth wide open, and the bird does run about over his body searching for leeches, insects and crustaceans, and picks food from between his teeth. Several times, with the aid of a field glass, I have watched the bird running about over the slimy body of this "sleeping beauty" and from the edge of a living chasm, pick delicate morsels from his shining teeth. In the meantime the "King of the Borneo rivers" was still as death and no doubt sojourning in the land of dreams. Although the bird seemed much at home, I did not see it enter the gaping mouth, and had it done so, I fear the morals of Mr. Croc would not be strong enough to resist the temptation of "tickling his palate with a feather." Strange as it may seem, there is evidently some co-operation or understanding between them, for while the crocodile sleeps, the bird keeps a faithful watch, and on the approach of danger gives a cry of warning—the bird takes to the air, and the crocodile to the water, where both are out of danger. These "man-eaters" seem to have implicit confidence in the bird's protection while they sleep, and it is possible this protection is appreciated.

The Gaspé Road

(Continued from page 24)

of sea-gulls' wings; the air redolent of spruce forests or charged with the sound of ocean surf eternally thundering against the Forillon or Pierced Rock. All about him are pleasant suggestions of the past centuries, while about his feet tumble his wind-tanned, sturdy children, growing up to inherit his stern simplicity and the habits of his forefathers. Or—who knows? Perhaps *they* will be the ones to break the age-old tradition.

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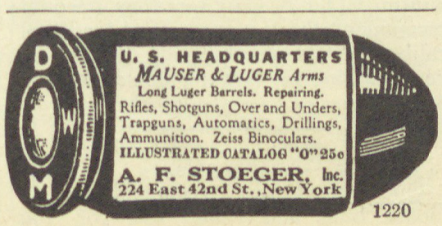
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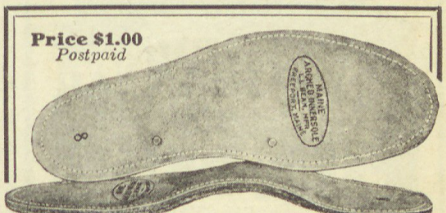

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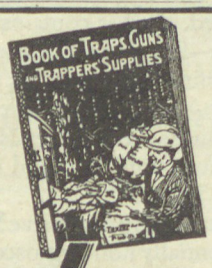

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Field Gun Queries

Questions and answers on arms and ammunition

S. A. A., Louisville, Ky. I have heard that there is an optical illusion in connection with birds in flight; that is, that their position in the air is deceiving to the eye. If you can enlighten me on this subject I will be much obliged to you. Answer: I presume that you mean that judging the size of a bird in flight and his speed is confusing. We will take for example a duck hunter observing ducks in flight and how he might miss fairly easy shots if he did not take into consideration the so-called optical illusion. Ducks flying overhead without a comparative object nearby, always seem smaller and in reality are nearer than they seem to be. The duck hunter would give less lead in shooting at an overhead duck than would generally appear to be correct. If the duck were flying close to the ground and there was a background of trees or some object that permitted a comparison, the duck would seem to be larger and is usually farther away than the average hunter suspects. In this case the hunter should give more lead for such a shot. You have probably noticed that a full rising moon seems much larger when it is near the horizon than when it is in mid-sky. This optical deception is the same in either case. We trust that this satisfactorily answers your question.

* * *

F. R. G., Berkeley, Cal. What load and what rifle would you recommend for deer hunting? Answer: There is a great difference of opinion on this subject and furthermore, the distance at which most of your shooting will be done enters into the answer. My personal opinion and recommendation, briefly stated, would be this: A rifle that is not more than .30 caliber handling a high velocity flat trajectory load. The reason for this opinion is that less deer will get away to die later when hit at a long range and also that the flat trajectory of such a load would enable you to place your shot more accurately in a vital spot. If you desire a rifle for deer shooting only and are content to wait for a standing shot under 250 yards, and you are not hunting in mountainous country, and are willing to follow a wounded deer until you get him, then a lower velocity load might be used with equal success. A great deal depends upon the country you are hunting. Out in your territory I would recommend the last mentioned load and caliber. This combination would be very suitable for larger game as well as deer.

J. S. V.—Atlanta, Ga.

Question—I am contemplating a moose hunt and would like for you to advise me of the best gun to use. I have a .30-'06 Springfield restocked. Would this be a good gun to use?

Answer—The best big game or moose gun is one that will destroy the greatest amount of tissue, and whose bullet is heavy enough to get into the vital tissue. A good expanding bullet used in rifles with a velocity of about 2,000 to around 2,300 f. s., will destroy the tissues within two or four inches of their track through the animal. To be more sure of a quick fatal wound, use a heavy bullet with a velocity of at least 2,700 f. s. When this bullet enters the chest or abdominal cavity it has an explosive effect which will stop your moose in his tracks. Your Springfield should be an ideal weapon for moose and a good cartridge would be a 180-grain expanding bullet at 2,700 f. s. or over.

Dismounting the .22 Automatic Pistol

C. C. B.—Casper, Wyo.

Question—Will you please tell me in your columns how to dismount a .22 cal. Colt's Auto. target pistol?

Answer—On top of the breech block, near the right hand side at the front end, is a small stud with a knurled surface. Draw the breech block fully to the rear, press in the stud and hold it down, while you return the breech block forward. This locks the spring out of action, so that the breech block can be moved freely forward and back without spring tension.

There is a movable section in the rear part of the grip which looks like a grip safety, but is not. Near the top of this piece is an oval space which is knurled. With the thumb push this knurled spot forward and upward, when the piece which looks like a grip safety will come out, releasing the breech block which can then be removed to the rear. To assemble, place the breech block, with the spring still locked out of action, back in place, then replace the piece that looks like a grip safety, inserting the upper end first; then pressing on the lower end to make the piece snap back in place. Next, release the action-spring, which is done by pulling the breech block fully to the rear and then releasing.

20 Gauge Quail Gun

F. G. R.—Waco, Tex.

Question—Last fall I had the unexpected pleasure of shooting quail with a 20 gauge shotgun, and believe that I will use a twenty gauge, this fall, instead of my 12 gauge gun. What length barrel and what loads would you recommend?

Answer—Much depends upon whether your shooting will be short or long range. The Remington 20 gauge may

be purchased in four barrel lengths—26, 28, 30 and 32 inches; in three degrees of choke; and uses shells up to 2-¾ inches. A cylinder bored barrel with number 10 shot is generally used when the birds lie close at the start of the season, before they have been shot at very much. This combination is also good for close quick shooting where there is brushy cover. For long shots and after the birds have become a little wild and flush at a distance, the modified choke bore and 7-½ shot is better.

If you plan to get one barrel that will come near covering all around shots, the 28- or 30-inch barrel with either modified or full choke is recommended. For quail this combination would bunch your shot too much or in other words would give you a close pattern at considerable distance, and therefore it is suggested that you use "brush loads" for wider patterns for quail. A load that will give you good results is 2-¼ drams of powder and ⅞ of an ounce of shot.

BEST SHOT GUN

J. C. B., Charleroi, Penna. I want to buy a 28 gauge shot gun of standard make. What shall I buy?

Answer: I would suggest any one of the popular makes. Any one of them is good and I would suggest that you get in touch with your local sporting goods dealer to determine the characteristics of the several makes to make your choice.

DUCK HUNTING

H. D. K., Chicago, Ill. I will be grateful for information of a place near Chicago where one can go for a duck shoot in November. The place where I have gone for several years has been disposed of.

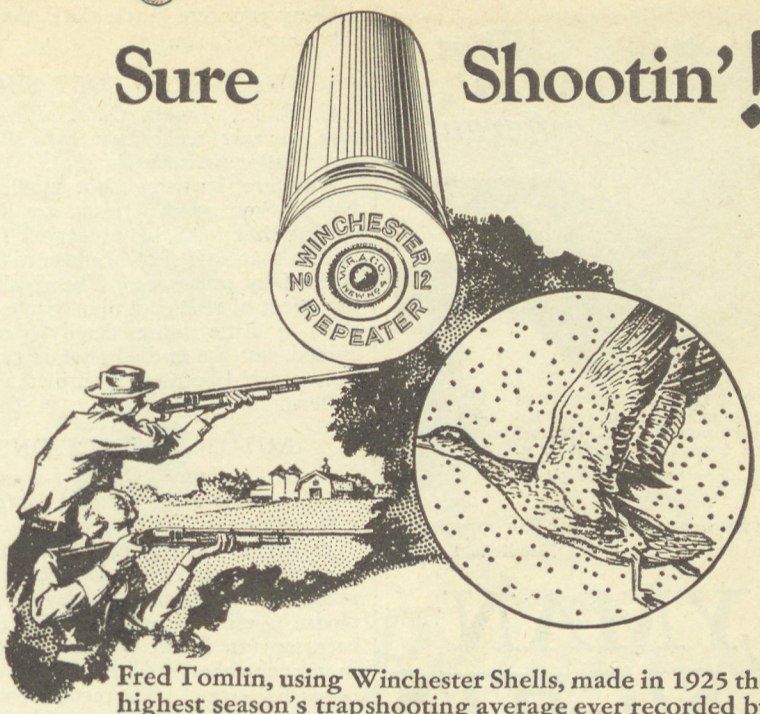
Answer: I would suggest that you go to any one of the towns located on the Illinois River where you will find guides outside of the clubs who will be able to direct you to good shooting, when the flight is on. I am advising you by mail of a guide at Chillicothe whom I know to be reliable.

OIL FINISHING

A. L. B., Jamestown, New York. I am anxious to receive the formula for the finishing of gun stocks in oil.

Answer: Be sure the wood is dry. Rub down with fine sandpaper until smooth and then steam over a kettle of boiling water. Set the wood away in a warm, dry place for about twenty-four hours. The purpose of the steaming is to raise the wood fibres. After it has dried, repeat the sandpaper process and steaming, until the steaming and drying fails to roughen or raise the grain. Give the stock two coats of good wood-filler, letting the first coat thoroughly dry before making the second application. After the last coating of filler has dried, give the wood a thorough rubbing with a soft woolen cloth and then coat the wood with pure, raw linseed oil. Rub each coat of linseed oil by hand and allow the wood to remain for a day before repeating the oil rubbing process. The more oil and

Sure Shootin'!



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CHILLED AND SOFT SHOT

C. B. L., Arnett, Okla. Please advise me whether or not soft shot kill birds better than chilled shot.

Answer: In using shot smaller than No. 1 when good patterns are desired, chilled shot is to be preferred for the reason that soft shot is more easily deformed by pressures. The mushrooming effect of soft shot upon game makes them a little more deadly than the chilled, but the chilled shot is really to be preferred because it throws a better pattern.

AUTOMATIC ACTIONS

C. B. L., Arnett, Okla. I would like to know how an automatic shotgun or rifle operates.

Answer: The automatic action ejects the empty shell and reloads through the recoil force from the previously exploded shell or cartridge. It is first necessary to manually insert the shell in the chamber. After this shell has been discharged, the recoil from this discharge forces the breech block back, which mechanically operates the shell ejector and reloads with a shell from the magazine. The mechanical operation is about the same as the pump gun, but instead of pulling back the fore end of your gun by the hand to produce this mechanical action, it is effected by the recoil force of the fired shell.

WILD RICE

R. A. M., Detroit, Mich. Is fall planting of wild rice good? If so, what month?

Answer: Wild rice should be sown in the fall by scattering about three hundred pounds to the acre in one to three feet of water. It can also be successfully planted in the spring. Wild rice seed gives its highest germination test if kept damp, and will not grow if allowed to become entirely dry. Fall and spring planting should be done before and after freezing.

TRAP SHOOTING AND TOURNAMENT CASTING

A. F. K., Inglis, Fla. Our chapter is forming a trap shooting, bait casting and rifle shooting club, and I would like for you to advise me where information can be had covering the organizing of these clubs.

Answer: We are referring your inquiry on bait casting to Mr. Frank S. Leach, 154 South Hamlin Avenue, Chicago, who is secretary of the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs. On organizing a rifle club, we would suggest that you write to C. B. Lister, secretary of the National Rifle Association, 1108 Woodward Building, Washington, D. C., who is in direct touch with the Director of Civilian Marksmanship, a government department located at the same address. For trap shooting, write to the Western Amateur Trap Shooting Ass'n, Chicago, or American Trap Shooting Ass'n, Vandalia, Ohio. We will be glad to answer your question pertaining to any phase of any one of these sports.

BIG GAME HUNTING TRIP

J. E. C., Kinsley, Kansas. Am contemplating a hunting trip in Canada. Would like to know when the season is open there for deer, elk and moose, also where to find them. Would want to drive through.

Answer: We believe that your nearest and best place for game hunting, if you are going to drive, would be at Fisher Branch, 97 miles north of Winnipeg. You will find moose, deer, and bear in this vicinity. You might experience some bad roads, but there is a passable road running near Fisher Branch from Winnipeg. I would suggest that you drive from Salina to Bellville and over the United States Interstate Highway No. 81 through Columbus, Neb., Norfolk and Yankton, S. Dak., Fargo, Grand Forks, and Pembina, N. Dak. From Pembina take the "King of Trails" highway which leads you to Winnipeg. The open season dates inclusive in Manitoba for deer, moose, and caribou are December 1st to December 10th. There is a closed season on elk, buffalo, antelope, and the female and young of all big game. Non-resident alien license for big game is $25.00, which is issued by the Minister of Agriculture in Winnipeg. You must obtain your license for deer hunting before November 30th.

NEW GUN BARREL

R. J., Bagley, Ia. Through accident, I damaged the barrel of my 16 gauge Winchester shotgun. Where can I have a new one made with the best steel that I can get?

Answer: We would suggest that you send your gun to the manufacturer at New Haven, Connecticut. Write to them before you send the gun, stating how you are shipping the gun, what you want to have done to it and the number of the gun. It would be very impractical for you to have a barrel made by any one else, and furthermore, the manufacturer's material is the best obtainable for your purpose.

OUTDOOR AMERICA'S Bureau of Information offers its free service to all readers of our magazine. Names and addresses of manufacturers and dealers in articles described, and any other details in our possession, will be promptly furnished

Better Photography

(Continued from page 33)

animal or an incident, otherwise, in most cases if time were spent in focusing on a ground glass the animal or incident would be missed.

The best way to learn how to judge distances is to first measure the distance of various objects with a tape measure so as to train the mind and then begin to estimate distances and check these by measurement. As a further check, take a series of photographs, carefully setting the distance scale on the camera, of objects at measured distances and then at judged distances.

One should form the habit of guessing the distances of various objects when out walking and in the case of several persons, distance judging should be regarded as a game. This is not as difficult as might be supposed. The judgment must be fairly critical up to distances of 20 feet, although an error in judgment of 2 or 3 feet is not serious except with the very widest lens apertures. Beyond 20 feet the scale can usually be set at the hyperfocal distance, namely, twenty-five or thirty feet, and at infinity for distant landscapes.

In practice the largest percentage of photographs are those including animal life or persons. These may be classified as close-ups, three-quarter length, full length, groups, near scenes, and distant landscapes. It is very necessary to know at what distance a person of average height should be from the camera in order to secure a close-up or full length picture. This should be determined by a few trial exposures. With most folding cameras a close-up is usually taken at 6 to 8 feet, a three-quarter length at 7 to 10 feet, and a full length at 15 feet. A twenty-foot setting is usually satisfactory for groups, thirty feet for field scenes, and one hundred feet or infinity for distant landscapes. With this preliminary experience in focusing and by making a series of trials on a few rolls of film, sufficient experience will have been obtained for judging distances.

In making pictures of either still subjects or objects in motion, first decide the size of image required, then set the

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scale, diaphragm, and shutter thus set, take a position ten feet away from the animal and make the exposure. If this plan is not followed and an attempt is made to set the scale after the subject has moved to the point desired, the subject will invariably move nearer or farther away while making the setting and the picture is lost. The same rule applies when photographing persons. Pictures of persons look the most natural when they are "stalked" and are entirely or apparently unaware of the presence of a camera.

When photographing still objects the finder can be used for framing the subject. When photographing a moving object its principal use is for centering the object because there is usually no time for studying the borders of the picture. The distance of an object can often be estimated by the size of the image in the finder, though this does not eliminate the necessity of judging distances. The shutter is released when the size of the image in the finder indicates that the object has reached the desired position. It is preferable to view a moving object direct, in other words, the camera should be pointed a little in advance of the object so that the object will be central when it arrives at a definite point. While holding the camera firmly the object should then be looked at and the shutter released when the object arrives at the predetermined position. The direct vision view finder is of great assistance for centering moving objects and releasing the shutter at the critical moment.

With rapidly moving objects there is always a tendency to release the shutter too early, that is, the eye appears to anticipate the motion of the object. This tendency can be corrected with practice.

The term "outdoor photography" includes the photography of a wide variety of subjects. Every type of subject, however, falls into one of the six classes of subjects mentioned above. For instance, close-ups of birds, flowers, and small animals come under the class of close-ups and should be taken at a distance of 3 to 6 feet. With most cameras, however, a portrait attachment is necessary at the very close distances. It is not always possible, however, to approach closely to an animal, in which case an attempt should be made to get as critically a sharp picture as possible so as to permit of enlarging. For close-ups of rapidly moving objects a focal plane shutter is necessary, such as is supplied with the Graflex camera. The method of using such cameras, however, is exactly the same as has been outlined for focusing cameras. They have the additional advantage, however, that the image can be focused and composed full size right up to the moment of exposure.

Western Trails

(Continued from page 34)

sheep upon the large cattle ranches in this vicinity, a joint discussion was held at one of the big roundups, of how many years a man could herd sheep in his solitude, so remote from the busy world, before losing his reason. After a very spirited debate, the judge rose, stopped the proceedings and settled the argument by saying, "I have listened to your arguments that a shepherd would be insane after five to twenty years of service, but it is the verdict of this here court, that a man who will even begin to herd sheep in this lonely wilderness is plumb crazy before he ever starts."

We finally crossed the old Oregon Trail. After miles of rough travel, often over unwashed trails, and a steep hill called "Hell's Half Acre," we finally reached the famous Sweetwater River, where we camped under the willows at the edge of the stream, and prepared to wade these well known waters after the wily trout. Through the kindness of Mr. Carpenter, whom we met in Lander, we were extended an invitation to fish along the Sweetwater, where he owned a ranch and where no fishing had been allowed for several years.

The Sweetwater is a most delightful winding mountain stream, one of the most typical dry fly streams that we had ever fished. The water is very clear and placid, and is inhabited by our Eastern brook trout and the famous rainbow, which gave a splendid exhibition of his fighting and leaping qualities.

After catching all of the trout we wanted, we wended our way toward Lander, where we finally arrived, tired, weary, but happy.

Snakes for House Pets

(Continued from page 13)

to the top of the ground. This room was about as large as a woodchuck's den and all this earth was flat, hardened and black with the continuous pressing of those plated bellies. From this room I came upon numerous tunnels, probably five or six, branching off in all directions and all parallel with the top of the ground. Digging along these tunnels and every once in a while pushing my arm thru them as far as I could reach, I came upon the snakes. My

first impression was the feeling of something smooth and very cold which moved slightly as my fingers touched it. I dug farther and there were two Black Snakes coiled and sleeping.

Along another tunnel I came upon two small Black Snakes and one Flat-Headed Adder, and so on until I had dug up eight Black Snakes and one Adder, including the king of them all that I found at the entrance.

Those snakes are now tame. In the evenings when I am alone I open the door to their cage and give them temporary freedom. They go from one room to the other in the house, their long black tongue flicking in and out all the time, investigating every corner, climbing up on the chairs and tables, always curious. At times they will crawl up on the window sill and gaze for the hour upon the deep snow outside.

That they return my kindnesses to them by real affection I do not doubt, for as I sit reading by the fire, a long black form, muscles rippling its entire length with the exception of the tail, will climb up my leg and coil in my lap, with a few curious flickings of its tongue. A few moments later another will climb up the back of my chair, kiss me all over the face with its long forked tongue, then lay contentedly upon my shoulders and sleep. Reader, if that is not affection, what is it?

Mudpuddles and Such

(Continued from page 9)

Go to any big city nowadays and in any big restaurant, serving fish and seafoods, you will find crawfish as an item on the bill-of-fare, and in demand, too.

These places are supplied by fishermen who seine the "mudpuddles" and thus gather, from the muddy bottom of these places, buckets full of crawfish, that need only to be boiled in salty water until they turn red, like a lobster, to become a food product of high quality!

Peel the tail shell off and you find the whole muscular equipment of the shellfish there, firm as lobster meat, and much more tasty, if served with lemon, or pickled, or made into salad.

Pretty good stuff for a mudpuddle product you will admit when you eat it!

The famous terrapin, of gourmand fame, served with high wines in the days of Delmonico's tenure of New York, was nothing more nor less than one of the "mud turtles," several of which come exclusively from "mudpuddles" and nowhere else.

And a dish of terrapin, in any high class restaurant in New York—or New Orleans—will make you wonder if the high cost of living isn't on the increase by leaps and bounds, for this mudpuddle turtle costs a lot of money when he emerges as "terrapin" from the kettle! And there is no lack of buyers either!

If you are a fisherman I venture to say that many a time you have hunted

Just Before They Flush

That tense moment, when the dog stops still—and points—waiting for the word. The birds are there and you know it. In a moment they will be in the air and away like shots from the gun. Which way will they fly?

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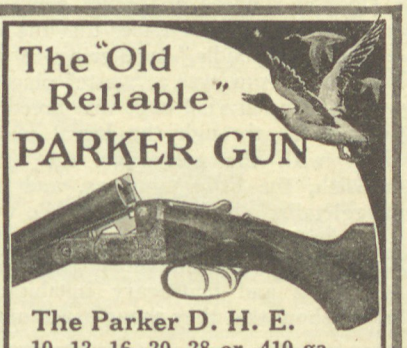

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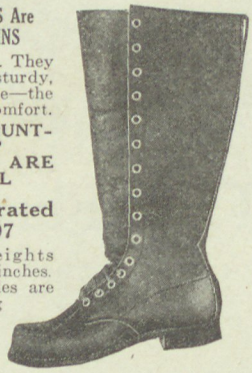

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the margins of "mudpuddles" for frogs, just the right size, to tempt bass out from the rushes, the "bays" in the lily pads or the "pothole" clearings among the cattails of your favorite fishing lake —I know I have.

Also have I swept those same "mudpuddles" along the river bottoms, leavings of spring overflow bayous and ponds, for minnows, wherewith to tempt the "wall-eyes," about the time the first frosts send the leaves whirling groundward from the trees and hurry the minnows from their shallows into the secret places, where they almost-hibernate through the winter, leaving you without the bait the "wall-eye" wants most, and which would be out of reach entirely if one could not seine the "mudpuddles" for those little, rough-nosed "chubs," and their fellows that seem to be created only to be eaten by the bigger fishes, and which have the adaptability to live in a spring brook, or in a stagnant "mudpuddle," left to breed mosquitoes by the spring freshet, and dwindling in volume all through the summer, until the first "glass ice" finds them, still fat, happy and full of pep, in the "leavings" of a larger pond that now is nothing but a stagnant "mudpuddle" almost as thick as soup!

Every outdoor man has seen the garter snake fisherman that slips into these little "mudpuddles" to raise havoc with the minnows and pollywogs which inhabit them; the little ponds are surely great hunting grounds for them!

That other, long legged hunter, or hunting-fisherman would, possibly, be a better name, the blue heron, in company with his cousins, the green heron, the rails, ibises and many times the jacksnipe, the woodcock, teal-ducks, mallards, spoonbills and other migrant visitors, including a long list of snipes, finds the "mudpuddle" an "all night restaurant," where the table is always set and where "welcome" is on the doormat everywhere.

Do you suppose one could convince any of these outdoor tribes that the little old "mudpuddle," sweltering in the hot summer sun, was a "waste" place?

Would the myriad bugs that breed or grow there through the larval stage, along with the pollywogs, the baby crawfish, the little minnows, and the "wiggletails," think the mudpuddle was a "waste" place?

I rather think that a vote among these permanent and temporary inhabitants would show that they thought the mudpuddle about the finest, warmest, smelliest place to live, in the whole world.

And don't forget the mosses and other plant life that depend on the little "mudpuddle" for life also.

You see, brother, a whole lot depends on the point of view, and just who does the viewing; as I've said before in this series of stories, this animal, man, who walks on his hind legs, holds things in his paws and uses a lot of words to tell his fellows how great he is, has a fixed habit of believing himself to be the greatest animal of all!

He *admits* that he is a great animal, greater than *all* the rest put together, just because he can do some things that the other animals *can't* do.

He forgets that nature is boss, not man, and that nature's plans were made so long ago that man can't comprehend the length of time that these plans have been functioning smoothly, beautifully, without a hitch or jar, like some finely accurate piece of machinery—only more so.

Man's habit of trying to make all things, from running water to the free winds, *work for him, do his bidding* and prove themselves *useful to man* interferes greatly with his perspective and swells his ego to such an extent as to make him "all puffed up like a toad"—and really about as important.

He's a "funny cuss," as Artemus Ward said, and about the greatest paradox in nature's list; he's so wise that he is a fool, in many ways, and, in other ways, he's a fool without any pretensions to wisdom, because he won't use his brains to think with.

If he did think—just calmly sit himself down and really *think* he'd get a new angle on himself, and his position in the scheme of things, that would humble him and make him feel his smallness, and inability to do much, in the way of really great things.

Burbank was the wisest man of his generation; he did not try to build skyscrapers, steel mills, or any other thing for huge personal profits, for he got more satisfaction, and really accomplished more, when he helped nature create and *fix* a new species!

If he were left on a lonely island, in midocean, with just one little mudpuddle on it he would find enough to do to keep him busy and I'll wager he'd find some way to bring out a new species of something to make the world a better place! Do you think he would call his mudpuddle a "waste" place? Think it over.

If you like the stories, write and tell me about it.
If you don't like them, write me your kicks.
El Comancho

Grub and the Winter Picnic

(Continued from page 25)

spaghetti right out of the insipid class, and puts warmth into the mouth and stomach.

Of course, I'm speaking here of food prepared while you're out in the open. It is often just as easy to do all the work at home, if the outing is for one meal only. Take cold roast beef or turkey or ham along and *grill the sliced pieces*. They'll taste better than they

did when first cooked! Do the same with a meat loaf—cut the slices when you arrive at camp and grill them. Open a heated can of Campbell's tomato soup and pour it over the slices. They will marvel at your cleverness.

If you've brought sandwiches, toast the sandwiches as they come—or toast the meat and the bread separately. Result: new life and zip to the sandwiches!

But of course the *piece de resistance* is for most men *a steak.* If you broil it, perfection in meat cookery arrives; but broil carefully, over hot coals, not flame. Broil fish too—it will give fish a new zest.

Baked bean sandwiches, with slices of parboiled onions; sandwiches made of sliced grilled frankfurters and sauerkraut, are delicacies men relish better than the ordinary sandwiches in wintertime. Try them.

Why not try a *planked steak?* Don't be scared—it sounds like a very special expensive dinner at the Waldorf. But how simple! Take along a piece of oak plank, or have one of the men take an ax and slice a big oak chip from some felled or dead oak trunk. Prop it in front of your fire, which keep evenly blazing. Fasten your steak to the plank with wooden pins—and simply let it broil. Could anything be more simple?

A change from beans is lentils. You can buy them canned, like beans, and they are very delicious—especially when served with broiled "hot dogs."

Don't be afraid to serve fruit and vegetables. Serve a fruit salad as a desert, and thus balance up your meal properly. Mix sliced oranges with canned pineapple.

Now a word about drinks. "Coffee," says everybody, as a matter of course. If your folks insist on it, learn how to make it right in camp. Make little cheesecloth bags of ground or pulverized coffee, tied with copper wire 6 inches long. Bring water to boil in a utensil, scald your coffee pot, hang the bag into the pot by the wire and pour in the furiously boiling water. You'll have *coffee.* The same method goes for tea.

I'm for cocoa, or chocolate, however, for a winter picnic drink. Take along milk, fresh or evaporated milk and some instant chocolate. With it you can quickly make a really nourishing drink.

Take your water supply with you. *Never* melt snow or trust to vague sources. Boullion cubes make a passable hot winter drink, too.

There are many people, myself included, whose idea of a one-meal outdoor picnic would be a good thick soup. It's easy to prepare, nourishing and warm. If you're traveling very light, having had no chance to prepare, this is a good answer to the grub problem. Stop at a store and get some beef soup—or several kinds, a small saucepan and cheap dishes, some bread, butter cheese or crackers, instant cocoa and evaporated milk, and you can "impromptu" a winter picnic meal quickly and with fair success.

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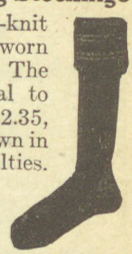

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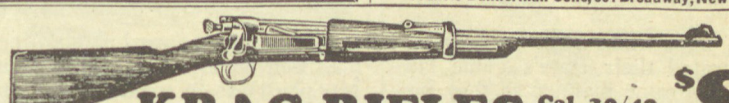

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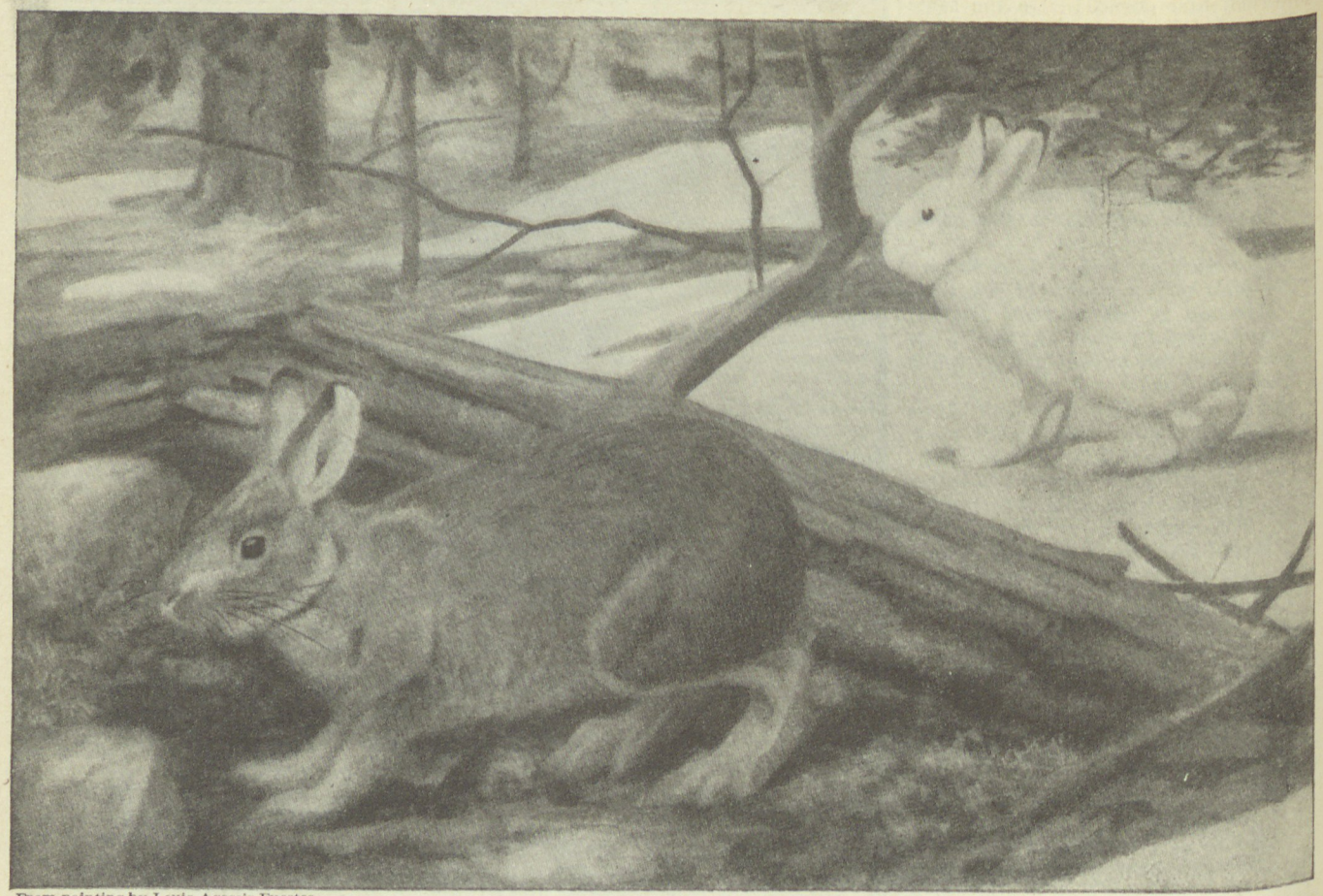

From painting by Louis Agassiz Fuertes

Snowshoes.

Real Camping

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Conducted by MURDO GIBSON

LONG ago, when most outdoorsmen venerated their state's game laws in much the same manner as they now revere the Volstead Act, I secured employment with a crew of surveyors that was cutting a preliminary line through the wildest part of northern Minnesota.

The engineer in charge detested salt pork, ham and bacon. When he learned that I had a rifle and some local reputation as a deer hunter, he ordered me to start hunting at once, as the camp was without fresh meat. This was at noon and I had just carried a heavy pack nine miles to the camp.

Immediately after eating dinner I took my 45-70 carbine and started across country toward a "slashing" that had been burned over the previous fall. My plan was to walk slowly up wind, along one edge of the burning and get close enough for a fair shot before "jumping" any deer that might be taking their afternoon naps there.

Just before reaching the opening I heard two shots in rapid succession. They sounded quite close and in the same direction that I was going so I hurried forward to investigate. Upon emerging from the green timber I saw a man standing on a high stump, looking intently towards the far end of the "chopping." When I shouted, he turned quickly and I recognized him as a young settler who had taken a homestead in that locality. He told me that he had fired at three deer that had jumped up from a spot about eighty yards away but he didn't yet know with what effect, as all three had run away without showing any sign of distress. However, he was using a double barrelled shot gun loaded with buckshot so we were not surprised to find a few drops of blood near the place where the deer had last been seen.

If not followed too closely, deer seldom travel far after being wounded. Generally they lie down as soon as they can and, if seriously injured, will either die there or else become so stiff and

sore that the hunter has but little difficulty in approaching close enough for the finishing shot. With this in mind, I suggested sitting down for a long smoke, but the homesteader said he couldn't wait and that, if the deer was not found by four o'clock, he would have to go home without it.

Without the aid of snow, tracking a deer through a densely timbered country is slow work. When four o'clock came and my companion left me, we had traveled considerably less than two miles and at dusk I was still within easy walking distance of headquarters. I always disliked the idea of abandoning a wounded creature, so when daylight failed I marked a trail to our transit line and followed that into camp. Although convinced that its wound was not hampering the deer's movements very much and I expected to have to stalk him as carefully as if he were unhurt, I never thought of giving up the search so long as a drop of its blood could be found to identify the track.

It was pitch dark and long after the regular supper time when I reached the tents, so I ate all the "left-overs" I could hold, before I reported to the chief. The first thing he said when he saw me was, "What did you get, a deer or a moose?" "Neither," I replied. "Well, what are you doing here?" he barked. I then told him how I had spent the afternoon and outlined my plan for the morrow. He displayed but slight interest and, when I had finished, he said, "Gibson, hereafter, when I send you for anything, don't return without it! Good night."

Next morning was bright and clear and I took up the trail where I had left it the night before. The blood spots were now farther apart than they had been and I had a lot of trouble following them through a brushy jungle that had grown up in the path of a previous windstorm. The prostrate tree trunks were criss-crossed in such a way that walking in a straight line was impossible. The deer had the better of me in this tangle. It could easily jump many barriers that compelled me to detour, or else climb laboriously both up and down.

By the middle of the forenoon the sky had become overcast and about twelve o'clock a drizzling rain set in that promised to continue for the rest of the day. In the shelter of an upturned root I hurriedly ate a cold luncheon of biscuits and pork. I feared that the rain would make the blood spots even fainter and harder to find than before and I wanted to find the track where it re-entered the green timber. But in this I was disappointed. The trail was lost completely in a thicket of young spruce that surrounded a small marshy pond and I was forced to admit defeat.

I was in a good deer country and, as there still remained several hours of daylight I did not despair of getting a deer before night. On the contrary, I fully expected to carry a haunch of venison into the cook tent before dark. The possibility that I might have to sleep out did occur to me once or twice,

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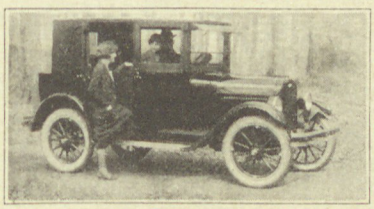

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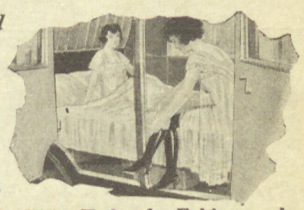

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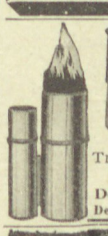

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but I gave the matter no serious consideration until the fading light warned me that it was high time to be making preparations for spending a wet night in the woods.

This, in itself, was no hardship. I had often bivouacked alone. The novel feature consisted solely in the circumstances that made it necessary. I was within walking distance of my own bed and blankets, but I would have starved before returning empty-handed to face the chief's sarcastic smile of derision. In retrospect I can trace the beginning of my education in real woodcraft to that evening. It was then that I realized, for the first time, what it means to "Live off the country" without carrying a Pack.

My clothing consisted of light, hobnailed boots with ten inch tops; heavy woolen sox; Mackinaw pants, "stagged" at the boot tops; woolen shirt, suspenders, belt and vest. On the belt I carried a sheath knife, hatchet and ten cartridges for the rifle. In my pockets were a jackknife, whetstone, compass, match box, pipe, tobacco, buckshot, and a rubber sling. Yes, a slingshot!

I have not yet outgrown my love for a good slingshot. Even now I seldom go to the woods without one. Given my choice of a revolver or a slingshot to carry on a camping trip I would, unhesitatingly, choose the latter. It will do almost everything ever actually required of a pistol and a number of things that no firearm may, properly, be used for. For instance, it has often saved me from annoyance, if not from actual danger, when my presence had aroused the active hostility of vicious dogs, rams and gentleman cows. It has discouraged the disastrous snooping of Indian dogs without inflicting upon them any serious injury or even incurring the displeasure of their owners. In the Southland, vagrant—I almost said fragrant—hogs learned to shun the vicinity of my tent because of a mysterious insect(?) that stung them every time they approached. On numerous occasions it has furnished me with a meal of squirrels, rabbit, or grouse when I had no other source of supply.

For interesting target practice, I think the slingshot is the peer of any weapon I ever used. It is easy to make and to repair. It costs very little to shoot. Proficiency demands a high degree of skill, and being practically noiseless it does not disturb the peace and quiet of my neighbors and associates. Bird lovers should renew their acquaintance with the slingshot. Cats seldom revisit the grounds protected by such artillery.

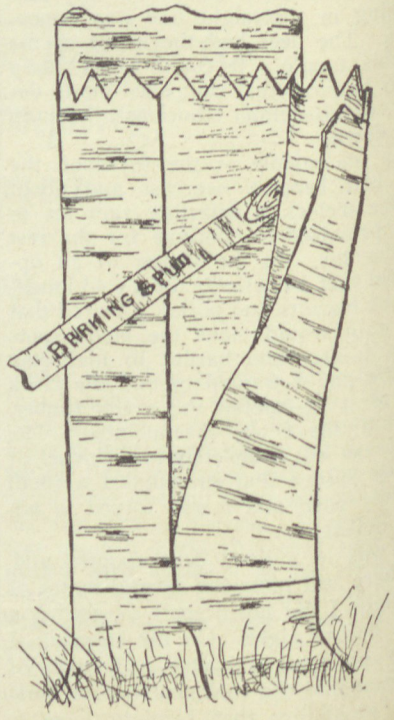
In the hands of irresponsible or maliciously-minded persons a slingshot is highly objectionable, but the same can be said of a host of other things, such as matches and automobiles.

Before pneumatic tires appeared on the market I knew of no shop in America that carried first rate slingshot rubbers. In Scotland, where I went to school, the boys could buy *round* rubber in any length and diameter desired. Whether this was made especially for slings I don't know, but I never saw it used for anything else. Until a few years ago, when I discovered the excellent qualities of a Cadillac inner tube, my slingshot rubbers were imported from Scotland. Now I can cut my own to any strength wanted and, by cutting bands and pocket in one piece, eliminate two fastenings and reduce the chances for breakage.

During the construction of the Yukon Telegraph Line I met, at Telegraph Creek, an Englishman who used a slingshot with exceptional skill. When he learned that my partner and I carried them habitually and that they were made from British rubber, his customary reserve vanished completely and we speedily became friends. For years he had endured the chaffing of fellow trailsmen who, in spite of repeated demonstrations to the contrary, insisted that a slingshot was nothing but a plaything for boys. At last he felt himself vindicated. Two Americans, professional woodsmen with a north country reputation for exploring unmapped territory, realized the value of his beloved slingshot and treated it with the respect he knew it deserved.

That night he showed us his appreciation in the good old fashion and before morning we had sung together all the popular, patriotic airs and recited most of the inspiring verses of both countries. If I remember correctly, it was "Watson's Four Crown" that we used to dissolve all our native prejudices. Often since then I have wished that we three could have a reunion under similar conditions and circumstances. If Mr. Calbreath of Telegraph Creek reads this he will likely recall the chap I refer to. His name, I think, was Douglass and he was a resident of either Glenora or Telegraph Creek when Charleston's army of trail makers invaded the Stikine country.

In thinking back to old times in



How to remove bark from tree.

Alaska and B. C., I am reminded of yet another practical use we made of our slingshots. Pack horses on the narrow mountain trails generally travel in single file, so when a man has ten or more horses ahead of him he is bound to be a considerable distance behind the bell mare. One lazy animal can "slow up" the whole pack train so it is the custom of the country to pelt the laggards with stones. Most packers carry a supply of pebbles in their saddle bag. It is quite obvious that, as a long-distance persuader, a slingshot is far superior to the best throwing arm in the major leagues.

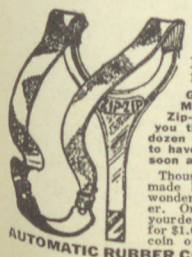
Enthusiasm for the slingshot has caused me to digress to a greater length than I planned. But the chief aim of this department is to impart information concerning all matters of interest to those who love the wilderness and I simply couldn't resist seizing this opportunity to remind adult sportsmen of the great possibilities for sport, as well as for practical utility, that lie dormant in that juvenile(?) weapon. I could write a lot more about it, but enough is plenty and we will now go on with the deer hunting story.

Shortly after it became too dark to see my rifle sights, but while there was yet light enough for chopping, I found a dry spot under a large white spruce. By sitting with my back to the tree I could have kept out of the constant drip, but my clothes were wet and I wanted to stretch out and sleep comfortably after they were dry. It was, therefore, necessary to extend the shelter. This was accomplished by stripping the bark from a nearby aspen (locally called poplar). This tree was about a foot in diameter so I was able to secure a piece of bark six feet long and three feet wide.

By supporting this on a low frame, made with four crotched stakes and two cross poles, I increased the sheltered area to a space nearly eight feet in length and three feet wide at the narrowest part. Near the tree it was at least five feet wide so I had plenty of room to manipulate the drying garments.

Before peeling the aspen I cut the stakes and poles for the frame and pushed over a number of dead saplings and dragged them to the fireplace. I could work on the roof and bed by firelight but hunting dry fuel in the darkness and wet didn't appeal. Fortunately there were a number of small, bushy balsams near at hand so a good bed was assured.

The thought of missing my supper didn't trouble me very much. As it was a mild night in early summer (mosqui-



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Here is a letter we received from a lady from way out west:

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_____ 1926

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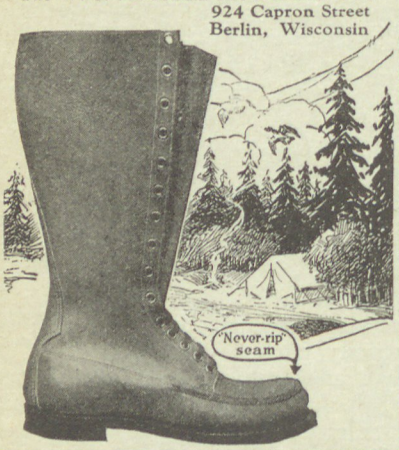

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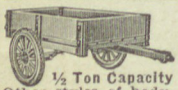

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toes became troublesome the very next day) there would be but little chance of my waking before dawn. With daylight and a rifle I had no fear of prolonged hunger. Small game could be killed at any time even though the deer eluded me.

As it happened, I killed a big buck rabbit before the bed was finished. I heard him rustling around in the top of an aspen sapling, from which I had cut a crotched stake. He was less than twenty feet from me, but as far as seeing him was concerned, he might as well have been twenty miles away.

Had it not been raining at the time I would have circled behind him and endeavored to get him between me and the light. But I didn't want to get wet again, even for the sake of a hot supper. He seemed to sense this and continued hopping around until I imagined that he was actually daring me to get him. By way of accepting the challenge, I drew my slingshot and sent a buckshot in his direction with all the force the weapon could stand. Results were instantaneous. For a few seconds he made as much commotion as a newly beheaded rooster. But before his spasmodic struggles ceased I had him by the hind legs and dashed his head against a tree. The shot had hit him full in the face and he never knew what had happened. Scores of times since then I have tried to kill rabbits by shooting at the sound, but always failed to hit them with a bullet. I didn't think so at the time, but I now know that the death of that bunny was purely accidental. Anyhow, I ate him for breakfast.

* * *

To remove a long sheet of bark without felling the tree, make a connected series of V-shaped hacks as far up the tree as the axe will reach. Then cut through the bark about a foot from the ground and connect these by a vertical incision. If the bark clings tightly, make a "spud" by putting a wedge-shaped point on a strong stick about four feet long and two inches thick. With this tool it is possible during the summer months to work the bark loose from any northern tree whose bark would be suitable for either roofing, or flooring, a temporary shelter. Sheets of bark make excellent mats and can be used to good advantage where the ground is either wet or very sandy.

When peeling birch trees, omit the upper and lower cuts. The vertical incision, only, is necessary because the bark separates, or tears, along horizontal lines.

It is pre-supposed that the camper will use good judgment in selecting trees for either peeling or felling and that he will avoid any approach to vandalism. At the time and place of the foregoing bivouac story, all trees, other than pine or the largest spruce, were considered to be more of a liability than an asset. The writer had not the slightest compunction about stripping any tree, of an inferior species, that suited his purpose. Conditions have changed greatly since then, and in most localities such an act would now be considered criminal.

Motor Camping

This department is conducted for the sole purpose of assisting you in anything pertaining to motor camping and we earnestly solicit your inquiries on any phase of this sport. Address your inquiries to the Motor Camping Department and enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope if you desire a personal reply.

Edited by DUSTY RHODES

THE most important part of any motor camper's outfit, is a tent. Those of you who are contemplating the purchase of a tent, should give much consideration to this piece of equipment with respect to size, shape, facility in erecting, and its qualities to withstand severe weather.

There are on the market dozens of styles of good auto tents which are far better to take motor camping than the old style tents which were not made to meet the requirements of the modern camper and his automobile. These cloth shelters are waterproofed, and in most cases, may be made insect proof. They can be screened and curtained and frequently are built so that they make a comfortable roadside residence. Many of them may be set up attached to the car. Others are erected independently. The material is usually eight or ten ounce double fill duck, although there are several other good tents on the market made of lighter material, such as balloon silk and waterproofed to the extent that they are preferable to the heavier tents when packing space and weight are considered. The color should be other than white, usually brown or olive drab. The white tent soils and mildews easily and is hard on one's eyes when it is located in the sun.

Auto tents may be had in many sizes to meet the needs and size of the party. The weight ranges from twelve to fifty or sixty pounds. For a party of five or six the floor space should be large enough to not only accommodate the number of single or double beds required, but it also should allow plenty of room for the occupants to move

about. This will be realized when you run into inclement weather which will keep you indoors. Some very good tents are put up in sections and divided by a hanging partition of canvas, giving you a privacy almost equal to your home. When more than five or six are in the party, which is very seldom and rather impractical, it is advisable to use two auto tents rather than one large one.

The lean-to tent, the ridge of which attaches to the top of the car is a very simple and efficient shelter, with the eaves resting upon the ground. The shed tent gives more head room than the lean-to because the eaves are three or four feet high, but otherwise is very similar.

The umbrella, square umbrella, and amazon auto tents are very popular because of the ease with which this shelter is erected and taken down and also because there are no tent poles to contend with.

There are, as I have stated, a great number of good auto tents, some of which defy classification. Some enclose the car as well as the camper under its roof. Most of them have the easy fly or the porch extending from tent to car or sometimes reaching over the car top. Others have two way roofs with slopes not only from the ribs to eaves, but also from the front to rear as well.

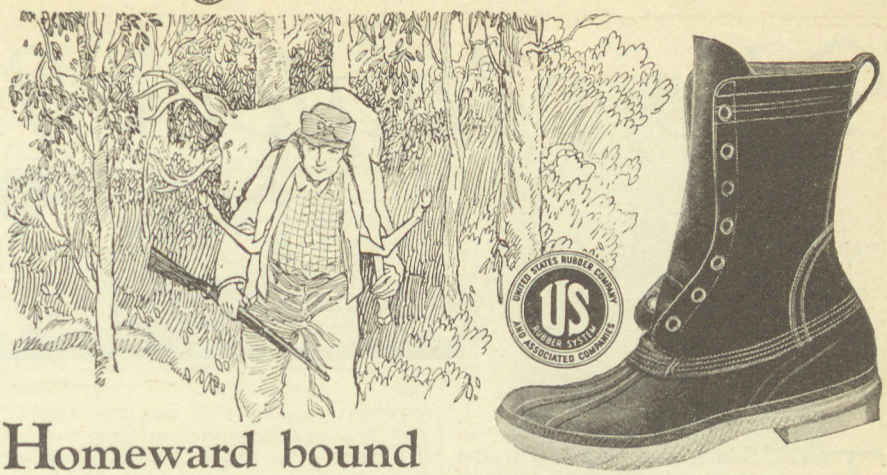
Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Outdoor America, Published Monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1st, 1926

State of Illinois } ss.
County of Cook }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Ed. H. Philippi, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Outdoor America, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Izaak Walton League of America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. Managing Editor, Ewart Hetherington Ross, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. Business Manager, Ed. H. Philippi, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Izaak Walton League of America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.; Chas. W. Folds, Pres., 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.; Judge Geo. W. Wood, Waterloo, Ia., Vice-Pres.; Fred N. Peet, Secretary, 214 W. Huron St., Chicago, Ill.; Thornhill Broome, Treasurer, 38 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.; Ed. H. Philippi, Executive Secretary, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... .....(This information is required from daily publications only.)

ED. H. PHILIPPI,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1926.
[SEAL] CLYDE C. POSVIC,
(My commission expires May 5th, 1927.)



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THE day over—maybe a big buck to tote—or a bag full of quail—in forest or field, the going is rough; and it's the trail back that tests your feet. They'll be faithful—and you'll be more content in "U. S." Barker Hunting Shoes.

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Size..... Top..... Heel*

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Wisconsin open season for wild duck until Dec. 20.
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is where you'll find the "cure" for duck fever when it hits you. It's just overnight from Chicago to these favorite haunts where tarry great flocks of duck and geese now headed for the southland.

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The Angler's Notebook

Written at Odd Moments

by O. W. Smith

THESE are the days when the average angler does his fishing by the fire-side, a pan of red-cheeked apples close by. Now I have long been a book fisherman, dropping my silver fly here, there and everywhere. And the catches I have made!

One day, browsing around in a second hand bookstore in Springfield, Mass., the proprietor pointed out a complete set of W. H. H. Murray's works, under the general title of "Adirondack Tales." (I'll bet every oldster experiences a thrill.) "Adirondack Murray," what a writer he was! The set contains all his short tales, as well as "The Story of the Man Who Missed It," and "The Man Who Didn't Know Much." In this last mentioned volume, when the author bids us, "L'envoy," he says, in part,—"I commend you to the woods and waters, as to the grace of God found in them by those who may receive it. May rest, health, and peace come to you as you enter them, and remain. May you grow in the grace of Nature, as you do in knowledge of her, as you likely will—for there is that in Nature which maketh all who truly love her like herself; and something of her calm stillness, her starry expanses, her graceful suavities, and that sweet expectancy which waits on fair sunsets forecasting fair to-morrows, come to us who love her as we age."

I have other single volumes of Murray, aged and dog-eared, bearing the stains of many fingers, the penciled names of many owners, the more precious therefor. One, "Adventures in the Wilderness," published in 1869, is especially dear to me, for here and there are under-scored sentences and paragraphs, penciled encomiums. Who was Howard Freeman, who once owned it, penciling some Greek letters after his name? In the back are pasted some reviews and a long article from the New York Tribune of Oct. 23d, 1869, in which Murray answers some of his "caluminators." It all has a very modern sound, e'en though Murray's books are different from present day writings.

Rubbing shoulders with Murray is of course Prime. W. C. Prime, whose "Old House by the River," appeared in 1854, my volume once being in the library of the "Adelphic Society," wherever and whatever that was, then the prized possession of "James Janes," given as a love token by some one, and owned, once upon a time, if you will believe it, by a "D. L. Smith." At last to find refuge in the fishing library of another member of the great family. Of course there is a first edition of "I Go A-Fishing," which every lover of the gentle art thumbs with delight. None of your modern rush and hurry about Prime, neither was he supremely interested in tackle and how to fish. He cast his flies in his own heart first and never failed of a rise.

Even the ladies land the Silver King.

Naturally there is Charles Hallock's "Fishing Tourist," and though published only half a century ago, it reads like a romance. His story of the fishing in the "Neepigon," as he spells it, is certainly startling. Fourteen pound speckled trout! I wonder. But then, in that "far off day," "Neepigon Lake, seldom even indicated on maps, and scarcely known except to the Indians and officers and servants of the Hudson Bay Company," was not as now. In the chapter on the "The Big Woods," which one reads with astonishment, "extends for three hundred miles through Wisconsin into Iowa, . . . where the axe of the pioneer has never entered, and where the hunter alone intrudes upon the haunts of the bear, the wolf and the deer." Lumbering was in full swing, and he informs us that the "West Wisconsin Railroad" offered the only way of getting into the best territory, mentioning streams as ideal trout waters, from which you will do well to get a dirty carp these days.

Of course, Wm. C. Harris' "Angler's Guide Book," of ten years later finds place with Hallock, just because one likes to know what wonderful fishing was to be had forty years ago, almost within stone's throw of Chicago. Towns and places are mentioned where today one is almost compelled to search for water, much less fish. Still, such was our heritage and so have we treated it. There are books and books of the sort, R. B. Roosevelt's "Superior Fishing," and "The Game Fish of the North," as well as Chas. F. Orvis' "Fishing with a Fly," and dozens of others.

There are old books too, very old, like that first book on angling, "Treatise of Fishing with an Angle," published in 1496, a little better than a century after Chaucer, and attributed to a woman, Dame Juliana Barnes. Strange thing about it is, some of her advice is good today, as for instance, writing of what flies to use: "Apryll, The stone flye. the body of blacke wull; & yelowe vnder the wynge. & vnder the tayle & the wynges of the drake." When she says of the pike: "The pyke is a good fysshee; but he devouryth so many as well of his owne kynde as of other: I loue hym the lesse," we are prone to agree. Browsing in the old book is rare sport.

Then there is Izaak Walton, and I have several editions of the "Compleat

Angler," of which perhaps some other time we may talk, for surely to every Waltonian this work is of supreme interest. Just to sit down and dip into the volume here and there, the proper way to read it by the way, is a wonderful experience. His kindly spirit, his understanding of Nature, and conviction that it is not all of fishing to fish is a sort of antidote needed in this more strenuous day. I am fully out of conceit with how—to books, and write them. I want to hear the pines murmur and the waters snarl when I read of a winter's evening.

My dry-fly library is quite complete, possessing all of Halford's works, for a few of which, first editions, I paid more than I had any business to, but I wanted his opinion. Some of those dry-fly books are good reading as well as instructive, like, say, Dewar's, "The Book of the Dry Fly," or our own American, La Branche's, "The Dry Fly and Fast Water," as well as the latter's, "The Salmon and the Dry Fly." Our English cousins rather put it over us in angling writing, they are not "so blausted practical don't you know," as we are, though we had our Holder and have our Heilner, of whom it is not true:

"A primrose by the river's brink,
A primrose was to him,"

for he writes as though there was something in this angler's game beside "rods and reels and traces," and fish. One angling editor wrote recently, "We are not going to publish any more of that sentimental stuff," and I countered with, "I am going to stop your magazine!" That's that.

Yes, I have had great sport fishing in books, and some, appreciating my love for old volumes have sent me rare things, "for safe keeping." Recently, a man in far off California sent me a beautiful edition of F. G. Aflalo's, "A Book of Fishing Stories," saying that he was well past the four score and ten mile-post, living on "borrowed time," and anxious that the volume remain with one who would treasure it after he had slipped over where we hope there is pleasant fishing forever. So his name appears on the fly-leaf, together with a photograph of the Thunder River country, up in Marinette County, Wisconsin, when that section was a wilderness, for the donor knew and loved it then. So you see there is more in my angling library than mere books.

There is, by the way, a complete file of "The American Angler," beautifully bound, as it deserves, together with some letters from the founder and first editor, Chas. Bradford, to whom the fishing on the other side appealed so strongly that he fain laid aside his rod and pen and made the journey. Too bad the good men and true who took up the task he surrendered found the burden too grievous and were compelled to give up. Strange that America can't support an all angling magazine. But I am glad, very, that I have the six volumes in my collection. No book, unless it be the "Compleat Angler," is taken down more often than the first volume, it was a quarterly then. One can't help being impressed with the similarity between Charles Bradford and the immortal Izaak. One can well imagine them communing by the River of Life over there, for they surely find much in common.

Any angler would find much to interest and instruct on my shelves, the man who likes to bask and dream as well as the man who prefers practical advice in the most compact form. I guess there is room for both styles or types of writing, but, oh me, above all I want to write what my angling editor friend contemptuously dubs, "sentimental stuff." So, Reader, if you haven't enjoyed this screed, read on, I'll try and be practical for the rest of my time.

* * *

LENGTH OF FLY ROD

Again a correspondent asks, "What is the best length for a fly rod?" There is no best length any more than there is a general purpose fly-rod. All depends upon the angler and his angling. For trout fishing over average streams I prefer a 9 or 9½ foot, though for small, open streams I want an 8 or 8½. In bass fishing, or where trout run unusually large and the water heavy, never shorter than 9½, and maybe a bit longer, though I am not sold on the absurdly long fly rods sometimes used by our English friends. By the way, the American lengths are making head over there.

* * *

AND THERE ARE OTHERS

Anna B— succeeded last summer in taking a large bass, much to the disgust and envy of her brother William. Naturally she told the story often, and inasmuch as her father is a fisherman, we can imagine the fish grew some after its capture. Opportunity comes to him who waits.

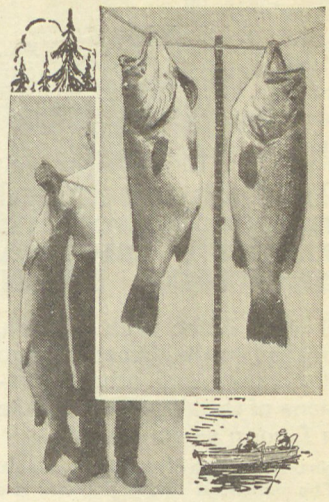
One day the teacher said, "Give me a sentence, William, using the word analyze."

And William said, "My sister Anna says the bass weighed five pounds, but oh, how Analyze."

* * *

TACKLE-BOXES

These are the days when you anglers should be looking up the matter of tackle-boxes. I don't suppose I have seen and examined all the new ones gotten out this last summer, but I have received quite a few, and, oh, boy, if you can't find the thing you want you are hard to please. There are boxes of every shape, size and price. Some will go into a great coat pocket, though large enough to carry all essentials for a day's casting; others are large enough to contain everything, from short jointed rods to a season's supply of lures. What a wealth of styles! One has a lot of shallow drawers which pull out front, though a cover locks over all. Another folds in upon itself. So it goes. But look 'em up now and select the one you like best, and maybe Santa Claus will remember. No harm in touching the old fellow's elbow. Used to work when we were children and perhaps he's not forgotten.



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3 inch blade.

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IMPORTANT. Fully protected against imitation by patents and patents pending.

Nickel or copper body and flashers; red or red-and-white fly. With wire leader attached..... $1.00

At your dealers' or direct.

JAMES HEDDON'S SONS, DOWAGIAC, MICH.

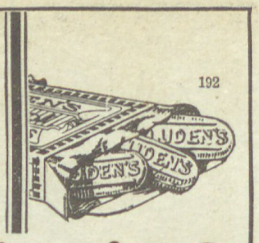
"The Box with the Red Edge" —seen and recognized in more tackle stores and angler's kits than any other feature in the fishing world.

IN *15 years of Field & Stream's National Contests more prize Bass have been taken on Heddon baits than on all similar lures combined.*

15TH YEAR

Heddon Fishing Tackle
Genuine Dowagiac

Menthol is nature's gift to man for relieving irritations in nose, throat and chest



—but there is only one cough drop with LUDEN'S SPECIAL MENTHOL BLEND

If you suffer with catarrh, tickling in the throat, phlegm discomfort and other irritations of the air passages, *take a Luden's*—millions do.

No other cough drop is like Luden's. The beneficial menthol blend is a Luden secret. Pleasant tasting and good all-thru, Luden's give quick relief every time you put one in your mouth.

Get the Luden habit — and you'll never give it up. *In the yellow package—5c—everywhere.*

LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS

HOBART WATERTITE SHELL CASES

$6.00

Strong, durable case holding 200 shells in original cartons. Hinged tray holds hunting accessories conveniently locked into cover until needed. Corbin lock secures contents. Guaranteed absolutely water tight.

By mail postpaid or at your dealers. Write for catalog.

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Soft Finish Fly Line

Get one of these new Ashaway Lines in your hands and test it. It has the looks and feel of velvet. It is smooth, pliable, elastic, has weight and strength, and never becomes sticky in any climate. Ask your dealer to show you a "Crandall's American Finish" fly line,—the first successful soft-finish line to be made in America.

ASHAWAY Fishing Lines

ASHAWAY LINE & TWINE MFG. CO.
ASHAWAY, R. I.

Scientific Angling

Outdoor America is the official publication of the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs

Edited by FREDRICK J. LANE

N. A. S. A. C. HOLD ANNUAL TOURNAMENT

CHATT WINS ALL ROUND CHAMPIONSHIP—NEWCOMB AND MORRISON BREAK RECORDS

IN spite of lack of good conditions, except for the first day, the 1926 Tournament will be notable for several remarkable events.

The outstanding feature of the entire Tournament was the sensational work of Walter Newcomb of Buffalo.

Fred Arbogast of Akron started the annual meet by smashing Stanley's previous record of 216 feet in the quarter ounce distance with an average of 240.6 feet, longest 254 feet, but Newcomb was close at his heels with an average of 233.8 feet, longest 258 feet, 17 feet above the previous record. The two Chatts, George and Howard, followed closely with 213.6 and 201 feet. The Clevelanders, Foss, Braddon and Trimble, all came above the 190 foot mark. In the ½ oz. Distance Bait, Newcomb showed how far he was above the others by raising Arbogast's record of 268 feet to 293.2 feet, longest 302 feet, and after this wonderful performance, in an exhibition cast sent the ½ oz. weight 313 feet. George Chatt had to help break the record, so he eased out 274.6 feet, longest 286, just to keep Walter company. Willman took third with a fine score of 254.2, with Howard Chatt and Lou Morrison each casting 254.2, ten feet above Eddie Braddon and Fred Kleinfeldt. Conditions for these two events were excellent with a good wind and clear dry air.

The Accuracy Fly proved to be a disappointment to many, for rain stopped the contest soon after the start and the event was called off until next morning. Eddie Braddon had cast a 99 14/15, but had to be content with 6 off on his second trial. Jack Schwin and George Chatt tied with a 99.12, Jack proving that he was better than the record holder on the cast off.

The ⅝ oz. distance proved to be a heart breaker for many of the best. Fred Arbogast broke four times but showed what he could do on his fifth cast by shooting a 268 to break his record of longest cast. This proved a walk away for Geo. Chatt who won with an average of 237.4, longest 243. His final cast was 240 feet and never once did he let down on his speed though clearly the winner. Trimble put up a fine average of 222.2, longest 238 feet, taking second place. Peters took the only honors for Buffalo with 214.4, with Willman not far behind with 209.4; Sutter and Braddon tied with 203.6, Morrison came through with 201.8 and Foss, in spite of a back lash, made a creditable showing with 190.6, longest 229 feet. Conditions for this event were not on a par with the other distance events, a slight rain preventing any phenomenal casting.

George Chatt beat Bill Behnen in the Distance Fly by just one foot on his total of three casts, shooting a 109 to Behnen's 108 2/3, taking 110 feet for a longest to the Columbus caster's 111 feet. Conditions were not favorable, as contestants were obliged to cast against the club house and the wind, striking the obstruction, turned and forced the fly back in place of forward. This accounts for the poor scores, as many of the casts seemingly coming forward were stopped and the fly dropped short of where it should have gone. In spite of this Braddon managed a 104 and Olson of the Chicago Fly averaged 103 1/3. Reese did some very pretty work and obtained 101 1/3. H. Chatt struggled hard and almost caught him with 100 1/3, longest 140 feet. All others averaged below 100 feet.

The same conditions kept down the scores in the Salmon. In this event George Chatt opened the real scoring with 144, longest 149 feet, and Jack Schwin, the present champion, looked like he might duplicate his performance of last year, for he started with 151 feet, but was prevented by poor conditions from making anything better than 141 2/3, in spite of his longest cast. Charlie Lucke and Connelly of Cleveland shot at the same time and their averages 145 and 144 1/3 gave them 1st and 2d places in the event. Charlie's win was very popular and the Cleveland Club can feel very proud of Connelly's excellent showing. Trimble and Braddon each have 134 1/3 for 5th and 6th place, while Newcomb surprised himself with averages 129 2/3 for 7th place.

It was a pleasure to see Fred Peet in both the Distance events, as he has not appeared on the platform for several years.

The ¼ oz. Accuracy Bait was finished just at dusk, but Fred Arbogast can see in the dark so he annexed a chime clock with a score of 99.6. This was Fred's first win of an accuracy event and no one can accuse him now of being a distance caster only. Geo. Chatt scored 99.5, with Behnen and Nordholm close up with 99.4 each.

The Dry Fly events were postponed on account of rain, so early Monday Eddie Braddon made a fine score of 99 13/15, winning the Dry Fly Accuracy. H. Chatt and McCandless of

To You Who Have Worn FILSON CLOTHES

And to you who appreciate *good things* we suggest—Filson laced pants, double front and seat, in the super-material—

$16

Forestry Cloth—a beautiful forestry green color, all wool with ultra wear resisting qualities. And appearance—? The finest ever. Waist measure only. Our catalog "Q" free—send for it

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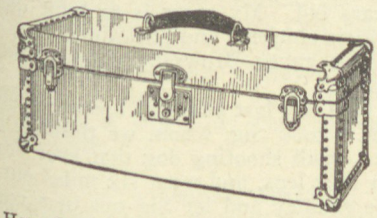
"Filson Clothes for the Man Who Knows."

The Gift For FISHERMEN



Honestly now, can you think of a finer gift for the man who likes to fish than one of the Green Line Tackle Cases?

They're made in two different types—the Standard, top-opening with trays—and the Jerry, side-opening with handy compartmented drawers. Tackle positively cannot rust in a Green Line Case. They're all wood-lined and metal-covered, practically arranged, sturdily constructed, serviceable.

A Green Line Tackle Case is a mighty fine present to give—and even finer to receive. Most dealers can supply you.

GREEN-CASE, Inc.

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The **GREEN** *Line*

STOP SUN-WIND-BURN

Cleveland Traffic Police use NOBURN. Apply NOBURN—stay all day in rawest wind and shave with comfort at night. NOBURN absolutely makes you windburn proof and sunburn proof. At all A. G. Spalding & Bros. stores—or send $1 for bottle. Guaranteed—or money back. Sam Strong, 502 Central Viaduct, Cleveland, O.

Send for free copy of "The Invisible Mask"

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

HILDEBRANDT'S HINTS

Have you read Hildebrandt's new Hints with a lot of ideas on using Hildebrandt baits that "hook and land 'em?"

It's one of the best books on fishing ever issued—not a dry line in it. *Free to you*—tell us where to send it.

John J. Hildebrandt Co., 6115 High St., Logansport, Ind.

the Illinois Club tied with two points below.

Morrison, the new 1st Vice President, captured the Unknown Distance Dry Fly, breaking the record set by Walter Backus in 1919 and equaled by Arend at Denver in 1923. His score was 99.7. Three Chicago Fly men, Arado, Kleinfeldt and Lucke, were next with five off. De Garmo, a veteran of many tournaments, managed a well cast score of 99.3, closely followed by Arthur Neu with 99.2. Bradden, Reese and Willman tied for next place with 99.1. This event originated with our friends from Newark and is one of the prettiest as well as the most scientific games on the schedule.

De Launty, Olson, and Bornholt tied for first in the ½ ounce Accuracy, the first winning the cast off. Reese came next with 99.3 and Bill Eberman followed with 99.2. Only twelve men finished above 99 in this event.

The final event—⅝ oz. Accuracy—was won handily by Howard Chatt, who equaled the record of 99.8. Morrison, Mitchell and Wicklund, a new caster, shot a 99.7.

In the Ladies' event—½ oz. Accuracy—regulation distance—Mrs. Willman of Chicago and Mrs. Reese of Columbus tied for first place, Mrs. Willman scoring a remarkable 99.1 in the cast off, winning first prize. Mrs. McCandless of Chicago won over Mrs. Williams of Chicago in the ⅝ oz. Accuracy, and now has her name on the Brown Palace Trophy.

George Chatt won the All-Round with Braddon second and Howard Chatt third. The N. A. S. A. C. Pennant was taken by the Illinois Club.

The tournament was managed very successfully by President Sutter and Secretary Leach, ably assisted by Captain John Sbarbro and a corps of helpers. The trophies were unique and costly, as the several affiliated clubs donated for the benefit of the Association.

At the annual meeting several changes in the rules were made in regard to the scoring which will be outlined in the next issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA. It was voted to hold the next Annual Tournament at Detroit some time during August, 1927.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, George G. Chatt, Illinois Club; First Vice-President, Lew Morrison, Detroit; Second Vice-President, Edwin F. Sutter, Chicago Fly; Third Vice-President, D. R. Linder, Long Beach; Fourth Vice-President, J. Dwight Palmer, Cleveland; Treasurer, Frederick J. Lane, Illinois; Secretary, Frank S. Leach, Chicago Fly; A. A. U. Delegate, John S. Schwinn, Newark.

NEW OFFICERS OF THE COLUMBUS CLUB

The Columbus Club has elected the following officers for the casting season of 1927: President, K. H. Johnson; Vice-President, C. E. Fisher; Secretary-Treasurer, R. P. Merrill; Fly Captain, Wm. Behnen; Assistant, V. Dean

(Continued on page 66)

No Salt Water fishing trip complete without the TARP-ORENO

The big game of the sea—tarpon, tuna, swordfish, amber jack, barracuda, etc., go after TARP-ORENOS like ravenous wolves.

Include a half dozen or more of these baits in your outfit for Southern and Pacific waters.

Extra strong construction throughout, to withstand the most terrific of rushes. Supplied in 3 different colors.

Write for "Fishing—What Baits and When", our book which shows and describes TARP-ORENO and other salt water baits. Sent free!

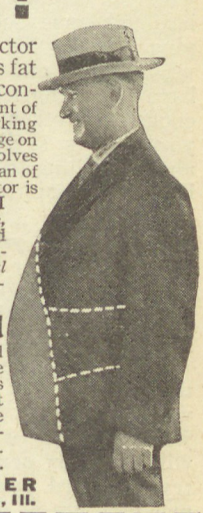
The trade-mark known for dependable Tackle

SOUTH BEND QUALITY TACKLE

SOUTH BEND BAIT CO.

1321 High Street · South Bend, Ind.

WAISTLINE Too Big?



A new belt called Director gets at the *cause* of excess fat and quickly corrects the condition. With every movement of the body, during every working hour, Director acts as a massage on the abdomen and actually dissolves excess fat away. F. P. Cowan of Pinehurst, N. C. says, "Director is the finest thing I ever wore. I want another, but not so large, as I am 5 inches smaller around the waist now." Doctors endorse Director as the *natural* way to accomplish a permanent reduction.

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Let us prove our claims. We'll send a Director to you for free trial. If you don't get results you owe us nothing. You don't risk a penny. Write now for free trial offer, doctors' endorsements and letters from users. No obligation. Mail coupon.

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Tell me how I can reduce my waistline 4 to 6 inches with Director Belt. Send details of your trial offer. This places me under no obligation.

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Al. Foss Pork Rind Minnows.

Oriental Wiggler··$1.00

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THE DRONE

With the Lifelike Action Spells Success to All Who Use It. Ask Your Dealer for It

Use 3 foot leader as shown in cut

L. B. HUNTINGTON 115 Hopkins Place BALTIMORE, MD.

When Dick Romey, Iowa football star, was young, he looked like this.

Mostly About Boys

Written by the Waltonians of Tomorrow and Edited

By BEN EAST

NOW comes November, Puc-cume, the Freezing Moon, the hunting moon, and the moon of the trap line as well. So let's sit close to the fire and watch the first snow sift down, turning the brown fields white, and while we wait for a good tracking snow let's tell some good hunting and trapping stories. That is the only thing wrong with our fireside stories. We have too many fishing stories, and not enough of other kinds. So many of you fellows say, "I want to tell you about a fishing trip." Of course we all like fishing stories, but we like other kinds too.

So come on, you fellows with a trap line or a gun or a hunting dog. Send us your story and a picture if you can. The walls of this shack of ours are pretty bare of pictures right now.

There will be some dandy prizes for the best letters of the year, just as there were last year. We haven't decided yet just what they will be, but I think we will know by next month, and we will try to award them in time for Christmas presents, as we did last winter. So come on with your best stories, boys. Let's make the Freezing Moon a first class story-telling moon as well.

1257 Race St.,
Denver, Colorado.

Dear Editor and other friends:—

I have read stories by some of the other members of the camp-fire and I hope that you will let me sit with you even though I have not a fishing story but one of fright that I think was well justified.

My father, sister, a friend of ours, and I were hunting sage chickens near Craig, Colorado. We had hunted all morning and about noon we were well along toward our limit. About this time we came upon a cornfield that we had not hunted and were surprised to hear a sudden whir of wings and a single sage chicken got up not over 30 yards away. As he came fluttering to the ground (for he did not have much chance to get away from one of the best shots in the country, Mr. Burt) he fell into a patch of tumble weed. I immediately ran down to pick him up and as I did not have him exactly "spotted" I spent some time in hunting for him. While thus engaged I was startled to see something yellow and black move from me not over 3 feet away.

I had heard that there were rattlesnakes in this territory from the old farmer on whose place we were hunting, and as I had never come face to face with a real live rattlesnake in the open I was somewhat startled to hear the music of the dreaded thing.

I never went through a barb-wire fence so fast in all my life and as soon as I had found the dead chicken I went back and found the snake. I had a 12 gauge shot gun with seven and a half chilled shot, and as I was not more than 6 feet away from him when I shot he was just shreds when we picked up the remains. I say remains, but there was nothing left but his tail, and as we did not care to hunt for any more of him we contented ourselves with cutting the rattles off. There were eight.

To some boys a rattlesnake would not be an extraordinary happening, but as has been stated before I had never run across one before, so it was quite an adventure for me. At any rate I am sure that I will always remember my first view of a real live rattlesnake in the open.

JACK FRANKLIN.

A real adventure, Jack. It reminds me of a rattlesnake whose picture I took this summer. It was on a very lonely island and there are hundreds of the snakes living there. This one had lost his rattles in some way, and he coiled and shook his tail at us but couldn't make any sound. He would have been a bad chap to have stepped too close to, wouldn't he? I'd give a great deal yet to know just what had happened to those rattles. His tail looked as if something had bitten them off, but if that was the case I pity the one that did it.

Seneca, Illinois.

Dear Editor and Folks:

I have been wanting to write this letter for a year but was afraid it wouldn't interest you fellows, but here's hoping it does. I am seventeen years old. My sport is to hunt quail, prairie chickens and pheasants. I use a twelve gauge Browning patented automatic.

One day last year my brother Henry and I took Sig, whom we think is the best quail shooting dog that ever stood on four legs, and went six miles out in the country and let Sig out in a cornfield where the snow was about three or four inches deep.

We went about two hundred yards and found Sig on point with head held high and as staunch as a rock. I was very excited as I always am when shooting quail. My brother, who was in charge of Sig and owns him, has him perfectly trained. He said, "Steady, old boy," and we approached a few feet behind the dog. He ordered him to go on and about twenty-

"Har, har, har!" Evidently father has dusted off an old one. The grinners left to right are Barbara Burress, Johnny Michaels and Patty Burress.

five quail got up. I pulled up and got two, for which I considered myself lucky. My brother got four. The dog never moved while we were shooting. We watched where the birds lit and then he ordered Sig to fetch. It was wonderful, and a beautiful picture to see Sig bring up the quail and to sit at the command of my brother before giving up the birds.

Well, I was so tickled that I asked my brother to hurry up where the dog was on point again in the next field, where the singles had lit. When we arrived Sig was ordered to go on, and three birds got up. My brother got the two, and I shot three times and missed every time. That was hard luck. My brother, who is an experienced shot, tried to encourage me by letting on I got one, but I knew he was fooling because I was so excited I just shot and didn't know at what. Although about two hours later we ran into another bunch and I made several good shots. My Dad says I am too quick and should take more time, but I am getting on to it now.

Well, at the end of the day, to make the story short, I had bagged six quail and Henry had bagged the limit. Of which I was very jealous. Wouldn't you be? Maybe some of these days I will get the limit.

Very truly yours,
FRANCIS JOSEPH EINHAUS.

At least you had the fun, and that is worth more than the size of your bag, Francis. We like boys who are satisfied with less than the limit. Many of our limits are ridiculously high. Come again with a story of your prairie chicken hunts.

Detroit, Michigan.

Dear Editor and Fishermen Friends:

I have been reading the letters of other boys and girls with much interest, and now I am going to take a turn at it myself. I know that many of you have caught some very large fish, and in later years all that remains of that fish is the memory of how large he was and the awful fight he put up. And when one starts to tell the tale again, why, people laugh up their sleeve and think it's another exaggerated fish story.

My letter has to do with the idea of saving the thrill of the big fish you catch, not by means of memory tales, but by the real thing by saving the head.

Having the big fellow hooked and landed is the first step. Then before cleaning him cut his head off very carefully. Having taken his head off you then scrape the inner side of the head, making sure that you remove all of the excess meat and insides. In scraping be sure that you do not harm the outer shell of the head. After the cleaning is over, take a small stick and prop his mouth open as far as you can without any injury to it.

Having it cleaned and its mouth propped open, get some common table salt and cover the head with it both inside and outside. Then set it out to dry. Let it dry for approximately one [illegible]

The first thing you want—

Quarter Turn Starting!

AND that is the thing that Elto gives you — an instant start on a quarter turn flip of the flywheel. No spinning, no starting ropes, no *uncertainty*. The most vital quality you can buy in a motor — not only for its convenience and ease-of-operation by every member of the family — but because it is a sure index of absolute reliability and a positive assurance of perfect performance under *every* condition. *Read again what users say!*

"First Turn—Away We Went"
"When arriving at Fox Lake, my motor was at the express office waiting for me. I put the motor on the boat and with the first turn of the wheel, away we went for the fishing grounds". Charles S. Mueller, Chicago, Ill.

"Starts with Marvelous Ease"
"The Super Elto lives up to the claims in your advertising matter, as it starts with an ease that is marvelous." C. H. Curley, Toronto, Ont.

"Less Than Quarter Turn"
"You cannot emphasize its easy starting qualities half enough. It starts with less than 'The Quarter Turn'." Harold P. Vose, New York City, N. Y.

"Has Never Failed"
"I had never before operated an outboard motor, but I took the Super Elto out of the shipping case, hung it on a boat, put in the spark plugs, filled the tank with gas, flooded the carburetor, and the second time I bumped the flywheel on compression it started. It has never failed, altho I have had it in rain for hours at a time". Carl H. DuBose, Jacksonville, Fla.

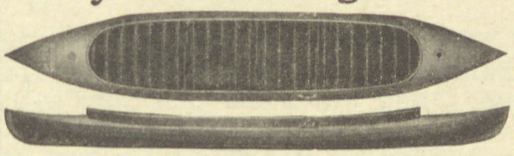
Send for Catalog!

ELTO OUTBOARD MOTOR COMPANY
Ole Evinrude, President
Dept. 42 Mfrs. Home Bldg.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

The Super Elto

"Starts with a quarter turn"

The Famous Green Bay Hunting Boat



Built only by Dan Kidney & Son

YOU'LL need a strong, rugged boat to cut through the thin skim of ice that forms in the shallow water these frosty mornings.

The dependable Kidney Green Bay Hunting Boat is built to successfully withstand the thumps and knocks that play havoc with ordinary hunting boats.

Made in four sizes, white cedar and oak—dead grass color.

The handsome Kidney Book of Boats will be sent to you upon receipt of 6c in stamps.

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1. **"Plantation Game Trails"**
   Houghton-Mifflin Company **$3.50**
   "The best book on the deer, the alligator, and the wild turkey." The New York *Times*
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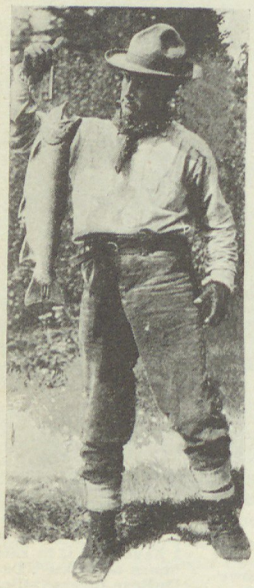
   The State Company, Columbia, S. C. **$3.00**
   Thirty of the author's best stories, including two prize stories.
3. **"Days Off in Dixie"**
   Doubleday Page and Company **$3.00**
   "A fascinating volume; the romantic South at its best." The New York *Evening Post*
4. **"Old Plantation Days"**
   Frederick Stokes Company **$2.50**
   "One of the few books in which the reader can find the genuine South."
   Louisville *Courier-Journal*

Stage this exciting film for your next Chapter Meeting



The Sportsman's Classic—

"Fishing Days on the Nipigon"

Taken by a special Walton Expedition especially for Walton entertainment; receipts devoted to Walton progress. Endorsed by national organization.

Four Hair-Raising Reels

Forty-five minutes of thundering waters, perilous rapid-shooting—trout, trout, trout—in the wildest, most adventurous whirl of fishing episodes that you ever lived through.

Brought the Chicago convention gasping to its feet. Has electrified scores of Chapter audiences.

Pronounced the most satisfying fishing pictures ever filmed. Spur your committeemen to an early showing of this graphic trip to anglers' paradise.

For bookings address

SHERMAN BROWN (Pres. Wisconsin State Div.)
Davidson Theater Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

SPECIAL Write for details of a plan by which you can co-operate with your local picture house to make this a big profit event for your Chapter.

Recommendation for Membership-at-large

(Applicants for Membership-at-large not accepted if living in a community where the League has a local chapter.)

IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE,
536 LAKE SHORE DRIVE,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

_____ 1926.

Without financial obligation to myself I propose the following for Membership-at-large:

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Annual dues for Membership-at-large, including Membership Card, bronze Membership Emblem and a year's subscription to OUTDOOR AMERICA, $3.00.

week, or until it is hard and brittle all over. Then take the salt off by brushing it, making sure to take it all off.

The next step is varnishing the head both inside and outside. Two coats of Valspar floor varnish are sufficient.

After the varnish is all dried you can mount it on the wall in your room. Tack it on by the two sides of the head. And I'm sure you will be proud of your big fish head.

Of course in the process of drying, the eyes of the fish sink into the head, but you can get some artificial eyes from any taxidermist. However, I never get artificial eyes for my mounted fish heads, and they all look all right without them too.

Hoping you have success with your first attempt in mounting fish heads,

I remain your friend,
ROY F. HALE.

A splendid idea, Roy. I'm sure we all like trophies of our fishing and hunting trips, and a big fish head makes a dandy. Thanks for telling us how to do it. Come again.

Scientific Angling

(Continued from page 63)

Reese; Bait Captain, Merle Crooks; Assistant, Dr. McLean; Publicity Manager, Clark Weatherholt.

The Annual Turkey Shoot was won by R. P. Merrill, 99.2; V. D. Reese, second, 99.1, and Tom Monger, 99.1, third. The high men in the three other events cast were:

¼ oz. Accuracy

V. D. Reese	99.4
Tom Monger	99.2
K. H. Johnson	98.8

½ oz. Accuracy

R. P. Merrill	99.4
V. D. Reese	99.3
K. H. Johnson	98.9

⅝ oz. Accuracy

Tom Monger	99.6
R. P. Merrill	99.5
L. D. Coile	99.4

Note—In a recent issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA it was stated that George Chatt had beaten the record of Jack Schwinn in the Salmon. This was done in a club contest and not at a National Tournament. To those not familiar with casting it might seem misleading, and in order to prevent any confusion it might be well to state that all records are made at National Tournaments and stand as such even if at a club contest that record may be beaten. Schwinn is still the holder of the record in the Salmon Fly Distance.

RESULTS OF THE CLEVELAND CLUB TOURNAMENT

Eddie Braddon won the All-Round with a score of 9,067 points. Connelly was second, scoring 8,036 with Trimble taking third with 7,379 points to his credit. In the ¼ oz. Accuracy, Arbogast, visiting member, had a low score of 99.6, but Lockwood and Trimble tied for first place with scores of 99.2, Brad-

(Continued on page 71)

RUSTIC HICKORY FURNITURE CO.

E. H. HANDLEY
PRESIDENT & MANAGER

MANUFACTURERS OF

ESTABLISHED 1902

Chairs, Rockers, Settees, Tables, Swings
and Outdoor Rustic Work

LAPORTE, INDIANA

October 4th
1926

M. A. Bergfeld,
536 Lake Shore Drive,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Bergfeld:-

We have just checked over our "ad profits" for the 1926 outdoor season, and we know you will be interested in our findings.

Rustic Hickory Furniture carried space in five well-known outdoor magazines the past spring and summer, and although Outdoor America ranked second in number of inquiries received, it led the field, by several lengths, in the amount of actual traceable business.

The number of inquiries received were as follows:

Magazine A.	300
Outdoor America	200
Magazine C.	150
Magazine D.	150
Magazine E	150

This is conclusive evidence to us that Outdoor America reaches a real live bunch of sportsmen- the fellows who want the best, and get it.

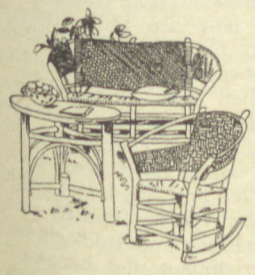
You can count on us in 1927.

Yours very truly,

RUSTIC HICKORY FURNITURE CO.

H. L. Handley.

HLH/G.



RUSTIC HICKORY *A Reflection of Nature's Beauty*

Your Dog and Mine

Edited by V. C. EBEL

Puppy Diet and Health

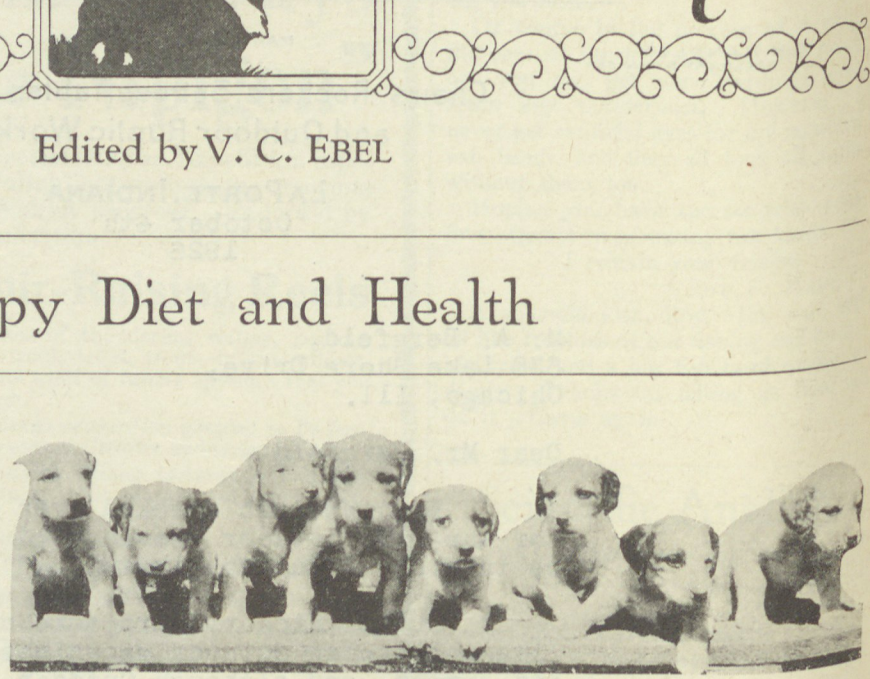
ALL advantages are attended by disadvantages, but in the matter of raising a puppy, the pleasures may far outweigh the duties of proper care (if such duties are considered disadvantages), by following a simple routine in feeding and care.

You have heard the common remark, "Yes, I would like to have a dog, and we really should have one, but deliver me from raising a puppy." Ask the man who is raising a puppy and if he possesses the characteristics of one who gets the most out of life he will give you a definition of the law of compensation as applied to raising a puppy that will make you envy him.

Exit popular opinion of the unexperienced. Enter common sense in the person of one who seeks pleasure and finds it. This person should elect himself master of the puppy and adhere to this position, which will be agreeable and beneficial to the pup.

There are several first things to do after the new member of the family is introduced to caressing hands. If there are youngsters to welcome the newcomer, you will have many offers of assistance and the feeding of the puppy will be simpler because of the likeness in the children's diet and that of the puppy. Whether he be a mastiff or a chihuahua, a mixed breed or a pure bred, his care should be just the same. Provide a comfortable bed in a dry warm place where admiring hands will not disturb his much needed growing sleep, and then look to his food.

At baby age, feed him plain nourishing food without grease and very little starch. His growing appetite and body demand more than his healthy capacity, therefore give him at least three meals a day. Prepare two of the meals with a whole milk base, and thicken to a heavy consistency with any plain nourishing food, such as boiled rice, dried bread or toast (that from whole wheat preferred), whole wheat or corn cereals, or any one of several advertised



Feed 'em right.

brands of puppy meal. Broth from meat should be substituted for milk occasionally for a change, and if fresh milk is not available, you may use dried or evaporated milk. The other meal should consist of meat and vegetables, meat being the principal item. Beef, lamb or mutton meat is equally good and should be cooked in any manner except frying. Raw clean beef should be included occasionally, but this, as well as the other meats, should be chopped. If you run his meat meal through the food chopper you may save the puppy a choking spell and undoubtedly will aid his digestion. Vegetables are as necessary to the growing puppy as to the child, and they contain certain food values that are necessary to forming teeth, bone and muscle. Most any of your cooked table vegetables are good, except potatoes and white beans, which contain a great amount of starch. The gastric juices of a dog's stomach are not given to the digestion of starch, however abnormal they are in the digestion of proteins, such as lean meat. Green vegetables are best, and preference should be given to spinach, asparagus, beet tops, cooked lettuce and celery, any one of which must, of course, be chopped and mixed with the meat and dried bread or puppy meal, over which sufficient milk or broth is poured to make the food moist.

The amount of food at each feeding can not be judged by the appetite of the puppy, for if it were, he would soon be suffering from indigestion and colic. Like many people, the puppy's eyes are bigger than his stomach, and he will invariably overeat if he is given too much food. In this particular the size and breed of the puppy and your common sense must govern the amount of food at each feeding. A safe rule to follow is to allow him to eat until his sides are well rounded, but not bulging into unshapeliness. A healthy puppy should be eager for his food, and the proper amount should be finished with the same evident appetite as when he started to eat. If he leaves part of his food, take it away and throw it away or give it to the chickens. Regular eating as well as habits are beneficial and resolve the cares into a pleasant routine.

It is interesting to watch the development of the mind and body of your puppy, and such development is not without its surprises. At about the age of three months you will suddenly come to the realization that your puppy is fast becoming a dog, similar to the transition of youth to manhood. Large feet, awkwardness, and the change from puppy fur to hair are indications of maturity, not to mention the mental development. At this time you should include soft boiled eggs, puppy biscuit, stewed fruit juices (prunes and apricots), boned fish and coarser cuts of meat. It is advisable not to feed bones, especially chicken and fish bones, which splinter and often prove fatal by puncturing the intestines and stomach wall. The little nourishment that bones contain can be boiled out or easily replaced by a little of the more digestible and less dangerous food. Custom dictates that the dog shall have a bone to gnaw,

but this practice has shown that a dog biscuit is as effective for cutting teeth and not detrimental to his health. Plenty of clean drinking water is as essential as clean rations and kennel.

The question of exercise is one of the necessities of successful puppy raising, for upon the amount of play and exercise depends the physical and mental development. The puppy will provide plenty of both if he is given the opportunity, for it seems that nature has provided the instinct to play and gnaw to purposely furnish the puppy with necessary exercise. He should not be allowed to play beyond his strength and suffer a nervous reaction. You may readily realize how easily and thoughtlessly this may occur if there are children about. The puppy does not realize his nervous fatigue, and often he must show endurance equal to the sum total of those whom he is amusing. This nervous exhaustion is noticeable by a digestive disturbance which causes him to lose his food, and indigestion in puppies leads to many other ailments.

The fundamental principles of successful puppy raising are the same regardless of the breed, and aside from a few "don'ts," intelligent and common sense care will bring him to the adult stage in good physical condition. Exercise him moderately, feed moderately on plain fare, and let him sleep to his heart's content, then you can expect to have a dog that will possess his full measure of health and perfect development, not to mention the loyalty and devotion unobtainable and unequaled in any other living form.

Questions and Answers

EARS OF GERMAN SHEPHERD

F. G. D. Lamkin, Miss. At what age should the ears of a shepherd dog stand?

Answer: The time varies from six weeks to a year of age. Do not be alarmed if the puppy does not hold his ears erect at a few months of age. Very few shepherds fail to get their ears up within ten months if they are in a healthy condition.

DOG KILLS CHICKENS

G. O. W. Middletown, Ohio. Will you tell me what to do to prevent my Airedale from catching chickens?

Answer: If your dog is young, punish him severely only when caught in the act of chasing or holding a chicken. I have found that beating the dog with a chicken that he has been caught with will bring home a good lesson. The dog is naturally a hunting and killing animal and considerable patience must be exercised in overcoming this fault, especially if he is an old dog and has been exercising the habit for some time.

AUTO EXHAUST FUMES AND THE DOG

S. A. Y. Oakland City, Indiana. My three-year-old setter bird dog has lately developed a car sickness which was not evident before. He rides in the closed car with me a great deal lately, and I am wondering if the smaller amount of fresh air would have anything to do with this trouble.

Answer: You can easily determine whether the lack of fresh air is the cause of the sickness. If the dog becomes sick to his stomach, is droggy and staggers, the cause may be carbon monoxide gas poisoning which dogs are very susceptible to. It might be well for you to examine your car to see if there is an exhaust leak which would allow the exhaust gas to come up through the floor-boards of your car. If there is a leak, this is quite dangerous to yourself as well as the dog.

SORE FEET HUNTING DOG

C. A. R. Ft. Worth, Tex. Last season

"Strong Heart" Police Dogs

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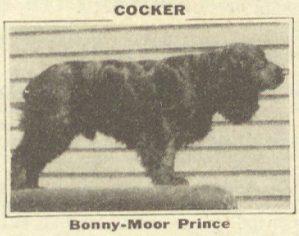
COCKER



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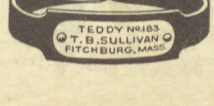

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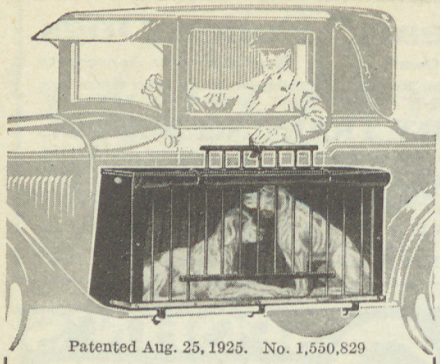

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Though light weight, it is durable and of strong construction, being built throughout of high quality automobile materials. Finished in genuine Du Pont Duco.

The top is built like the tops on the closed cars. It has storm curtain. All wooden parts are protected so the dogs cannot gnaw. The floor is trimmed with bright alite metal moulding to match the runningboard and all trimmings are nickel plated.

The improved heavy adjustable clamps hold it in a position so its reinforced tapered back does not touch the body of the car. It takes less than half a minute to clamp it on.

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I had trouble with my field dog's feet becoming sore after hunting a few days. How may I prevent a reoccurrence this fall?

Answer: The best way is the natural way. Your dog's feet have become tender during off hunting season, the same as your hands might become tender without manual labor. Work your dog for several weeks before the hunting season to toughen his feet. If you cannot spare the time to do this, put leather boots on him if you expect to work him hard during the open season. If his feet are sore and you desire to continue to use him, dip the pads of his feet in roofing pitch and then dust with some kind of dusting powder that will prevent stickiness. Talcum powder is good, or fuller's earth.

DOBERMAN PINSCHER

K. T. G. Tampa, Fla. Will you give me some descriptive dope on the Doberman Pinscher. Are they a one-man dog?

Answer: This breed is a comparatively recent origin from Germany and was evolved from two or three breeds by a German fancier by the name of A. Herr Doberman. They are used quite extensively in Germany for police work and are reputed to be very intelligent. They are of the terrier type and have cropped ears and docked tail. The color is either black brown or rust red. Their principal qualities are faithfulness, attentiveness, fearlessness, distrustful towards strangers and easily trained. They are desirable as a watch dog. The Doberman Pinscher, having qualities for police work, is necessarily a one-man dog. This quality, of course, may be developed or neglected, for much depends upon the training.

LICE ON PUPPIES

C. C. B. Danville, Ill. How can I get rid of lice on six weeks old shepherd puppies?

Answer: Sponge the puppies with a three percent solution of creolin, allowing the coat to dry itself. Repeat every four days for three or four applications to kill subsequent hatched young lice.

DOG INSURANCE

A. A. S. Jeffers, Minn. I am going to have my police dog trained and I would like to insure him. Do you know of any insurance company that insures dogs and how much it costs?

Answer: Insurance may be had covering loss by disease, accident, fire, lightning, and tornado, including theft and poisoning. The rates that we have on file are for all breeds, male or female. Over one and under six years $14.00 to $17.00 per hundred dollars. Over six and under seven years of age, $16.00 to $19.00. Pups 6 months and under 12 months, $20.00 to $22.00.

MORE ABOUT GERMAN SHEPHERD EARS

F. P. P. Chicago, Ill. As a constant reader of your magazine, I take the privilege of asking you for advice about my German Shepherd pup, who though ten months old does not raise his ears. Do you think there is any hope of his raising them? The only time he carries them erect is when chasing a stick or ball, but drops them soon or folds them straight over his neck.

Answer: Would suggest that you massage the ears and give some attention to the dog's diet. Feed him more clean raw beef and green vegetables and add a teaspoonful of cod liver oil to his food each day. The fact that the ears are erect when excited is very encouraging, and we might add that dogs are sometimes a year old before their ears take a permanent erect position.

EXCESSIVE SHEDDING

P. M. G. Lehighton, Pa. I have a pedigreed Bull Terrier just one year old. He is in splendid health apparently but there are two things that I am worried about. 1. He seems to be shedding his hair more than ordinary, especially the last two weeks. He gets lots of meat; in fact, it is his principal diet, it is all cooked meat, however. I have been told that it does not matter how much meat you feed a dog so long as it is fresh cooked. Does the staleness of this cooked meat matter? His teeth are a yellowish brown from the gums out for at least half the length of the tooth and the rest, of course, is white. Is there a remedy for this?

Answer: Your description would indicate that the trouble is in the dog's diet. The excessive shedding may be due to a skin infection or to his diet. Have your dog examined by a competent veterinarian

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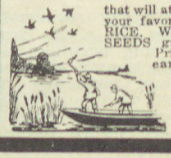

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for worms and, if present, take immediate steps to remove them. We believe that outside of the possibility of worms, that a properly balanced diet will correct the condition you describe. The teeth should be clean and white if he is in a healthy condition. Try feeding him clean fresh, raw meat, and cooked fresh vegetables finely chopped. Spinach, string beans, and onions boiled in slightly salted water. Mix a teaspoonful of cod liver oil in his food each day and keep his coat well groomed and allow him a moderate amount of exercise.

Write our Kennel Service Department for information on dogs. There is no charge for this service

Scientific Angling

(Continued from page 66)

don and Phillips taking second with one point less. Braddon captured the ½ oz. Accuracy, scoring 99.6, Arbogast taking 6 off beating Trimble, who made a score of 99.2.

Trimble showed his usual form by winning the ⅝ oz. Accuracy with a good score of 99.7, followed by Foss with 5 off, and K. Y. James, who managed a 99.4, took the ¼ oz. Distance with an average of 172.6 feet. Trimble, closely pressed by Braddon with 170.4, Foss taking third with 151.6.

In this event Arbogast made the long cast of 246 feet. 238 feet was the average of the winner of the ½ oz. Distance, Braddon, who had a long cast of 250 feet. Connelly was second man with 213.8, third place going to Palmer, who scored an average of 183.4. Again Arbogast made the longest cast, two of them, 295 feet.

The ⅝ oz. Distance went to Foss, who averaged 213 feet. Braddon second, with 210.2 feet to his credit, and Connelly scored 194.2, winning third.

Braddon captured both Distance Fly Events, although neither was completed on account of rain. In the Salmon Event he scored 142⅓ feet, beating Connelly, 130, and James 127 feet. In the 5¾ oz. Eddie averaged 101⅓ feet.

Bad conditions spoiled good scoring in the Accuracy Fly Events as a small cyclone lasted while two were being cast, the Unknown Dry just escaping. Connelly took the Accuracy, being tied by Arbogast, 7 off, while the next man, Marriott, had to be content with a score of 99.4. Lockwood took third with 12 off.

Shrum, in spite of conditions, scored 99.10 in the Dry Fly with James, Palmer, and Braddon tied for next place with 99.3.

Trimble scored 4 off in the Unknown Dry, beating out Shrum, who had five demerits, followed by Marriott with one more.

The ⅝ oz. Accuracy had 24 entries, and among the regulars were visiting members, Arbogast of Akron, Bornholt

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1 pint	2.50	" "	2.70
1 quart	4.00	" "	4.25
4½ pts.	8.00	" "	8.35

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The Evening Post Building
75 WEST STREET NEW YORK CITY
Write for Distributor's Proposition

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OUR Kennel Service Department is conducted for the benefit of our readers.

All service is cheerfully rendered free of charge.

If you want to know where or how to buy a dog, how to take care of it, or any other information pertaining to dogs or live stock, write to

Kennel Service Department

Outdoor America

536 Lake Shore Drive

CHICAGO

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FOX raising is profitable if undertaken in a sensible way. It is an economically sound and stable business because the demand for good quality silver black pelts far exceeds the supply. Enough good pelts to meet this need cannot be produced for the next thirty years. Good pelts will bring $200 and upwards.

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Insist on buying Silver Black Foxes Registered in the Canadian National Live Stock Records. This is your Protection as to Quality. All of our Foxes are Registered, and from Prize Winning Stock at Royal Winter Fair. Our Prices are Reasonable. Write today for our Prices and any information on the industry that you want.
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Sir Charles Dalton
started the Silver Fox Industry forty years ago. We are his exclusive American representative. Every fox Registered and Pedigreed. Every pair selected for mating and inspected for fur quality by Sir Charles, personally. Direct to you from the Original Dalton Ranch. Why not start with the oldest and finest strain. Reasonable prices. Don't wire. Write us, we'll be here.
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Hamilton Tobin, Gen. Mgr.
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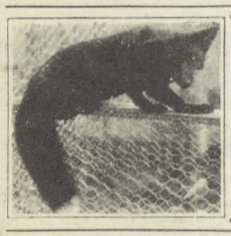

BIG PROFITS
in raising Silver Black Foxes. Buy a pair of our Registered Grade I foxes and make big money. Our foxes won 10 prizes with 12 entries at the Buffalo Show. Write for prices and terms. Ask for our booklet "The Silver Fox, What It Is". It is free.
Cass Lake Silver Black Fox Co.
Cass Lake, Minn.

Write our Kennel Service Department for any kind of information on dogs

of Illinois, Kinnear and Davidson of Geneva.

CLUB TOURNAMENTS

The Illinois Casting Club held its annual club tournament Sunday, September 26th, with Howard Chatt the leader of the Class A men.

Over thirty entries were in each event and the place winners with their classification follow:

Name	Accuracy Fly Score	Place	Class
Howard Chatt	99-12/15	1st	A
Wm. McCandless	99-9/15	2nd	A
C. H. Bornholt	99-6/15	3rd	A
L. E. DeGarmo	99-6/15	3rd	A
W. Willman	99-6/15	3rd	A
F. J. Lane	99-7/15	1st	B
C. Mathie	99-5/15	2nd	B
H. Vong	99-5/15	2nd	B
E. L. Randle	98-3/15	3rd	B
¼ oz. Accuracy			
C. H. Bornholt	99.5	1st	A
H. Chatt	99.4	2nd	A
N. Schroeder	98.8	3rd	A
W. Eberman	99.1	1st	B
L. E. DeGarmo	99.1	1st	B
Wm. McCandless	99.0	2nd	B
H. Vong	98.7	3rd	B
F. J. Lane	98.9	1st	C
E. L. Randle	98.9	1st	C
W. G. Kromphardt	98.6	2nd	C
E. R. Darby	98.3	3rd	C
½ oz. Accuracy			
W. A. Eberman	99.2	1st	A
N. Schroeder	98.7	2nd	A
H. Chatt	98.6	3rd	A
W. G. Kromphardt	98.9	1st	B
Wm. McCandless	98.6	2nd	B
H. Vong	99.4	1st	C
A. L. McCombs	98.8	2nd	C
R. Durrell	98.8	2nd	C
L. E. DeGarmo	98.8	2nd	C
G. Watson	97.7	3rd	C
⅝ oz. Accuracy			
W. Willman	99.9	1st	A
H. Vong	99.7	2nd	A
H. Chatt	99.7	2nd	A
F. J. Lane	99.6	3rd	A
F. N. White	99.4	1st	B
L. E. DeGarmo	99.4	1st	B
G. Watson	99.3	1st	C
R. T. Durrell	99.2	2nd	C
W. G. Kromphardt	99.1	3rd	C

Superior Forest

(Continued from page 19)

is being made of this Forest; those going in in 1926 being two to three times as many as in 1925. The Canadian Government has set apart a larger tract than this immediately on the other side of the boundary known as Quetico Park or Reserve. This, too, is a wonderful piece of wilderness, lakes, forests, streams and waterfalls. No settlement is permitted within the confines of that region and no roads of any kind. The fires are mostly watched by means of hydroplanes. A charge of $5.00 per person is made for those who desire to go into that wilderness and everything is done by the Ontario Government to preserve its integrity. As soon as the Government has obtained the private lands within the Forest, these two great Reserves will probably be operated more or less on the same lines or according to the same plan, paralleling each other as they do for nearly 150 miles with only the border waters between. Thus will be created a reserve of some three and one-half million acres on both sides of the boundary, to which our citizens will have free access, from which all roads except those necessary for fire protection, will be excluded; a veritable paradise for the canoeist, the fisherman and the camper for all time to come.

Tarnedge Foxes!
(Established 1910.)
The Prize Winning Ranch
35 Pairs of Breeders,
31 Pairs of Prize Winners.
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Sweepstakes Winners!
Blue Ribbon Winners!
The Oldest Ranch in the U. S.
Catalogue SABATTIS, N.Y.

Buyers of Silver Foxes
Should insist on registration in the American National Fox Breeders Association.
The only recognition of breeding value in Silver Foxes is that given by the official recording association thru inspection and registration. A copy of the Year Book of the Silver Fox Industry will be sent those contemplating purchase of foxes.
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424 McKnight Bldg., Minneapolis
Official Registration Organization of the Fox Industry

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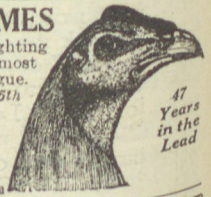
Successor to
GEORGE W. MEANS
275 S. Union St., Concord, N. Carolina



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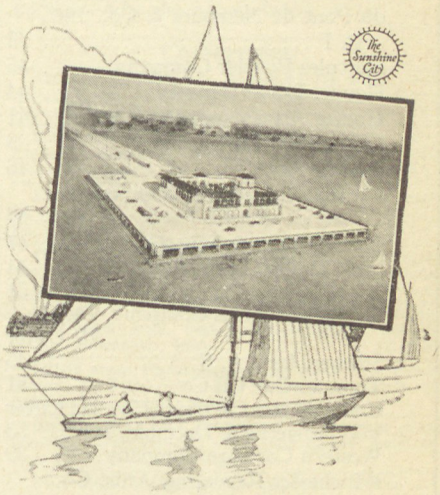

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The Sunshine City has made great preparation for your entertainment this winter. It has built a million-dollar recreation pier, new theatres, 114 miles of additional highways, new hotels, apartments and homes. In fact, you are sure to enjoy this pleasant city now even more than ever before. Same old hospitality and same dependable sunshine—360 days a year. Write for our new booklet. Address: B. H. O'Connor, Chamber of Commerce,
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Address: Classified Advertising Department THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA 536 LAKE SHORE DRIVE CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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EVENTUALLY you will cover your springs. The McCleod Patented Spring covers are durable, effective and low priced. A quiet, easy riding car, free from spring squeaks, is the result. The Morris Supply Co., Wheeling, W. Va. (3-2)

SELF steering Automobile Leaders. Write Britzius Mfg. Co., Dover, Minn. (3-11)

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DEN Curios, Old Arms, Prehistoric Indian stone relics. Rare Indian beaded trappings. Everything for den. Large lists ten cents. N. Carter, Elkhorn, Wis. (3-12)

$2 TO $500 each paid for hundreds of old or odd Coins. Keep all old money—it may be very valuable. Send 10 cents for illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x6. Guaranteed prices. Get posted. We pay cash. Clarke Coin Company, Desk 20, LeRoy, N. Y. (11x26)

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MEXICAN Jumping Beans (alive)—Nature's Greatest Curiosity, 3 for 25¢; 20 for $1.00 postpaid. Swinden Supply Co., Tilton, N. H. (3-11)

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PURE bred little English call decoy ducks—best callers on earth. No other breed near them. $2.00 to $5.00 each. P. C. Stephens, Columbus, Kansas.

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Decoys—Continued

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WILD mallard decoys. $1.50 each. H. J. Flikkema, Fulton, Ill.

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BEAGLE puppies, some started, good type and best field breeding, backed by twenty years of winners; also some excellent Springer puppies. All registered. Price right. Mondamin Kennels, Box C, DeKalb, Ill. (3-11)

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Dogs

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FOR Sale. American Pitt Bulls, Brindle and tan dogs, whelped 19th of May. Females $12, males $15. Tan female two years old, weight 30 lbs., $15. Tan male four years, weight 40 lbs., $20. Brindle female, one year old, weight 35 lbs., $20. Brindle female, 4-year, weighs 45 pounds, $25.00. All have white marks. All registered in U. K. C. Mrs. G. M. Schulze, Norton, Kans.

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CHESAPEAKES and Springers for sale. Two trained male chesapeakes. Sent on trial. Harry Carney, New Hampton, Iowa. (3-11)

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CHOICE Chesapeake puppies for sale. Guaranteed duck dogs, best blood available. A. L. Green, Hawarden, Iowa. (3-12)

HIGH class Chesapeake pups for sale. Price, Males $15.00, Females $10.00. Emil R. Schoen, Gladstone, Nebr.

CHESAPEAKES. Registered pups, dead grass colored. Two months old. Arrowhead Kennels, Box 704, North Hibling, Minn.

FOR Sale: Chesapeake puppies. Three females; eight males. Cheap or trade for firearms. Archie Staton, Hoopeston, Ill.

Collies

WENONAH Farm white Collies. Am booking orders now for Christmas dogs. Best of breeding. Intelligent and beautiful. Pedigrees furnished. Males $30.00 to $40.00. Females $25.00. Alfred Raley, Humboldt, So. Dak.

COLLIES for sale. Training Book, 35c. Sunnybrae Farms, Bloomington, Ill. (3-12)

Dalmatians

DALMATIANS. Guard home and automobile with a coach dog. Youngsters for sale, eligible to registration. Regal Dalmatian Kennels, Nevada, Ohio. (3-12)

Hounds

THE World's Largest Dog Kennel has for sale Big Game Hounds, Foxhounds, Coonhounds and Rabbit Hounds. All dogs individually schooled and trained by our famous canine specialists and shipped on trial. Delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Trained dogs $50.00 to $150.00 each. Thoroughbred puppies $15.00 to $35.00 each. Large illustrated catalog ten cents. Oorang Kennels, Box 9, La Rue, Ohio. (3-11)

LOOK! Look! Gentlemen, here is your chance to buy a real coon dog. I am offering you my old reliable coon dog Joe, four years old, breeding Kentucky English Strain. He is good looking, O. K. in every respect, open trailer, good tree barker, all night hunter, rabbit, fox and stock proof. Will trail tree in swimming water. First $55.00 gets him on 20 days' trial. Reference to the First National Bank. A. F. Doran, Murray, Kentucky.

LOOK! Look! Rabbit hunters, I offer you for sale my pair of rabbit hounds, Rock and Fan, 2 ½ years old, good as ever run a trail, full blooded hounds, breeding Bird Song and Red Bone, medium size, extra good lookers, neither man nor gun shy. Will ship anywhere on 15 days' trial. First $30.00 gets them C. O. D. Reference First National Bank, Murray, Kentucky. J. R. Cain, Murray, Kentucky.

FOR Sale—My pair of trained coon and opossum hounds. Open trailers, fast wide rangers, tree barkers and stayers. Will make good in any climate and please the most exacting. For $65.00 on trial. B. Kesterson, Sedalia, Ky. B127.

Dogs

Hounds—Continued

COON hunters willing to pay $75.00 for A-1 coon dogs. Write me. Satisfaction guaranteed. We had rather ship only a few A-1 coon dogs and have them satisfy as to ship a hundred and not satisfy every customer. We have a few real honest-to-goodness coon hounds, the kind that all want and seldom get. Have both open and silent trailers. Reference furnished. Hickory Grove Kennel, Murray, Kentucky.

STOP! Stop! Important! Coon hunters—for sale, my still trailing coon dog Mike. Four years old, all night hunter, good tree barker, rabbit, fox and stock proof, ship anywhere on 20 days' trial for $60.00. Also my three year old squirrel dog Will—$35.00, good as ever lived, on 20 days' trial. Reference to the First National Bank. A. F. Doran, Murray, Kentucky.

FOR Sale: My A No. 1 four-year-old coonhound, good as lives, wide hunter, good trailer, and tree barker. Last season's catch over $200.00 in watery bottoms, O. K. in every way. For $55.00 on 20 days trial. J. Vaughn, D78, Mayfield, Ky. Vaughn is reliable to deal with. Ed Gardner, President First National Bank. (3-11)

HUNDRED Hunting Hounds. Cheap. Fur Finders. Buy Early. Hunting Horns, Medicines, Colors, etc. Catalogue. Kaskaskennels, SM11, Herrick, Ill.

OAK Grove Kennels, Ina, Illinois, offers for sale extra good coon, skunk and opossum hounds; fox, wolf and coyote hounds; rabbit hounds. Also youngsters nicely started, at $15.00 each. High class pointers and setters, foxterriers. Trial allowed. Prices very reasonable. Descriptive price list ten cents. (3x26)

SPORTSMEN—Rabbithounds, gun and field broken, long-eared open trailers, steady drivers, clear voices, price $25 each. Send $5 with order, balance C. O. D. Ten days' trial, no trash, prompt shipment. Write Leo Adams, Ramsey, Ill.

FOR Sale: My coonhound, Mac, as good as goes into the woods, full hound, 4½ years, good striker, trailer, water worker and tree barker. Will ship C. O. D. $45.00 money deposited with agent. I pay all express charges on Mac. C. Scott, S64, Mayfield, Ky.

FOR Sale—My reliable coon hound Scott, that I have hunted with and know him to be an all night hunter and rabbit proof. First $50.00 gets him on 15 days' trial. Fred Yandell, Mayfield, Ky., Star. B33.

FRYE'S Kennels, Finger, Tenn., offers for sale perfectly trained coonhounds, combination hunters, bird dogs. Price reasonable. Sent C. O. D., trial. Learn the only way to buy and how I pay express. Catalog, 5¢. (3-11)

RUSSIAN Wolfhounds for show, hunting and companionship. Magnificent long silky haired dogs from imported strains. Catalogue, dime. Arkansas Valley Kennels, Cimarron, Kansas. (6-12)

FOR Sale: Trained rabbit hounds. Males $25.00, females $17.50. Youngsters started, $12.50. Sent C. O. D. on 5 days' trial. Order from this ad. W. O. Henson, Xenia, Illinois.

TRAINED hounds—Pedigreed coon, cat, bear, deer, wolf, fox and rabbit hounds. Pups that make good with little training. Sharon Kennels, W. J. Lytle, Prop., Sharon Center, Ohio. (3-1)

ARKANSAS Coon hounds and combination hunters for coon, opossum, cat, squirrel, rabbit hounds. All dogs sent on trial. Ouachita Kennels, W. B. Peters, Mena, Ark. Box 254.

FOR Sale—Some real Caddo River coon and opossum hounds, $37.50 to $75.00. Champion rabbit dogs, $17.50 to $25.00. Write, LePelley Bros., Caddo Gap, Ark.

COON hounds for sale. One old bitch and five pups, four months old. Two young bitches nicely started on coon. James Ogilvie Shell Lake, Wisconsin.

COON, Opossum, Skunk, and Rabbit hounds. Black and tan, blueticks and redbones. Trial; prices reasonable. Joe Sarver, Taskee Sta., Mo. (3-11)

FAST and sure killing wolfhounds. Greys, Stags, Russians, "Irish & Grey," also registered Walker fox hounds. Some splendid trained dogs. Carl Burkholder, Galata, Mont. (3-11)

ENGLISH Blood Hound pups, twelve weeks old, from registered stock, ancestors man trailers. Michigan State Prison Kennels, Jackson, Michigan. (3-12)

HUNDRED Hunting Hounds. Cheap. Fur Finders. Buy Early. Hunting Horns, Medicines, Colors, etc. Catalogue. Kaskaskennels, SM11, Herrick, Ill.

FOR Sale. Fox, rabbit and tree hounds. Cheap, broke and unbroke. Write for prices. Bert Halbrook, Tower Hill, Ill. (3-1)

TRAINED stag hounds for sale, all guaranteed; also pups from a 32-inch sire. W. A. Carlisle, Cherokee, Okla. (3-1)

CAT, Coon, Bear, Lion Hounds for sale. Experienced, Western tree dogs that tree and stay. E. Essex, Victoryway at 130th St., Seattle, Washington. (10x26)

HUNTING hounds, experienced hunters, coon, fox and combination, open and silent. Long trial. H. M. Collins, Sturkie, Ark.

TRAINED coon, fox and rabbit hounds and pups for sale. C. E. Chandler, Sharon Center, Ohio. (3-1)

BEAGLES, rabbit hounds, cheap, trial. C. O. D. Approval. S. Sharkey, Westminster, Md. (3-1)

FOXHOUNDS. All ages, registered, pedigreed Walkers. Few choice puppies. Dr. M. Casper, Starks Bldg., Louisville, Ky. (3-11)

FOR Sale. Hunting hounds. Cheap. Ten days' trial. J. D. Burrus, Taskee Sta., Mo. (3-11)

HIGH class Fox, Deer, Coon hounds; a few still trailing coon and varmint dogs. J. R. Stephens, Marshall, Ark. (3-11)

CLAYTON'S Kennels, Finger, Tenn., offer high-class coonhounds, combination hunters, rabbit hounds; trial. Catalog 5 cents. (3-12)

TRAINED fox hounds. Trial allowed. Young dogs and long eared pups on approval. Franklin Kennels, Franklin, Vermont. (3-12)

COON, opossum, skunk, rabbit hounds. Cheap, trial, C. O. D. Ginger Kennels, Herrick, Ill. (3-12)

THREE A-1 coon, skunk and opossum hounds. Trial. Reasonable. A. F. Sampey, Springfield, Mo. (4-1)

LONG-EARED open-trailing rabbit hounds, beagles, $20.00, $25.00. Trial. Kenneth Flowman, Lakewood, Illinois. (3-12)

WRITE Porter Bros., Higginsville, Mo., for Fox, Wolf, Coon or Rabbit Hounds. Bill Berry or High Stride Pups. (3-12)

COON, skunk, rabbit, fox hounds, fur finders. No trash. Free trial. V. Langdon, Dressor, Ill. (3-1)

COONHOUND pups from real cooners. Prices $4.00 to $15.00. Must please. Lester West, Adel, Iowa.

MISSISSIPPI Coon, Skunk Hounds. Price list free. Norman King, Durant, Miss.

HUNTING hounds cheap. Trial. C. O. D. Ginger Kennels, Herrick, Ill.

HUNTING Hounds cheap; trial. Dixie Kennels, B5, Herrick, Illinois. (3-1)

COON, Fox and Rabbit hounds. Guaranteed. George Walters, Seven Valleys, Pa. (3-11)

TRAINED rabbit and beagle hounds. Ed. Leichtle, Cold Spring, Ky. (3-11)

Labradors

REGISTERED Labrador Retriever pups. Seven months. Banchory Strain. Prices reasonable. Labrador Kennels, Limerick, Sask., Canada. (3-11)

BEAUTIFUL Labrador Retriever Puppies. Wonderful stock. G. Bertsch, Glasgow, Mont. (3-11)

REGISTERED Labrador Retrievers. Bred from best hunting stock obtainable. The Dakota Kennels, Box 924, Fargo, N. D. (3-1)

LABRADOR retriever puppies. Sire and dam real duck dogs. Frank Leaders, Papillion, Nebr. (3-1)

Miscellaneous Dogs

ARKANSAS Coon hounds. High class straight coon hounds, $150.00 each. No. 1 Coon hounds $100.00. No. 2, $75.00. Average Coon hounds $50.00. Combination tree hounds $30.00. Big game combination Wolf, Deer, Bear and Cat hounds $50.00. Half and three-quarters tree dogs, $25.00 to $35.00 each. Old tree hounds, $20.00 and $25.00. Fox hounds $35.00 to $100.00. Deer hounds $50.00. Sq. dogs $15.00. Sq. hounds $20.00. Rabbit dogs $15.00. Rabbit hounds $20.00. Partly trained hounds $15.00 to $20.00. Trained pups $5.00 to $10.00. Also Grey hounds; Collies; Bird dogs; Bull dogs. Mexican dogs and Shepherds. Live Coons $10.00. Cub Bears $65.00. Order from this ad, 10 days trial. John G. Gardiner, c/o St. Ry. Co., Sharon, Pa., recently won honors with coon hound I sold him at Mahoning County Coon hound field trials, Youngstown, Ohio. My hounds also won at Little Rock, Dallas and Tulsa. 35 years successful dog business. List and references free. W. B. Caraway, Alma, Arkansas. (3-11)

THE Blue Grass Farm Kennels, Berry, Kentucky, offer for sale: Setters and Pointers, Fox, and Cat Hounds, Wolf and Deer Hounds, Coon and Opossum Hounds, Bear and Lion Hounds, Varmint and Rabbit Hounds. Shipped for trial. Catalogue ten cents. (9x26)

Miscellaneous Dogs—Continued

FOR Sale. Setters and Pointers, Coon, Fox, Opossum, Varmint, Beagles, Rabbit and big game hounds. Don't write unless want to buy. Reference Harrison Deposit Bank. E. R. Gossett, Cynthiana, Ky. (3-11)

RESTVIEW Kennels, Freedom, Pennsylvania, offers special summer prices on Airedales and wire fox terriers that can win in any company. (3-12)

SELLING healthy intelligent registered mammoth Great Dane, St. Bernard and Newfoundland dogs. N. C. Smith, New Richmond, Indiana. (3-12)

GREAT Dane puppies. Prices reasonable. State wants in first letter. W. R. Biebelle, San Lorenzo, N. Mex. (3-12)

FOR SALE. Llewellyn and English Setters. Also rabbit hounds. Sent on trial. Pamphlets free. O. K. Kennels, Marydel, Maryland. (6-1)

ST. BERNARD puppies. Big type. Pedigreed. Greatest watch dogs. Trusty companions for children. M. W. Willan, Morgantown, Ind. (3-11)

FOR Sale: German Shepherds and wire-haired Fox Terriers. Ray R. Shepherd, Bicknell, Indiana. (6-2)

FOX Terriers, Collies, bulldogs, Pretty Puppies, $10.00 each. Chas. Smiley, Judson, Ind. (12-2)

ENGLISH Setter puppies; registered; hunting stock; nicely marked. Priced right. Also broken rabbit hounds. Clarence Martin, New Holland, Penna.

ENGLISH and Irish Setters and Irish Spaniel Pups for sale. Fred McGough, Pine River, Minn.

Newfoundlands

REGISTERED black and black and white Newfoundland puppies. Males, $25.00. Females, $20.00. Lieblein, Dodge, N. Dak. (3-11)

NEWFOUNDLAND puppies from pedigreed stock. S. J. Greer, Plentywood, Montana. (3-11)

BEAUTIFUL Newfoundland puppies. Companion and guard for the family. Pedigreed. Lone Cedar Farm Kennels, Hartsville, Indiana.

NEWFOUNDLANDS, mammoth, healthy, intelligent registered dogs. Pups for sale. Birky Kennels, Fisher, Illinois.

Pointers and Setters

NATIONAL Champion Doughboy and Champion Fishel Franks blood. Three female pointers, 17 months old, whelped June 19th, 1925. Sire Doughboys Fishel Frank, son of the National Champion Doughboy and Montgomery Girl, she a daughter of Champion Fishel Frank. Dam Granddaughter of Champion De Sota Frank and Cincinnati Nat futurity winner. Price $35.00 each. Five puppies whelped April 10, 1926, sired by Doughboys Fishel Frank, dam daughter of Cincinnati Nat. Price $25.00. One male puppy whelped March 25, 1926. White and lemon, sired by Doughboys Fishels Frank. Price $25.00. One male 17 months old, whelped June 11, 1925. White, black and ticked, sire Dans Nat Son of Imp. Champion Broom Hill Dan and Nats Natilene, daughter of Cincinnati Nat. Price $35.00. All puppies sent C. O. D. Will furnish papers. J. A. Reed, Butterfield, Mo. (3-1)

TRAINED Pointer dog, three years old, white and liver spotted, staunch on points, good nose, retriever backs, all day hunter, good looker, $75.00. Trained Pointer bitch, three years old, good retriever, staunch on points, backs, good nose, bargain $60.00. Trained English Setter dog, three years old, staunch on points, good looker, good nose, retriever, all day hunter. No papers, $75.00. Will ship C. O. D. on five days' trial, You guarantee express both ways. We have others. Murray Kennels, Brighton, Tenn.

NATIONAL Champion Doughboy and Champion Fishel Frank blood for sale. Eight puppies whelped April 1st, 1926. Sire Dowboys Fishel Frank, Son of Natl. Champion Doughboy and Montgomery Girl (Winner), she a daughter of Champion Fishels Frank. Dam, Desota Franks Marge a grand-daughter of Champion Deosta Frank and Cincinnati Nat, a Futurity winner. All papers. Price $25.00. J. A. Reed, Butterfield, Mo. (3-11)

PEDIGREED Irish Setter Puppies from Field Trial and Bench winning stock. Folder and prices on request. Trained, 2½ yrs. old, white and liver pointer dog—$50.00. Trained, 2½ yrs. old, white and lemon pointer bitch, good looker and good retriever, $50.00. Will ship C. O. D. 5 days' trial, you pay express if returned. T. D. McLister, Brighton, Tenn. (3-1)

Dogs

Pointers and Setters—Continued

FOR Sale. One red dog, five years, broke, $40.00. One English dog, three years, broke, $50.00. One bitch, three years, broke, $50.00. One pointer bitch, three years, broke, $50.00. One registered dog, eighteen months, $40.00. Three bitches and one dog, $25.00 each. Sold for board. C. O. D. Subject approval. Mike Hays, Hopkinsville, Ky.

REGISTERED Pointer bitch. Does it all right. Four years old. Wonderful quail dog. Two hundred dollars. Setter dog, real quail dog. Extra fine shooting dog. One fifty. These are most wonderful dogs and will please most exacting sportsman. John Hale, West Plains, Mo.

AM selling my ten pointers and setters, six months to six years, nicely started and broken, hardened shooting dogs and bitches. Bred from Champions. Write for descriptions, breeding and bargain prices. F. P. Woodall, Winchester, Ill.

NEW Everyuse Dog. Combining Retriever, Pointer, Setter, Beagle and Bloodhound in one individual. Climax of breeding. Imported sires and dams. Write for folder and prices. Bredrite Kennels, Missoula, Mont. (3-12)

THOROUGHBRED Llewellyn, Irish, English, Gordon setters. Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeak Retrievers, pups, trained dogs; describe kind wanted. Inclose 6 cents descriptive lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (1x25)

TWELVE Llewellyn bitch puppies, one hundred per cent. All papers to register. Ages four to ten months. Price fifteen. No photos, as priced for quick sale. J. H. Sullivan, 205 S. Lincoln St., Creston, Iowa. (3-11)

PEDIGREED English Setter puppies ready to hunt this fall. Speed Ben and Eugene M. breeding. $30.00 up. William Connon, Loantaka Way, Madison, New Jersey. (3-11)

READY to go: Pointers and Setters, also broke English Setter bitch. All registered stock. O. H. Peek, 812 W. Center St., Girard, Illinois. (3-11)

WORLD'S greatest bargains in pointers and setters, priced right and shipped on approval. Write us your wants. Oak Grove Kennels, Ina, Illinois. (8x26)

SETTER puppies. 3 months. Sired by son of Candy Kid. Gladstone and Mohawk breeding on dam's side. I. G. Howe, Belmont, N. Y. (3-12)

FOR Sale—Beautiful English Setter male pups. Sire Mike Gibbons-Osakis Duff; dam Gloria Mae. Ten weeks old. All papers. G. L. Runyan, Cambridge, Minn.

ENGLISH Setter puppies four months old. Riley Frush and Count Moring breeding. All papers. Males, $18.50; females, $15.00. F. H. Adams, Hartley, Iowa. (3-1)

HIGH class Pointers. English and Irish Setters and Puppies. Broken and young dogs. Registered, on trial. C. O. D. Wm. Payne, Roper, Kansas.

CHOICE dark red Irish Setter puppies. Grandchildren of Inter-National Champion Tyrone Larry. $25 up. Alva Smith, Clearwater, Nebr. (3-1)

CHOICELY bred Pointer puppies. Ready to hunt. Only $15 each. Write for breeding and descriptions. Gilbert Hensley, Green Castle, Mo.

HIGH class English and Llewellyn Setters thoroughly broken. Ready for use. Also Stud. G. O. Smith, Buckhannon, W. Va. (3-1)

QUAIL dogs thoroughly broken, on trial. Write or wire just what you want. Joe Moss, Lewisburg, Tenn.

AMERICA'S Best Irish Setters—Finest pups $20.00. Photos, pedigrees, full description on request. Earl Askins, Lakewood, Illinois. (3-1)

POINTER puppies and young dogs for sale at all times, prices right. Fred W. Laudy, Belton, Missouri.

PEDIGREED English Setter Pups. Champion bloodlines. Males $30, females, $25. S. Rutford, Clarkfield, Minn. (3-11)

EXCELLENT English Setter puppies. Approval. Papers started. Walter Mangold, Bennington, Nebraska. (3-12)

LET me train your bird dog. Paul Otto, Winnfield, La. (3-12)

RARE pointer dog. Quality stud. Field trial prospect. Ideal shooting. G. O. Smith, Buckhannon, W. Va. (3-1)

BEAUTIFUL Irish Setter pups at half price. Ten to $20.00. Guy Anderson, Viroqua, Wis. Route 5.

Dogs

Pointers and Setters—Continued

TWO English Setter females. Seven months. Papers. $20.00 each. Clarence Jones, Kampsville, Ill.

POINTER pups scientifically bred. Registered proven hunting strains, $35.00. Clayton Ansley, Worcester, Mass. (3-1)

POINTERS, real bird dogs; do it all. Cheap. Trial. S. Sharkey, Westminster, Md. (3-1)

Police Dogs

FOR Sale—Thirty beautiful light, dark and silver grey police pups; sired by imported trained sire of Dustenbrook, Kriminalpolizie blood line; big, husky, healthy pups, $20.00 to $30.00; sold on approval; hundreds of satisfied customers in past 12 years. Dr. Almkler, Cooperstown, N. D. (3-1)

BEAUTIFUL German police puppies, of championship strain. Registered, pedigreed. Immunized from distemper. Shipped on approval. Satisfaction guaranteed. Males $50.00. Females $35.00. Springdale Silver Fox Farms, Scottville, Michigan. (3-11)

FOR Sale. Shepherd (German Police) puppies. Sire 1st litter: International Champion (Joselle's) Dolf von Dusternbrook. Sire 2nd litter: International Champion (Joselle's) Yvon de Beauchamps. Free descriptive circular. North Shellenberger, McAlisterville, Pa. (3-11)

FOR Sale. Pedigreed police puppies, all colors. Sired by imported stud dogs. Best of blood lines. Price $20 and up. Shipped any place on approval. Riverside Kennels, Cooperstown, North Dakota. (3-11)

FOR Sale—25 light and silver gray Police Pups of Kriminalpolizie blood line. Same as Strongheart. Males, $30.00. Females, $20.00. On approval. Thomas Dailey, Hannaford, No. Dak. (3-11)

FOR sale: Pedigreed Police pups, $20 to $30. Also older stock cheap; reducing kennel. Imported trained dog at stud. Elmer Christianson, Hendricks, Minn. Route 2.

FARM raised stock—imported sires—famous dam lines. Yearling dog—litters three and five months. Saint Bernard pups. Springdale Kennels, 1019 Madison, Memphis, Tenn.

PEDIGREED Police puppies from litter of thirteen. Priced to sell quick. Chisago Lake Silver Fox Farm, Chisago City, Minn. (3-1)

BEAUTIFUL German Police dogs. Handsome bitch, fearless stud, pedigreed pups, reasonable. Dog Kennels, Cumberland, Wis. (3-1)

GERMAN Shepherds: One male, year old; four females, three months. Reasonable. Clyde Fernsell, Strasburg, Ohio.

FOR pedigreed Police pups. Grown dogs, bitches open and bred. Write Karnak Kennels, Cooperstown, No. Dak. (3-12)

DOBERMAN-PINSCHER Puppies. Very fine, eligible and right price. Dr. Lueschen, Columbus, Nebr. (3-11)

SALE. Police puppies. Eligible to register. Bernice Hullinger, 114 W. King, Kokomo, Ind.

STRONGHEART Strain Police Pups. Gardiner Silver Fox Ranch, Medina, Ohio. (3-11)

Spaniels

IRISH Water Spaniels, Genuine curly coated rat-tails. Splendid retrievers, land or water. Wonderful intelligence. Easy trained and handled. All puppies from experienced workers. Also youngsters and trained dogs always on hand. Percy K. Swan, Chico, California. (3-11)

SPRINGER Sale. Mature males, females and April whelped puppies. Registered. A great Sire at stud. Satisfaction guaranteed. Attractive prices and descriptions on request. Dr. Ernest Elmen, Sioux Falls, South Dakota. (3-11)

TWO Springer Spaniel pups; eight months old, well trained considering age. Real field trial prospects, Sire Dual Champion Flint of Avandale, Dam Letty of Avandale, her by Champion Springbok of Ware, best breeding on earth. G. H. Thorsby, St. Charles, Mich.

SPRINGERS. Registered puppies. Parents imported from Ware Kennels, England. Also puppies from bitch sired by Laverstock Powderhorn. Prices $40 to $65. Imported Stud, service $25. Wickham Kennels, Mound, Minn. (3-12)

Dogs

Spaniels—Continued

IRISH Water Spaniels. Puppies from thoroughbred registered hunting stock. Raised in a hunting country on a 3000 acre ranch. Russell Thompson, Box 135, Wood Lake, Nebr. (3-11)

PURE bred brown spaniel pups. Rat-tail curly coated type. Bred from trained parents and guaranteed to please. Males $15.00, females, $12.50. E. T. Hall, Peetz, Colo. (3-12)

SPRINGER Spaniels. Bred from the best imported Bench Show and Field Trial strains. On approval, $30 and up; 4 bred bitches $75 and up. W. J. Nissen, Box O, Oxford, Nebr. (3-12)

SPRINGER Spaniel puppies. Sire is by Flint of Avendale, dam by Horsford Harbour. A cross of the best springers in America. Priced to sell. Dr. Grant Newby, Platteville, Wis. (3-12)

SPRINGERS; males; four months old; from Wellsways Sport X Queen Patsy of Avandale. Dark liver and white. $25.00 each for immediate sale. Wellsway Kennels, Drawer O, Nevada, Iowa.

COCKER spaniel pups, black, eligible, from hunting stock. Sold pups that retrieved ducks at 8 months last fall. E. G. Druding, Ellsworth, Wis. (3-1)

FIVE Springer Spaniel Pups. Seven months old, dark liver and white. Excellent breeding and sure dandies. Vernal Carlson, Hoopeston, Ill.

CHAMPION bred Springer pups and grown stock. $25.00 up. Registered stud. Fee $25.00. Peck's Kennels, Lawler, Iowa. (3-1)

COCKER Spaniels—Parti colors and blacks, registered. All ages. E. L. Fuller, Medicine Lodge, Kansas. (3-1)

GENUINE Irish Water Spaniel puppies. Reasonable prices. M. Oliphant, Big Timber, Mont. (3-12)

IRISH Spaniels. Very fine. Pups, grown. Chas. Irvine, Ankeny, Iowa. (3-11)

ENGLISH Springer Spaniel puppies. Beautifully marked. Write for snaps, pedigrees and particulars. Dewey Stowell, Platteville, Wis. (3-11)

FOR Sale. Irish Water Spaniels, genuine curly coated, top knot, rat tail strain. Papers for registration. C. C. Scharfenberg, Hayward, Wisconsin. (3-11)

WATER Spaniel Pups, half Irish, half Cocker. Well bred parents. Retrievers on land and water. Males, $15. Females, $10. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa. (3-11)

COCKER Spaniel puppies—parti-colors. Black and white. Reasonable. Dr. Wooden, Seneca Falls, New York. (3-11)

IRISH Water Spaniels for sale. Puppies and youngsters. All high class registered stock. Walter Magnus, Webster, S. D. (3-11)

Terriers

DARE Devils. (Irish Terriers.) Protection, Playfellow, Pal for Kiddies. Only one man dog, fierce with strangers. Hunter. Noted for Courage and Brains. Litter registered pups for sale, bitch bred to Champion. Red Top Kennels, O. A. Teague, Texas. (4x26)

IRISH Terrier pups three to six months old, best blood lines in America. Ellsmere Kennels, Macksburg, Iowa. (3-11)

IRISH Terriers. Individuality, gameness. The companion you have always wanted. Registered. Dr. F. G. Dratz, Missoula, Mont. (7x26)

RAT terriers—Fox terriers. Illustrated lists 10¢. Pete Slater, Box OA, Pana, Ill. (6-2)

WIRE haired Fox Terriers. M. L. Bright, Ashland, Ohio.

Trainers—Dogs

WANTED bird dogs to train, either field trial or shooting dogs. Yard work and force retrieving taught. Gunshyness and other faults corrected. C. W. Tuttle, Ina, Illinois. (8x26)

SPANIEL Training—field trials or shooting dog—my specialty. A. Burhans, Waterloo, Iowa. (3-12)

WANTED field trial and shooting dogs to train by month or job. Reference with pleasure. J. B. Jefferies, Ripley, Miss. (3-1)

Dog Remedies and Supplies

REVILO. Genuine Tetrachlorethylene, the new wormer discovered by the Government. More effective than carbon tetrachloride, and the safest anthelmintic known. Safe for puppies 3 weeks old. Avoid imitations by demanding Revilo—preferred by America's largest kennels. Cures running-barking fits. Assorted capsules for dogs and puppies, $1 postpaid. Oliver Products Co., Dept. 9, Quincy, Ill. (9x26)

TETRACHLORETHYLENE for worms. A safe treatment for puppies and an effective treatment for grown dogs in cases of hook and round worms and running-barking fits. This new wormer was discovered by the Department of Agriculture and found as effective as Carbon Tetrachloride but safer to use in capsules for dogs and puppies. $1.00, postpaid. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 15, Quincy, Ill. (7x26)

MINEROLA. The only cure for distemper I have found in thirty-five years' training and breeding, writes Mr. A. E. Seidel, Danville, Pa., one of our most reliable and best known dog trainers. $1 post paid. Quantity prices to dealers and kennels. Minerola Remedy Co., Owensboro, Ky.

RUNNING Fits in dogs cured in three doses; large size $1. Money refunded if not satisfied. W. W. Robertson, Druggist, Emporia, Va. (3-12)

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"THE Shooter's Bible" is what the B&M Handbook has been nicknamed. Information on Hunting and Target Scopes, Watson Sights, Reloading, Factory Components, Powder, Ballistics, Gun Cleaning and all shooting. Contains dope not available elsewhere. Also catalogues, all B&M products. Price fifty-cents stamps, which is refunded on next five-dollar order. Any folder free. Belding & Mull, 832 Osceola Road, Philipsburg, Pa. (3-12)

WE make a light three barrel baush gun, 26-inch, with rifle below, in either light or powerful calibre, or a heavy duck gun with 22 long rifle barrel below, to get the cripples. Finest workmanship. Moderate prices. Baker & Kimball, 38D South St., Boston. (3-12)

TELESCOPE sights, for target and hunting; straightline reloading tools for any caliber or cartridge. Cleaning rods embodying latest ideas. Write for free booklets. Complete handbook, 50¢. Belding & Mull, 832 Osceola Road, Philipsburg, Pa. (3-11)

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OVER and under, three-barrel-guns, double rifles. Fine double shotguns etc., high-grade guns throughout, take American cartridges. Send for particulars. E. Merkel, Gun-Maker, Suhl, Germany. Box 66. (4-12)

SELL—250-3,000 bolt action Savage, Lyman sights, new condition, $35.00. Remodeled Krag Carbine, Lyman sights, $17.50. Remodeled Krag Carbine, military sights, $12.50. C. W. Bandy, 415 N. Vermilion St., Danville, Illinois.

THE Ovr-Unda gun for trap or field—the greatest improvement in a sporting gun in a generation. Circular on request. Baker & Kimball, 38D South St., Boston. (3-12)

WILL sell. U. S. 45 automatic Government pistol holsters, fine, used, each 50c plus postage. Kanawha Hardware Co., 511 Kanawha St., Charleston, W. Va.

THE all purpose gun—the three-barrel—any combination, made to order at moderate prices. Circular on request. Baker & Kimball, 38D South St., Boston. (3-12)

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RE-BLUE or brown your guns, rifles, etc., at home, small cost. Factory formula mailed for $1.00. E. Simons, Dane, Wis. (3-1)

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PANCAKE season is here. You need real Maple Syrup. I've got some for you. Bob Blackman, Neillsville, Wisconsin. (3-1)

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WILD Rice—Muskgrass brings ducks in swarms. Terrell's famous sure-growing seed shipped anywhere for fall planting while supply lasts. 30 years experience. Suggestions free. Write Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 47 L. Blk., Oshkosh, Wis. (3-11)

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GUARANTEED Anti-Backlash attachment you can put on any reel. $1.50. Send for illustrated particulars. Reel Co., Windfall, Ind. (3-12)

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CORONA Typewriter, like new, $25.00; .38 Smith & Wesson Special and .45 Smith & Wesson, both like new, $22.50; new $30.00 traveling bag cheap. Fifty records. New guitar and ukulele. 25-20 Winchester Rifle. Want good kodaks, Graflex camera. Write, Lewis, Lothair, Kentucky.

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GIVE that juicy Brier a rest. Smoke Scotch Clayschaum Pipes. A sweet, dry smoke. Porous clay absorbs nicotine, and conserves health. Send postal for description. Samples, 25c. Six 60c; Dozen $1.00. Scotch Clayschaum Pipe Co., Importers, Dept. K-2, Laurel, Maryland. (3-12)

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BOW, Arrows, $1.60; Beaded Fobs, $1.00; War Clubs, Belts, Moccasins, $4.50; Dozen Arrowheads, $2.50; Beaded Hatbands, Headbands, Necklaces, $2.75; Eagle Feather War bonnets, $15.50; Everything in Ancient and Modern Indian Handicraft. Navajo Blankets. Birchbark Canoe, Catalog 25c. Chief Flying Cloud, Dept. O, Harbor Springs, Michigan. (5x26)

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BUILD your own phonographs. We can supply you with motors, tone arms and all accessories at wholesale prices. Write for catalogue AX. Pleasing Sound Phonograph Co., 204 East 113th St., New York, N. Y. (3-11)

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HUNTING preserve for sale in the best hunting section on South Carolina coast, 5,000 acres. Good duck, quail, turkey, deer and fox hunting. Excellent black bass fishing during winter season. Has been well protected from poachers. Located six miles from good town on State Highway. Five miles river frontage. Good proposition for club. Price reasonable considering location and value of property. Terms very liberal. Also several small preserves in same section containing 700 to 1,500 acres. No idle inquiries desired. For full information address Box 528, c/o Outdoor America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. (2-12)

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MOUNTINGS and fur work of distinction. Taxidermists' order work. Tanning. Write for illustrated catalog, skinning instructions. Jones, Naturalist, Bainbridge, N. Y.

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WANTED. Large Northern Grey and fox Squirrel tails dried straight and flat, 60 cents per dozen. Large white buck tails boned and cleaned average 50 cents each. M. E. Hoag Fly & Tackle Co., 5310 Templeton St., Los Angeles, Calif. (3-12)

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TOM hollers for *power* in a shot-shell. The sky's the limit with him. And, when the sky-scrapers refuse to come down, he brings them down with Ajax Heavies—the little thunderbolts of the US "Big Three."

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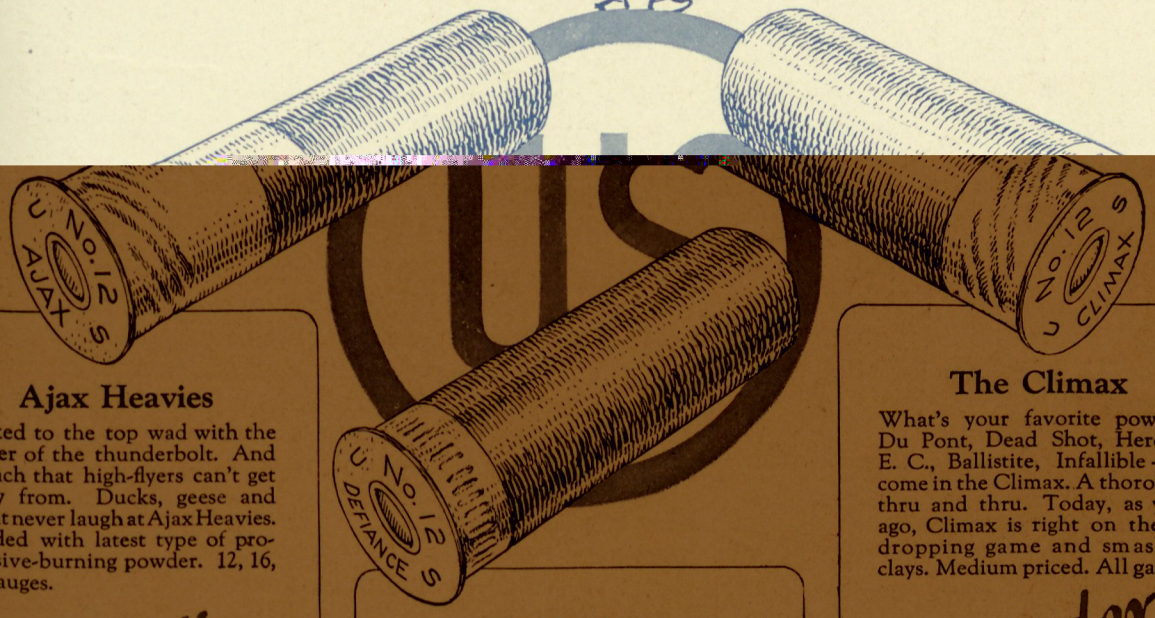

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Packed to the top wad with the power of the thunderbolt. And a reach that high-flyers can't get away from. Ducks, geese and brant never laugh at Ajax Heavies. Loaded with latest type of progressive-burning powder. 12, 16, 20 gauges.

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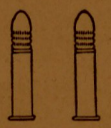

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YOUR big game hunt is planned for a few supreme moments. You want to be equipped to make the most of them.

The New Remington Model 30 Bolt Action Express Rifle fulfills every demand of the sportsman who leaves nothing to chance. It is deadly accurate, wonderfully balanced, sturdy in construction and has a smooth action that makes shooting a pleasure. It weighs only 7¼ pounds and saves the hunter on a long trip by its lightness. It is chambered for .25, .30, .32, .35 and .30-'06 calibres.

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